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MUSIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE
OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor*

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INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

America vs Germany in Art. W. S. B. Mathews.....	102
A Great Pianist at Home. W. S. B. Mathews.....	1
Adolph Jensen in His Letters. A. Von Ende.....	257
A Season of Violinists. F. A. Van Sanford.....	173
A Splendid Artistic Career. (Mme. Hastreiter)	621
A Pupil of Marchesi. John Lathrop Mathews.....	638
An Interview with John Phillip Sousa. W. S. B. M..	487
Bulgarian Dance and Song. G. Sebek.....	157
Concerning Ear Training. J. C. Fillmore.....	239
Christmas Eve. H. S. Saroni.....	190
Concerning Musical Material in Griggsville. Rev. Dr. Buttles.....	461
Editorial Bric-a-Brac:	
Articles on Music in the Century Magazine.....	136
Brodsky at Manchester, England.....	432
Boston and Chicago Orchestras.....	536
Chicago Orchestra.....	100
Damrosch German Opera.....	214
Damrosch, the Man and His Future.....	433
Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter".....	536
Explanation in Art.....	547
Ed. y (Clarence) Abroad.....	318
Encouraging Prospects for Music in America.....	535
Godowsky (Leopold).....	91, 437
How to Reach an Audience.....	314
Italian School of Singing.....	210
Improvement in Musical Journals.....	540
Kneisel Quartet.....	89
Mason's Reverie Poetique.....	428
Melba Concerts.....	92
MacDowell's Sonata Tragica.....	429
Mozart and Haydn for Concert Use.....	315
Music in the Russian University.....	440
Musical Courier and Its Great Writers.....	541
Musical Literary Clubs.....	547
Other Notable Journals.....	543
Orchestral Programs.....	204
Original Program by Miss Caruthers.....	318

INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

Opera in English.....	535
Reorganization of the Bendix Quartette.....	313
Short Career of a Singer.....	95
Selection of Pieces for Teaching.....	427
Splendor of Grand Opera.....	539
Tendency to Run into Ruts.....	428
Zeisler's Recital.....	201
Elsa Breidt. Mrs. C. Adams.....	471
Enunciation. Karleton Hackett.....	404
From Bard to Opera. L. E. Van Norman.....	497, 628
Foster American Talent. L. A. Swalm.....	154
Field (Eugene). W. S. B. Mathews.....	186
First Year in School Music. F. H. Ripley.....	82, 164
Gounod's "Faust." Frank E. Sawyer.....	53
Glimpses of Saint-Saens. Clarence Eddy.....	251
German Opera, from the Stage. A. S. Inger.....	530
Hoffman (Richard). Egbert Swayne.....	418
History of the Polka. J. J. Kral.....	305
Impelling Forces in Musical History. J. C. Fillmore....	19
Letter from Clarence Eddy.....	665
Lowell Mason and Music in America. W. S. B. Mathews.....	378 575
Michaeklen's "Stabat Mater." J. J. Kral.....	58
My Dramatic Compositions. Gounod.....	63
Moskowski and His Compositions. Liebling.....	117
Musical Results of Ethnology. Wallaschek.....	168
Musical Creative Work Among Women. Mrs. Crosby Adams.....	163
Music the Art of the XIX. Century. G. A. Gevaert.....	184, 351
Music as a Medicine. J. Cuthbert Hadden.....	459
Music in the Language of the People. Karleton Hackett.....	519
Mehan (J. D.). Egbert Swayne.....	422
Orchestra in 1800 and 1900. Ebenezer Prout.....	669
Pindar, the Immortal Laureate. Elizabeth Cumings....	613
Pittsburgh Orchestra. Elizabeth Worthington.....	634
Poetry:	
A Song. Eugene Field.....	70
Eugene Field. Dr. Gunsaulus.....	186

INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

Hesperia and Arcady. Thos. C. Roney.....	441
Music. Edith Van Reed.....	57
Only an Interpreter. Edward Baxter Perry.....	663
To a Violin. Arthur W. Atkinson.....	642
Plan of Music Extension. F. W. Root.....	131
Plea for Keeping Time. Mary S. Regal.....	138
Pressure Touch. William Mason.....	323
Programs of the Chicago Orchestra.....	333
Queens of Song, Past and Present. A. S.....	231
Retrospective Violin Playing. Earl Drake.....	176
Rubinstein's "Christus." H. Wigger.....	49
Sojourn with Joachim. Earl Drake.....	375
Singing off the Key. Karleton Hackett....	121
St. Cæcilia of Medora. C. A. Fisher.....	189
The Transition to Modern Singing. F. H. Tubbs....	242
Thematic Significances in Gounod's "Faust." E. I Stevenson.....	479 592
✓ SYMPOSIUM: The English Language in Singing.	
Perley Dunn Aldrich.....	402
Wm. Nelson Burritt.....	513
Willis E. Bacheller.....	517
Emilio Belari.....	601
Mme. Luisa Cappiani.....	395
Mrs. O. L. Fox.....	518
L. Gaston Gottschalk.....	605
Mme. Helene Hastreiter.....	608
Arthur J. Hubbard.....	392
Geo. J. Hamlin.....	510
Tom Karl.....	512
Alberto Laurence.....	508
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.....	395
J. D. Mehan.....	506
Louis A. Russell.....	399
George Sweet.....	294
Clement Tetedoux.....	515
B. Bicknell Young.....	515
SYMPOSIUM: Music in American Universities.	
Prof. John K. Paine.....	644
Prof. A. A. Stanley.....	649
THINGS HERE AND THERE:	
Alcohol and the Voice. J. J. Kral.....	338
Amy Fay on Mme. Zeisler.....	224
Cosima von Bülow as Pianist.....	225
Chicago Music.....	564
Conservatories Abroad.....	567

INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

Fillmore at Pomona.....	223
Gullmant at Home. Eddy.....	111
Hase (Dr.).....	335
Instruction in Musical Form.....	568
Influence of Velocity of Piano Touch, on Tone.....	107
Liebling's Lesson on Weber's Invitation to Waltz.....	449
MacDowell on the Great American Composers.....	226
Musical Entertainments at the Chicago Musical College.....	113
Mahler's Symphony.....	448
Paderewski in Chicago.....	451
Protection of Authors' Rights in Musical Performances....	334
Rejoinder from Professor Gow.....	336
Roosevelt on Mocking-Bird Music.....	340
Sketch of My Musical Life in Leipsic.....	108
Story by Ysaye.....	222
Western Music Among the Chinese. S. B. Reynolds...	339
William Steinway	666
Ups and Downs of Melody. E. S. Kelley.....	493
Vowels. Karleton Hackett.....	297
Wagner and the Music of the Future. W. S. B.	
Mathews.....	341
Who is Musical? Dr. Carl Billoth.....	71, 412
Why Not Use Tonic Sol-fa? Musical School Ma'am...	331

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

ADAMS, MRS. CROSBY. ✓ Musical Creative Work Among Women.....	163
“ Elsa Breidt.....	471
ALDRICH, PERLEY DUNN. English Language in Singing.....	402
BRIDGMAN, A. S. A Modulation.....	231
BILROTH, DR. CARL. Who is Musical?.....	71, 412
BACHELLER, W. E., English Language in Song.....	517
BUTTLES, REV. URIAH XERXES, D. D. Musical Material in Griggsville.....	461
BURRITT, WM. NELSON. English Language in Song....	513
CAPPANI, MME. LUISA. The English Language in Song..	398
DRAKE, EARL. Retrospect in Violin Playing.....	176
“ My Sojourn with Joachim.....	375
EDDY, CLARENCE. Glimpses of Saint-Saens.....	251
ENDE, MME. A. VON. Adolph Jensen in His Letters...	257
FILLMORE, JOHN COMFORT. ✓ Impelling Forces in Musical History.....	19
“ Concerning Ear Training.....	239
FIELD, EUGENE. A Song.....	70
FISHER, C. A. St Cæcilia of Medora.....	189
FOX, MRS. O. L. The English Language in Song....	513
GREENE, H. W. The Singing Teacher of the Twentieth Century.....	33
GOUNOD, CHARLES. My Dramatic Compositions.....	63
GUNSAULUS, REV. F. W. Poem, Eugene Field..	186
GEVAERT, F. A. Music the Art of the XIXth Century.....	284, 351
HACKETT, KARLETON. The Breath.....	11
“ Singing off the Key.....	121
“ Vowels.....	297
“ Enunciation.....	404
“ ✓ Music in the Language of the People...	519

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

HADDEN, J. CUTHBERT.	English Musical Notes,	326, 453, 558,
"	Music as a Medicine.	359
HAMLIN, GEO. J.	English Language in Song.	510
HUBBARD, A. J.	English Language in Song.	392
INGER, A. S.	German Opera, from the Stage.	530
KARL, TOM.	English Language in Song.	512
✓ KRAL, J. J.	History of the Polka.	305
"	Alcohol and the Voice.	338
"	Michaelen's "Stabat Mater."	58
KELLEY, E. S.	Ups and Downs of Melody.	493
LAURENCE, ALBERTO.	English Language in Song.	508
LIEBLINE, EMIL.	Moskowski and His Compositions.	117
"	Lesson on Weber's Invitation to Waltz.	449
MEHAN, J. D.	English Language in Song.	506
MAC DOWELL.	Great America Composers.	226
✓ MATHEWS, W. S. B.	American vs. Germany in Art.	102
"	✓ A Great Pianist at Home.	1
"	Interview with Sousa.	487
"	Editorial Bric-a-Brac. 201, 89, 427, 535, 313	
"	Eugene Field.	186
"	Wagner and the Music of the Future.	341
MATHEWS, JOHN LATHROP.	English Opera in Boston.	549
MASON, DR. WILLIAM.	Pressure Touch.	323
Van NORMAN, L. E.	From Bard to Opera.	497, 6
RONEY, T. C.	Hesperia and Arcady.	441
REED, EDITH.	Music.	57
ROOT, E. W.	Plan of Music Extension.	131
RUSSELL, L. A.	English Language in Song.	39
REGAL, MARY S.	Plea for Keeping Time.	136
RIPLEY, F. H.	First Year in School Music.	1, 82, 2, 164
STEVENSON, E. I.	Thematic Significances of Gounod's "Faust"	479
SANFORD, F. A.	Season of Violinists.	173
SEBEK, G.	Bulgarian Dance and Song.	157
SARONI, H. S.	Christmas Eve.	190
SWEET, GEO.	English Language in Song.	294
SWALM, L. A.	Foster American Talent.	154
SAWYER, F. E.	Gounod's "Faust"	53
SWAYNE, EGBERT.	Richard Hoffmann.	418
TETEDOUX, C.	English Language in Song.	515
TUBBS, F. H.	Transition to Modern Singing.	242
WALLASCHEK.	Musical Results of Ethnology.	168
WIGGER, H.	Rubinstein's "Christus"	49
YOUNG, B.	English Language in Song.	515





MME. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

MUSIC

NOVEMBER, 1895.

A GREAT PIANIST AT HOME.

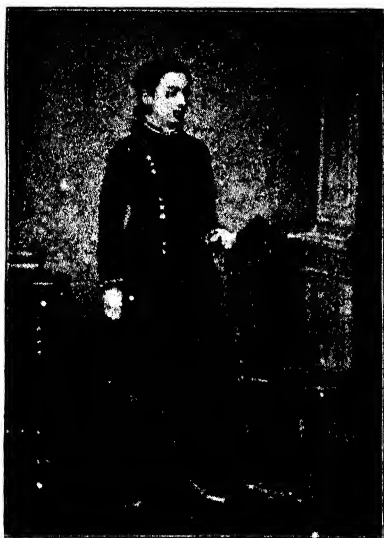
HERE on the North Side, in the city of Chicago, living very quietly for the most part, is one of the best pianists of the present time, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. Sometimes she is absent from home a few days, a week or two, or maybe some months. During these absences it is likely that she is playing somewhere two or three of the greatest



AT THE AGE OF SIX.

concertos that exist, with a first-class orchestra. What the press may choose to say about this playing is largely a matter of altitude and longitude. If it happens to be in Chicago itself, very likely it will be discovered that while the playing shows improvement, it was a trifle thick or a bit thin here and there, etc. And if it was at Seattle or Tacoma, it was magnificent, and all that. But if it happened to be in one of the great centers of the musical world, such as Berlin, Dresden, Vienna,

Leipsic, Frankfort, Hamburg, London, Boston, or New York, the chances are that the papers speak of the playing as characterized alike by enormous virtuosity and intense artistic fire. In short, that this quiet but intense person is one of the few great artists upon the piano now living.



AT THE AGE OF TEN.

Mme. Zeisler is in some sort a Chicago woman. True she was born in Bielitz, Austria, in 1865. But this mistake was rectified by the prompt removal of her parents to Chicago, where the young artist arrived before she had reached the age of two. When she had reached piano age she had lessons. I have no doubt these manifested all the usual and traditional signs of precocity; but as history is a trifle silent upon

upon the point, I will neither assert nor deny. But when she had reached the age of eight or ten she fell under the notice of that enthusiastic musician, Carl Wolfsohn, who gave her lessons. She was a great pupil. The piano was a sort of open book to her. Reading with facility, she advanced with giant strides. Before she was thirteen she had played all sorts of great music. The sonatas of Beethoven, lots of Schumann, including the Etudes Symphoniques, the Beethoven third concerto, and perhaps she gnawed a little at the fifth, both the Chopin concertos, and I know not what besides. She had begun to shine as a promising young artist. There was a place then where this could be done in Chicago. When Wolfsohn came here, he established the Beethoven society, which while not especially admirable as a choir, was simply great as a musical club where the members came together to hear, study



AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

and admire great music. Before the monthly reunions of this society the little Fannie Bloomfield appeared over and over again. I have a slightly hazy recollection of Wolfsohn coming around to me upon one occasion urging me to attend a private recital he was just about to have, in which a very promising young girl would play. The rusty looking little girl in short gowns, was Fannie Bloomfield, and she played with the same seriousness as later, and with lots of musical feeling. About this time that unruly genius, Mme. Essipoff, came here and delighted everybody with the charming qualities of her playing. The little Bloomfield was taken before her and played for her. Essipoff at once recognized the unique talent, and advised, as a dutiful wife should, that she go at once to Vienna to Leschetizky and learn how to be an artist. So to Leschetizky Fannie Bloomfield went. And five long and hard working years she stayed there. From Leschetizky's point of view she had no fingers; music she had but—fingers. No! So at it she went to build a set of ten



AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

fingers capable of responding to the fiery and untameable musical spirit within. Five years. It seems a long time. It means a vast amount of hard work and no end of drudgery. But it counts. As an old writing says: "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." Fannie Bloomfield did not faint. She is not that kind. She intended to reap. She comes of a stock which has distinguished itself for lo, these many centuries, in reaping beside all waters, and gathering where they have not strown.

When the five years were over she played in Germany. She got good notices. She came back to America. Here



AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

better than this astonishing young person with the incisive look and the serious manner? She established herself then. I remember at a time when I admired that fascinating creature, Teresa Carreno, above all other lady pianists, Dr. William Mason called my attention to the playing of Mme. Bloomfield in the most emphatic terms. He said that she was on the whole, the best lady pianist he had ever heard. (I am not quite sure, but I believe this was his exact expression. If not quite so sweeping, it was very, very near.) Moreover, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler has always been an indefatigable reader, both in German and English, having read nearly the whole classical literature in both lan-

she played. It was the Rubinstein concerto in D minor with which she most made her mark. She astonished on both sides. Her great tone, her massive strength, apparently so unexplainable, for she is a person of slight physique, astonished no less than the refinement and musical qualities of her melody work. Then she had fingers. When it was a question of passage work who could do it



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

A GREAT PIANIST AT HOME.

guages. It is her opinion that the taste and intelligence, and wide sympathy with life fostered by this reading has not been without influence upon her playing. To interpret a first-class work of musical imagination depends, she says, upon what an artist *is* and upon what he *knows*, no less than upon the purely technical qualifications.

And, since I am speaking of personal peculiarities, I may mention her practical turn of mind. She is fond of doing things with her own hands, and enjoys using tools. Hence quite a knack at carpentry and upholstering, in both which directions her home shows illustrations of her talents. She is also fortunate in having married a husband who is willing to leave her to her career, having one of his own of no usual distinction. Mr. Siegmund Zeis-



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

ler is a lawyer of rapidly increasing eminence and of exceptional ability and daring.

Anyway, here was this magnificent young artist playing gloriously. And not alone with strength and fire, and with delicacy at times, but with that magic something which the public likes and will pay money to hear. I advised Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, ten years ago, to give one great recital here in Chicago every year, for a benefit, and told her that even then I believed she would make it pay, for in my opin-

ion she was the only pianist here who could do that modern miracle of drawing money to the box office for piano playing, (a feat beside which Moses getting water from the rock in Horeb was a mere child's performance.) But in all the United States there are not more than eight or ten engagements a first-class pianist can count upon in a year, unless she is being pushed by some piano maker for a tour. And a tour does not count unless you are really from abroad. Of



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR.

course Mme. Zeisler *is* from abroad. Born in Austria, she had her early education with Carl Wolfsohn, who always speaks German when he wishes to express himself quickly—he is a German of the Germans, although a potent force in American musical development for these forty-five years. Then she went abroad to Leschetizky, at

Vienna, and nearly all the music she studied was German. If she is not a German player, pray how could one be made?

Mme. Zeisler is good grit, as we say in America, and a bit of a general herself. So when she had nicely disposed of those inevitable problems for a woman, and had gotten herself married to her liking, and had a nice little boy of her own, she began to long again for other fields to conquer. Accordingly she entered upon a course of practice. What she did not know she made it her business to find out, she got up a

repertory. She played that repertory until it began to satisfy her. Then she went back to Leschetitzky for a few months. It is the same old story. They all go there. It is the Leschetitzky mill which has ground for us those pianistic koh-i-nors, Essipoff, Paderewski and Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler herself. Then she made a curious experiment. She was tired of playing before audiences which could not grasp the idea that there might perchance be a half dozen first-rate artists in the world at one time, and all different, yet all first-class and equally worth hearing. They have caught on to this idea in Germany. It took a long while, but they have got the idea. Out of the four hundred millions or more of people who live upon the globe at present, there are still a vast majority who do not play the piano at all. Perhaps only five or ten millions in all play a little bit. Out of these there are some thousands who play creditably. And among these there are perhaps a hundred in all the world who play well enough to give a really interesting recital of piano music, interpreting it musically and playing it up to a standpoint not to be despised. And among these hundred there are about twenty-five that every well informed person ought to know by name; and out of these twenty-five perhaps a half dozen really first-class artists. It is among this half dozen (if there be so many) that Mme. Zeisler is entitled to stand.

At least they say so. For it was precisely this question which led the ambitious young woman to go abroad in 1893. She wanted to play as an American in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and Leipsic. She did play. The Berlin notices are great reading. They believe in music over there, and think it is well worthy of chronicle when an artist interprets a great musical work with genius, as when one plays a great Shakespearian role, or breaks the record in some other direction. They spoke of the "depth and fullness of poetic feeling," her "mighty power," "fascinating temperament," "faultless technique," "musical culture," a "pianist of the first rank," having "divine fire and absorbing passion." The Dresden *Nachrichten* called her "one of the most foremost piano interpreters of the age."

To quote from one or two of her notices, the Berlin *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* says:

The debut of Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler was an event of the first importance. She is a pianiste of the first rank, and possesses an eminent technique for which difficulties do not seem to exist.

But what ennobled this virtuosity and gave it splendor was the depth and fullness of poetic feeling which completely filled, as it were, her every tone. The sounds awakened from the keyboard were not the ordinary piano tones. It was a jubilant voice contesting for supremacy with the orchestra.

OTTO LESSMANN.

Volkszeitung (Berlin)

At the Singakademie last night, we made the acquaintance of a pianist, whose playing is the greatest heard here in years, nay, we would almost say the greatest ever heard. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler scored a triumph such as has hardly ever been witnessed at the debut of any artist. Her playing is remarkably like that of Anton Rubinstein, the same immense virtuosity, the same unflinching accuracy, the same intellectual grandeur of conception.

E. E. TAUBERT.

And Ludwig Bussler, in a signed article in the *National Zeitung* says this:

The only question left open by Mrs. Zeisler's first appearance, namely whether she would find the soulful tones to do justice to the romanticism of Schumann's A minor concerto, was triumphantly answered by the artist in her second concert on November 3rd. In accuracy of technique she rivals Moritz Rosenthal. Beyond all criticism is the perfect clearness of her phrasing. No deeper conception of the Schumann concerto could be imagined. Her playing of Saint-Saens' C minor concerto was perfect in every way. The spirited composition received a spirited, a perhaps superior interpretation. We left the hall with the conviction of having listened to one of the greatest virtuosos of our time.

LUDWIG BUSSLER.

In Vienna, the veteran and experienced Dr. Edouard Hanslick says:

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, that powerful master of the key board, has made her debut in Vienna and scored a magnificent triumph. She played two of the most difficult piano concertos by Chopin and Rubinstein, both with sovereign mastery of her instrument. She has a fiery temperament and a technique, which is developed in the most minute detail. Her delicacy in the finest florid work is as marvelous as her fascinating energy in forte passages. Her virtuosity is stupendous.

DR. EDOUARD HANSLICK.

Berliner Tageblatt.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler secured for herself at once a place in the very front rank of living pianists. Her runs are played with sparkling clearness, the most daring jumps with never-failing certainty. Moreover she possesses a richness of variety in dynamic shading and modulation of touch, which leaves no desire unfilled. Her piano combines tenderness and sweetness with roundness of tone in such a measure that one is involuntarily reminded of Rubinstein. This great master's style is suggested also by the spontaneity and original freshness of her.

HEINRICH NEUMANN.

But this record did not satisfy this all-desiring young woman. In 1894 she went back to Germany and played again in the same cities and in several others, notably in Munich, Frankfurt, Cologne and Bremen. It was the same story, but now the note is surer and more confirmed. It is the same everywhere. Strength, virile conception and strength, feminine delicacy and fascinating qualities as an interpreter. These are the principal notes of the song. And the singers therein include most of the really great critics in

I did not have the nerve to ask her terms, because some one had told me that she charged ten dollars an hour. It comes high, but the supply of goods is limited, and they are very fine in quality. What would you? Her pupils, naturally, are professionals. I heard one playing some Czerny etudes in magnificent manner, while awaiting my own opportunity to speak with the artist.

What Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler is she owes first, no doubt, to fortunate heredity, or original endowment. Then to good helps in the way of teachers. Wolfsohn did a great deal for her. Had she fallen into the hands of a merely mechanical teacher, her future would have been different. Industry, intense ambition, and unflagging application, together with an inward assurance that there was in her something worth bringing out, these are the qualities which have made this remarkable woman what she is; and are destined apparently to bring her later life to a fruitage richer and more abundant than the most sanguine of its early promises. In short, it is evident that in Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler the musical world has one of those vigorous and incisive personalities which inevitably make their mark in whatever field they appear. She is an artist by the grace of God. And withal she is a woman of opinion as well.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE BREATH.

OF all the many bugbears that destroy the repose of voice students, perhaps the very "buggiest" is—the breath. It seems, sometimes, amazing the amount of pains people will take in making easy things difficult. There is nothing miraculous nor mysterious about training the voice. It is only the applying of some simple principles with just a flavor of common-sense thrown in to adapt them to the needs of the individual. Yet in many a studio it is surrounded with something of that awe that attended the practice of the Black Art in by gone ages. The teacher is looked on as heaving access to fountains of knowledge which the ordinary mortal may never hope to approach. All of which makes money for the teacher, confusion for the pupil, and discredit for the whole race of musicians.

One of the first things impressed on the pupil is that he does everything wrong, but that the wrongest thing of all is the manner in which he breathes;—and that so long as he continues to breathe so "unscientifically" he cannot possibly learn to sing well. Then according to the particular fad advocated by the teacher he is initiated into the mysteries of breathing. Now if there is any one thing connected with learning how to sing which need never cause any trouble, it is breathing. Yet no invention of the Evil One himself is more bothersome to the voice teacher than these "methods" of breathing. In nine cases out of ten when a pupil comes fresh and untaught, by a little wise direction, with scarcely any explanation at all, he will take his breath easily and naturally, never thinking about it one way or the other;—and so he never has any trouble. But when a pupil appears strong in the consciousness of a "method," he wears the chain of slavery about his vocal wrists and ankles. Then first comes the labor of filing off those manacles; and even when the sore places are healed,

which may mean months and years, the man with difficulty out grows the "prisoners walk" he learned in the years of serfdom.

In order to understand each other clearly, perhaps a few words about the formation of our breathing apparatus might be in place. The lungs may be compared to two long sponges hanging side by side and considerably larger at the bottom than the top. They are inclosed in a box of heavy bones, attached in front to the breast bone, and behind to the back bone, (which are not the professional names, but will do). This box parts in front, the ribs graduating in length to the very smallest. The "vital organs" have only a yielding wall of muscular tissue to protect them. Joined to the point of the breast bone, to the lower ribs, and the backbone, is a powerful muscle, the diaphragm, which separates the chest cavity with the lungs and heart, from the abdominal cavity with the digestive organs. In repose, that is when the air has been expelled from the lungs, it is curved upward in the centre, in shape somewhat resembling an inverted saucer. In taking a breath, as the lungs become filled they expand downward; the diaphragm stretches out taut and flat, and the body expands all about the waist, but principally in the direction of the least resistance;—that is at the front of the abdomen. Everywhere else the lungs are encased in heavy walls, but just where the ribs part from the breastbone, which we familiarly call " the pit of the stomach," there is only soft muscular tissue. Nature when uneducated, always does things with the least expenditure of force possible, and there is no comparison between the efforts needed to expand the bone structure of the chest, and that needed for the soft walls of the abdomen. As the diaphragm stretches flat, it depresses the vital organs, and they expand laterally. So again. The lungs in expanding, always moving in the direction of the least resistance, push down the diaphragm. They do expand laterally but very slightly, the ribs being moved about one twentieth of an inch, the greater part is downward. Then the diaphragm depresses the organs of the abdomen which expand in all directions, but again principally where there is the least

resistance;—at the pit of the stomach. That is why the breath, which fills the lungs, is mainly observable in the expansion of the abdomen, which of course the breath does not enter. This is how men, children, horses, dogs, elephants, cats, and a few enlightened women breathe. As for those women who distort themselves by wearing tight corsets, it is hard to know what to say. The doctor knows how injurious it is to health; the painter, how ugly and mishapen such a body is to one who cares for beauty; and the voice teacher, what an exasperating and disheartening obstacle it places in his way. Exasperating and disheartening because so unnecessary. Heaven knows that there are obstacles enough, without manufacturing any outside ones. However, so long as the fashion of abnormally small waists continues, and as it has lasted for some centuries, I presume it is likely to last for some more, the young girls, and the young girls of some years standing, will continue to set all laws at defiance, in just the same adorable manner as their great grandmothers did, while we will rail on like our great grandfathers, and also like those same worthy sires surrender at discretion and love them just the same. But so far as the natural man and woman are concerned, there is not one particle of difference in their manner of breathing. Any one who says the contrary, or who bases his instruction on any conflicting theory is a man to keep away from.

If any one of you has a “method” which does not accord, he can easily convince himself that this at least is nature’s method, and the Old Dame is a safe guide to follow. Take a smart run until you are “out of breath,” and it is no question of applying theories but of supplying air to the lungs as fast as they require it. Where do you notice the effect of rapid breathing? Right at the pit of the stomach. You can’t get away from it. You can’t breathe in any other way when you are in a hurry. Then some one rises and says that this may be true enough so far as merely supplying air to the lungs is concerned, but that it does not give the best results when it comes to singing. This is a survival of that custom of a couple of centuries

ago which said that a tree which was only to be used for fire wood or to make boards of, could be left to grow in its natural coarse, uncouth shape. But if it were to adorn a gentleman's garden it must be polished and refined. So they clipped it into the shapes of flower pots, roosters, and such like; and were very much pleased with their improvements on Nature. From this distance it looks much like a ridiculous waste of energy.

There are two principle "methods" of breathing, the "clavicular" and the "abdominal." The clavicular teaches the pupil to breath in the upper-part of the lungs, raising the whole bone structure at each breath and holding it by main force. The reason is, not that it is a proper, nor an easy manner, but that by so doing you can get a better "grip" on the tone. In pursuance of this theory one prominent teacher has a heavy belt of canvas six or seven inches wide which is strapped about the waist of each pupil on his first entrance to the studio. The pupils are all required to get similar belts and wear them whenever they practice, until they have defeated Nature and learned how to control their breath in this manner. No one ever hinted that it was the right way to breath;—it is only the best way to hold the breath when singing. On the principle that the harder and more unnatural you make a thing, the easier it is to do it. Looks rather queer on paper. A strong man can many times stand it and sing in spite of it, until its utter nonsense dawns on him. But this sort of thing has seriously injured the voice and health of many a young girl. One of the attendant beauties of this method is a rhythimical rising and falling of the shoulders each time the singer breathes, which perhaps is very graceful, particularly when the singer is a young girl with good shoulders, but which many have the poor taste to consider wearisome.

There was one celebrated *prima donna*, who was in this country a few years ago, and being very proud of her figure was more than distressed at her increasing *embonpoint*. So on the stage, just out of mere vanity, she laced herself to an almost unbelievable extent. One of the results in her case was that she formed the habit of ending every phrase

with a little gasp. She could hold the tone just as long as she desired, controlling her breath by main strength. But when she finally relaxed the muscles, as is necessary every time a fresh breath is to be taken, she could not let go gently, but in spite of herself there would be a little wrench. In course of time this became a serious injury to her art. No matter what she might be singing, her most brilliant *bravura* or the most reposeful *sostenuto*, this spectre was ever at her elbow, each time she ended a phrase there would come that little gasp. The audience got to unconsciously waiting for it, and it became a most distressing mannerism. That was not the worst of it either, for this unnatural condition wore on her health until the voice lost its beauty and she became *passéé*, when she should have been just in her prime.

The other principal method is the "abdominal." This is not the breathing such as has already been described, but an attempt to force the breath down. The body naturally expands all about the waist. Put your hands at your back and sides and you will notice the expansion everywhere;—though principally in front. The "abdominal" consists in an endeavor to expand the digestive organs downward instead of laterally, so that not the pit of the stomach but the lowest part of the bowels feels it. One teacher, for instance, tells the pupils to breathe with their hips. This too, is in order to get a better "hold" on the tone. Doctors say that this is the most injurious to health of all the many "methods" that have ever been devised. At all events, it is labored, painful to look at, and quite unnecessary.

It is hard to understand by what process of reasoning people arrive at the conclusion that to do a natural thing easily, you must learn to do all its separate parts unnaturally and with difficulty. One is almost forced to admit that our late friend P. T. Barnum was right when he said:—"the people love to be humbuged." If not quite that, they seem to have a greater regard for something that is clothed in mystery and described by *isms*, than where the simple truth is told. For voice teaching is simple. There are no secrets. It is a process of slow, natural growth, guided by

a teacher. But the teacher does not make the growth. That take place in the pupils throat from causes far beyond his control. He merely directs. It is like the curing of disease. In nine cases out of ten if you will only give nature half a chance, she will do with work without the active help of a physician. But you consult him in order to know how best to give nature a chance; what to avoid that would interfere. So it is with the voice. Nature does the work, the teacher only keeping you on the main road and out of the brambles.

But while all this effort is being expended in teaching pupils to breathe incorrectly, the vital questions of voice teaching are left out of consideration. For as a rule whenever you find a teacher with a "method" of breathing, he places all his confidence on that. The poisoning of the voice, the freeing and opening of all the vocal mechanism, so that the tone shall flow forth with ease and richness, in short all voice teaching is neglected, and the whole secret is held to consist in some special manner of talking and holding the breath.

The things that a pupil needs to know about breathing are few and simple. The first is to breathe easily, not as if you were to do some tremendous feat, but were just filling your lungs. Next and most important of all, don't take too much. It is the common error of almost all young singers to overload their lungs, then the pressure of the breath to escape is so great that they cannot control it. With a moderate amount carefully expended you can sing the longest phrases with ease. But by the mere fact of taking too much, you lose control. Then the rush of the breath to escape makes the tone "breathy," or "throaty," tires the throat, and before the phrase is half done your stock of wind is gone, and you must load up again. That makes singing a series of labored efforts punctuated by gasps. The student should take a deep inspiration, but never have a sense of overfulness. If you have that you have too much. Too much breath always makes a tendency to force. It takes very little breath to sing, and the less the better. If you vocalize well, you may hold a lighted

candle within three inches of your mouth, sing your fullest tone, and the flame will not even flicker. The secret lies not in trying to force the tone out by breath pressure, but in holding the breath back and letting the tone flow out of itself. The one is hard and wastes quantities of breath and strength all the time. The other strong and restful, and can be sustained for a long time. There was one young fellow who began the study of the "Messiah" some years ago. Then the first of the long runs simply floored him. He would fill himself with air to the bursting point and rush at it like a bull at a gate, but before he had half finished his breath was gone. Try as he would on the principle of pumping himself full of air he could not sustain it to the end. But as time went on he began to think, and concluded that as mere quantity would not do it, he would try some other way. He began to consider not the amount he should use, but the manner. That opened a new world of possibility. He no longer sought to pump air through his vocal chords, but to husband it and let the tone sing itself with as little breath as possible. Now with a good fair breath he can sustain the run to the end, and hold the last note the length of the entire run if need be. Any one of you can do the same, learn to sustain the longest phrases, if you will go about it the right way. Learn a useful lesson from your bicycle. You know that if you pump the tires too full you do not get the best results.

Of course some have greater capacity than others, but it is not the biggest thing that is necessarily the best. As with everything else in this world, it is not how much you have to do with, but what use you make of it, that counts. Make up your mind that whatever happens you won't force but take things easily,—and you have already made a step in advance. Breathe naturally. If when you take a breath you see that the shoulders do not rise, and that you expand freely about the waist, rest assured you are breathing very well. Then don't take too much, and give it out carefully;—and that is all you need to bother your head about so far as the breath is concerned.

If you have a "method" by which you must "hold"

the breath here, there, or anywhere, try to forget it. It will be hard, but do the best you can. You need no more exercises to strengthen your breathing apparatus than you get in singing, and in the exercise that as a good American you are bound to take. Edward Lloyd whose name needs no comment, as a young man of twenty, when he first began to sing, had a chest that measured but thirty-four inches. As a result of twenty years singing his chest measure today is forty-six inches, and it is the result of his public singing too. He says that he has done no physical exercise to develop himself, and as little singing in practice and rehearsal as possible; that his development is due entirely to his public work. So forget your breathing exercises and "methods" and learn how to sing;—which is a very different thing from learning how to breathe.

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE IMPELLING FORCES IN MUSICAL HISTORY.

DESIRES are the impelling forces in human nature, and consequently in human history, which is but the manifestation of that nature. The history of music is the manifestation of human nature in its relation to musical tones, considered as means of gratification. Apart from Beauty, a quality to be later considered, the satisfaction derivable from music is of three kinds, viz:

- I. Sensuous.
- II. Intellectual.
- III. Emotional.

Desires for these satisfactions have been the forces which have impelled men in all ages to the production and performance of music.

1. The Sensuous in Music.

The nervous mechanism of the ear is so constituted that certain combinations of sounds, such, for example, as those which make up a major chord, produce a pleasing sensation. So do certain successions of tones or of chords. Agreeable combinations of musical sounds are said to be *harmonious*; agreeable successions of single sounds are said to be *melodious*. The regular, measured repetition of sounds (rhythm) also produces an agreeable effect. Sometimes this effect becomes extremely exciting. The nerves of a savage will be excited to frenzy by the beating of a drum, and similar effects are observable in negroes playing the "bones," or the banjo and keeping time with the feet, hands and head. This elementary effect of rhythm is observable to a certain extent wherever music is performed, and is one of the essential factors in all music.

The three sensuous elements in music, then, are a pleasing *successions* of sounds (Melody); b) pleasing combinations

of sounds (Harmony); and c) pleasing regularity of successions of sounds, (Rhythm).

The mind may, if it pleases, give attention exclusively to one or more of these elementary sensations, ignoring all higher intellectual relations, all considerations of Beauty, in the higher sense, and all expression of the nobler emotions. The production, performance and hearing of music in which the higher mental and spiritual qualities are neglected involves the minimum of mental effort and implies the lowest grade of musical enjoyment.

Music which aims at the maximum of sensuous enjoyment, while reducing the higher intellectual and emotional elements to their minimum is called *Sensational* music. The term "sensational" is especially applicable to music which produces the highest degree of nervous excitement, either by extreme rapidity of movement, by powerful accents, by overwhelming power of tone, by violent contrasts or by all these means combined. But it cannot fairly be called "Sensational" if all these effects are used as means to a higher end; such as dramatic expression of emotion. It is sensational only when the sensuous elements predominate over the higher in the mind of composer, performer and hearer.

Music in which the sensuous elements predominate may be rationally enjoyed within certain limits. Excessive indulgence in this, as in other forms of sensuous pleasure, becomes a species of debauchery.

II. *The Intellectual in Music.*

Strictly speaking, the intellectual element in music begins with the first exercise of intelligence. The perception of the *relation* of tones heard in succession or in combination is an intellectual process. Even a single tone, pleasing to the ear, must be *perceived*, and this perception is an act of intelligence; so that there is no music whatever from which the intellectual element is wholly absent. But it is possible to make this element more or less prominent in composition, performance or hearing. One may listen to a Bach fugue or a Beethoven symphony and get little or no satisfaction out of it except the sensuous one of fragmentary

sweet phrases and chords. The higher intellectual qualities of it may pass unperceived or be wholly ignored. But all the best composers have had for one of their impulses to production the desire for intellectual satisfaction; for the exercise of their highest powers of intelligence. They have set before themselves an intellectual ideal to be realized in which there should be unity of idea with great variety and complexity of details; symmetry and proportion; a grand climax of intellectual interest in the treatment of the ideas, and subordinate climaxes in the successive parts.

Let us examine this more nearly. In the production of a melody which is to give intellectual satisfaction, *unity* must be an essential factor. This is secured by means of what is technically known as "Thematic Treatment." The first step is to invent a melodic design or pattern out of which the composition is developed as an oak tree is developed out of a germ, by modified repetitions. This melodic pattern is technically known as a *Motive*, and every great composition is made up of one, or at most a very few such motives. Just as no two oak leaves are exactly alike and yet all oak leaves are so conformed to one type that melody could possibly mistake them for anything else; and just as an oak grows into a tree from the germ in the acorn by multiplication of that germ, so a great composition grows out of a great number of repetitions of a short phrase (*motive*); mostly differing from each other and yet always recognizable as modified repetitions of the original type. The first movement of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony is one of the most instructive examples of the development of a great composition from the simplest of motives, by modified repetition. But the same principle applies everywhere, although it is not always so easily recognizable.

The formation of a melody by the constant repetition of a motive gives it *unity*. But if the repetition were literal and exact, unity would become *uniformity* and there could be no artistic result. Take the motive of the Beethoven movement above referred to (three G's followed by an E♭), try repeating it over and over exactly in its original form; you will get nowhere; there will be no forward movement,

only making time. But Beethoven repeats it a vast number of times *in a modified form*; i. e., he repeats it in such a way that there is not only *unity* but *variety*. As a matter of fact, there can be no such thing as *unity* without *variety*. There may be *uniformity*, *monotony*, like the repetitions of a stencil pattern; but never *unity*. *Unity in variety* is the first law of aesthetics.

The next intellectual requirement is *Symmetry*. This will be secured by arranging the successive phrases in groups against each other.

The principal and subordinate climaxes will be produced by so shaping the modified repetitions of the original motive that the interest shall increase with each new form it assumes until it culminates for the time and leads to a partial repose (at the end of a section or period), takes on new modifications, excites interest afresh and leads to a new climax in the next member, and so goes on until the final climax and final repose is reached. The motive thus becomes a *germ* out of which the work is developed, and in this development the intellectual interest of it consists. Thus the invention and elaboration of a single good melody involves the important elements of Thematic Treatment and Form, i. e., the orderly arrangement and grouping of the successive members of the melody, so as to produce an organic whole.

But another important source of intellectual interest is *Counter-point*, the invention of two or several melodies fitted to be heard *at the same time*. Music in the historical development of modern harmony came out of this simultaneous progression of several voice-parts. *Harmony* is the *combination* of tones heard simultaneously. In the middle age period of modern music Harmony was merely a subordinate matter, the fortuitous consequence of counterpoint. When two melodies were heard at the same time, the combination of tones at any one instant necessarily made either a consonance or a dissonance. So that, while the main point was the development of the melodies, each of which was regarded as of equal importance with the other, it nevertheless became necessary to take into account the effect of the harmonic

combinations at each point of contact of the two melodies. From long practice and experiment a body of elaborate rules grew up, harmony being included in the Science of counterpoint. Afterward, the combinations of tones came to be treated independently of their relation to Counterpoint; masses of chords were used as accompaniments to a single melody, and harmony acquired a new and independent significance.

In orchestral music, there is an important intellectual interest in the relations of the various groups of instruments, strings, wood-winds, brass and percussion (drums etc.) in their combinations, successions and contrasts. The effect of all these has to be considered with reference to the character of the motives, the thematic treatment, the Form, etc, so that Instrumentation constitutes an important branch of the science and art of musical composition.

All these subjects, Melody, Thematic Treatment, Harmony, Counterpoint, Form and Instrumentation need to be studied theoretically in text-books devoted to these subjects and practically in the works of the best composers. The invention and elaboration of Melody, Harmony, Counterpoint, etc., constitutes *musical thinking*. The player, or *interpretative* artist, thinks the thoughts of the composer after him and reproduces them; the hearer thinks them *after the reproduction*, being dependent on the executant for his conception of the composer's intention and achievement.

III. *The Emotional in Music.*

The relation of music to feeling is a subject so difficult of comprehension that able writers differ widely in their opinions with regard to it. That music produces remarkable effects upon the feelings all are agreed. But while the great majority of writers and thinkers on musical subjects have been wont to ascribe this power of *impressing* the feeling to the fact that music *expresses* feeling, a few very able and clear-headed critics have denied to music any such expressive power. They hold that music impresses the feelings solely or mainly in virtue of the element of *Beauty*; that the feeling awakened by a composition in the hearer does

not necessarily imply a similar feeling in the mind of the composer.*

With this opinion I do not find myself able to agree. I cannot resist the conviction that the impression which Beethoven's music (for example) gives me of being not only "*an utterance*," as Gurney well puts it, but an utterance from the depths of the emotional nature of the composer;—an utterance which implies in him emotional experience and volition from which I can infer certain traits of his character with entire positiveness,—is a perfectly true and valid impression. I can no more doubt that the introduction to the *adagio* of the Fifth Concerto, (to take a short and easily intelligible example), is the utterance of profound and elevated feeling, implying high ethical and essentially religious experiences in the mind of the composer than I can doubt that the cooings of an infant are expressions of satisfied feeling.

To *prove* the truth of this belief to one who on due acquaintance with the piece referred to, should be unable to receive a similar impression from it, would doubtless be impossible; but the number of persons who share it is surely large enough so that no one of them need feel himself in a hopeless minority; and where many agree in thinking they see a given thing, it is certainly open to them to doubt whether those who say they do *not* see it may not fail of perception through some obstacle to their vision, rather than conclude that the seers are mistaken as to what they think they see.

I have not sufficient space, nor is a popular essay the place for a long, elaborate discussion of the subject. The treatment of it here must be concise, and will be confined mainly to a statement of what I believe to be the true doctrine.

In the first place, it is necessary to understand clearly what we mean by Feeling or Emotion, for the two terms are used synonymously. Under this general term we commonly include 1. the *simple* feelings of pleasure and pain;

*See "The Power of Sound" by E. Gurney, and by E. Hauslick "The Beautiful in Music."

and 2. the *complex* feelings called desires and affection.

1. Pleasure and pain are *effects* produced on the mind as a passive recipient by numberless causes. Some of these causes, such as our bodily condition, the weather, our social relations, etc., are always operating with greater or less force. Sometimes the sensibility (i. e. the power of *feeling* as distinguished from the Intellect or power of knowing, and the Will or power of choosing), is so slightly affected as to be in an almost neutral state, so that we can hardly say whether the predominant mood is one of pain or pleasure.

2. *Desire* is an *active* state of the sensibility; an *out-going* of the mind toward an object from which we expect pleasure, in order to possess and appreciate it, or a movement of *aversion* from one which we expect to give us pain.

Affections are movements of feelings to give pleasure or do good to those whose character or behavior delights us, or to inflict pain or do harm to those who offend us or whose behavior we condemn. When a desire or affection manifests itself with extreme violence or intensity we call it a *passion*.

Both simple and complex feelings occur in various degrees of intensity. Thus, under the general head of pleasure we distinguish varying states of feeling by such terms as cheerfulness, contentment, satisfaction, delight, happiness, joy, rapture, ecstacy, etc; under that of pain, melancholy, sadness, sorrow, grief, suffering, anguish, agony, etc. The gradations of desire are expressed by such terms as wish, inclination, longing, yearning, hope, expectation, intention, determination, (these last involving volition in view of desire). Desires have also special names in views of their objects. Thus inordinate desire for gain we call avarice, inordinate desire for power, ambition, etc.

For the affections we use such terms as like, dislike, love, hate, respect, disrespect, reverence, contempt, adoration, detestation, etc.

It should be noted here that while affections are necessarily directed toward an *object*, and that object a person, or some being capable of receiving good or ill; and while desire also commonly implies a special object of desire, there

are nevertheless vague movements of feeling, desires, longings, yearnings for objects dimly conceived, or *divined* rather than imagined. Men long for they know not what; sometimes their minds are *disposed* toward certain passions; there are more or less active movements of unrest, disquiet, dissatisfaction towards objects not clearly brought into the region of consciousness. Such movements of feeling are none the less real that they are subconscious and indefinable. A large part of our emotional activity is precisely of a sort which can neither be defined nor described.

Indeed, when we think of it, we may be surprised to find how extremely poor the resources of language are in seeking to define or describe feeling, and how much deeper is the emotional nature of man than any philosopher can sound with his little plummet, and how insignificant are the little specimens he brings up and labels compared with the wealth of experience which eludes his attempts at analysis.

Take, for example, the universal passion we call love, and confine its meaning to the relation of the sexes. We can define it as a desire on the part of one human being for the society, approbation, etc., of another human being, coupled with the desire to confer good on the beloved object. But this definition is of the most general character. How far would it go toward giving an idea of the infinite gradations and phases of that passion to one who had neither experienced it nor felt in himself any stirrings which could give him an idea of it? Obviously such a definition is a label only, serving to recall to our consciousness previous experiences.

For *expressing* feeling, *directly*, language is totally inadequate. Our feelings are excited, for the most part, by *ideas*,—by real or imagined situations;—and words can only affect our feelings *indirectly* by bringing ideas to bear upon them.

The direct modes of expressing feelings are gestures, changes of facial expression, and especially vocal sounds. No words, definitions or descriptions are necessary to enable us to perceive love in the face, gestures and tones of a friend or hate in those of an enemy, and no philosopher

could possibly persuade us that we do not interpret these signs correctly. The manifestations of feeling appeal directly to our own emotional experience, and our intuitions in this field are ultimate and final.

It is important to note that these intuitions, which all of us recognize as direct and certain, belong to the class of acquired perceptions. They were originally *inferences* drawn from the constant association of certain tones, gestures and facial changes with certain experiences, from our earliest childhood. It is not unreasonable, *a priori*, to imagine some other mood of emotional expression, such, for example, as the ordered and regulated succession and combination of musical sounds, might possibly become as inextricably associated with more or less definite modes of feeling as are the inarticulate sounds of the human voice.

But the ultimate appeal is to consciousness. Do men associate music with feeling and ascribe to the composer similar emotional experiences to those which are induced by his work, or do they not? There can be but one answer to this. No matter how many there may be who fail to be impressed with the emotional significance of music, a very large number, probably by far the great majority of those who really love the best music do conceive such music as the utterance of noble and worthy emotion, and estimate its worth in proportion to the elevation of its emotional content.

The main difficulty which some clear-headed and appreciative music-lovers seem to find in admitting the validity of this belief appears to lie not in the fact that they do not receive the same emotional impression from the music that others receive, but that neither they nor any one else is able to define or describe the emotional content of music except in vague or general terms. We can say of a piece that it is gay, or sad, or solemn, or pathetic, or dignified; we can characterize it as frivolous and shallow, or as earnest and profound, but we cannot say even of a whole composition that it expresses love or hate, or anger or jealousy, still less can we say of a single turn of melody, phrase, section or period that it expresses this or that describable or definable passion. It must be admitted at once by those who hold,

as I do, that music is "a language of emotion," that it has a vocabulary corresponding to the terms in which we usually define and describe feeling.

The all important and vital fact is that there is no verbal equivalent for feeling. The terms in which we seek to describe feeling are wholly incommensurable with the real expression of feeling, whether they be ordered successions of musical tones or simply inarticulate cries. Words can not be translated into musical equivalents, nor can tones, musical or otherwise, be translated into verbal equivalents.

Suppose I wish to convey to you the feelings of a woman whose clothing has caught fire. I might perhaps give a vivid description of the event, and inform you that she shrieked with agony and terror, and might succeed in awakening within you a faint appreciation of her state of mind. But one real scream would curdle your blood more than volumes of description. Will any one deny that the scream expresses feeling because he can not define or describe it or reduce it to terms of written language? Every body knows what a scream means without being told. Words will not tell it. No more can they tell what music means; and yet its meaning is just as clear to thousands of people as that of a scream.

This then is the true doctrine. Words express ideas only; not feeling. Tones express feeling only; not ideas. Music is a language of feeling. Its emotional utterances are apprehended by the feeling directly, not by what we commonly call the Intellect, just as the meaning of a scream is apprehended. And this is the peculiar characteristic of music among the fine arts, that it does express feeling directly and immediately, without the intervention of ideas or images.

The limitations of music follow clearly from the above statement. It can not express definite feelings, describable in words. It can not express love or hate, for example, because these passions imply two persons and their relations. No body in his right mind will say that persons, and relations between persons, are expressible in tones. These are ideas, and tones can not express ideas. But the movement

of the sensibility which grow out of these relations are expressible in music and are not expressible in words. What we call love or hate is not merely emotion; it is emotion plus idea, for which no musical equivalent is possible.

This shows us clearly the relation of instrumental to vocal music and especially to musical drama. Instrumental music alone can give us only indefinable states and movements of the sensibility. If we wish further to express the ideas which form an essential element of all definable emotion, we must add words, or, still better, words, action, scenery and stage accessories, to bring the situations, events and relations of persons mere vividly before us.

I have dwelt on this topic at considerable length because it is one on which there has been and still is more mental confusion than on any other connected with music. Composers are constantly trying to make music do what it can never do, namely, express ideas, events, situations and the relations of persons; and this not by indirect suggestion, which *is* possible, to a certain limited extent, but by seeking musical equivalents for ideas, a thing absolutely impossible.

On the other hand, critics and writers seek to find verbal equivalents for music and the feelings expressed in music, with the result of a vast amount of bosh and nonsense. There can be no special objection to a critic saying that the emotional impression made on him by a given piece of music is similar to that made on him by a moonlight scene, or a love scene, or a battle; such characterizations may be helpful to some. But to say this or that piece "expresses" moonlight, or the rest, or to infer from the music that the composer had such ideas in his mind, is poor nonsense. In the absence of information or suggestion from the composer as to what ideas were connected in his mind with the feelings expressed in his music, we can know absolutely nothing about them from the music itself. When he does give such information or suggestion, as in the case of a good deal of the modern "romantic" and "program" music, the case is, of course, different. But even then, the ideas are not inferred from the music but learned from extraneous infor-

mation. We learn from the composer that he intended to express in his music the feelings appropriate to certain situations or events, and we have in addition to the pleasure derived from the music alone, the interest of estimating the degree of his success in accomplishing his purpose.

Of Beauty in Music.

Beauty, in music or elsewhere, is an indefinable quality. It can be *perceived*, but not described or defined. It appeals to a simple, universal faculty of the human mind. But, though we can not define it, we can trace, with more or less completeness, the conditions of its manifestation.

Beauty varies in kind and in degree according to these conditions. Thus, we say of the tones of a voice, or of an instrument, that they are beautiful. But we do not mean quite the same thing when we say of a long, elaborate work that *it* also is beautiful. The beauty of tone is sensuous merely; its conditions are certain relations between sounds and the nervous mechanism of the ear. The conditions under which beauty is manifested in a symphony or a sonata are intellectual conditions, the perception of order and plan, of unity in variety, of symmetry and proportion. Not that these qualities constitute beauty; for they may be present in compositions which do not impress us as beautiful. But no compositions impress us as beautiful from which these qualities are absent. In any work involving intellectual qualities, the perfection or at least approximate perfection of those qualities is an indispensable condition of Beauty. The Beauty will vary in degree with the amount and kind of intellectual power required for the production of the work, and with the success of the composer in mastering its technical requirements.

Again, there is a Beauty conditioned on the emotional content of compositions. Given two works of equal length and displaying the same perfection of form and all intellectual qualities, and both undeniably beautiful, we may find one characterized by an emotional content immeasurably nobler than the other. We say of such a work that it is more beautiful than the one which lies on a lower emotional plane. For example, compare Schubert's "Trout" with

the first sixteen measures of the Blue Danube, or with the best waltz in Offenbach's "Orpheus." Nobody would deny beauty to either of the latter. The form is equally simple in all three and the intellectual conditions much on a par. But the difference in beauty in favor of Schubert's beautiful song (apart from the words) is immense; and it is conditioned solely on the immense superiority of its emotional content.

Other things being equal, that music is most beautiful which most successfully embodies the noblest emotional content.

Of Geniis. The power to produce beautiful forms is the prerogative of genius. It is an original divine gift, which can neither be produced by any educational process nor accounted for. The creative faculty is the Imagination. To the imagination of the creative artist appear spontaneously forms of beauty unknown before, the presence of which he can no more account for than he can account for the wealth of germs in a tropical forest. They are there, and they press imperiously for embodiment. In minds gifted with this power of original invention, the creative impulse is irresistible. This imperative impulse for the embodiment of Ideals of Beauty is, of all the impelling forces in Musical History, by far the most vigorous and effective. The satisfaction derived from the enjoyment of works embodying such ideals has been the strongest and most universal.

Of Criticism. The desire to appreciate music has always been one of the forces operative in Musical History. Criticism may be defined as discriminating appreciation. It is the business of the critic to discover the true criteria of excellence, and to apply them to the actual phenomena of composition and performance. He must know whether a composition is beautiful or not, he must measure it by the intellectual standards which apply to works of its class; he must look for the evidences of intellectual power and of technical mastering of his materials in the composer, he must apprehend truly the character of its emotional content.

He who can do this is a *connoisseur*;—one who knows.

It is the business of the critic to impart his knowledge to others; to call their attention to points which they might otherwise overlook; to remove obstacles in the way of the perception of Beauty; to note defects and failures, it may be; in short, to help others toward the attainment of an intelligence and appreciation approximating his own.

The Function of History.

History, as I conceive it, may be looked on as an adjunct of criticism. Its function is the increase of intelligence not merely by recording facts and events, but by showing the relations of these facts to one another, and by tracing the line of development. Criticism, discriminating appreciation of the phenomena of Musical History, is indispensable. The historian must seek rightly to estimate the forces at work in each epoch and the relative strength of the different forces. He must seize on the characteristics of each epoch as resulting from the operation and balance of these forces, and discriminate it from the epoch which preceded and followed it. He must show how one ideal gradually replaced another, how new ideas in science or revivals of old ones affected the currents of thought and turned them into new channels. He must call attention to the composers of genius whose work mainly stamped the character of the epochs in which they lived. He must show the progress of the art from its earliest beginnings to the latest achievements as a growth and unfolding of forces implied in human nature. He must seek to understand how the mental activity in the field of musical art was affected by its intellectual and moral environment. In short, his work must be not only a chronicle and narrative but a continuous criticism based on philosophical principles.

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THE SINGING TEACHER OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

(Read at the meeting of the Music Teachers National Association in St. Louis
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IN the presentation of truth a bald statement has no value. It must have as a basis contrast with conditions which have existed. A failure of these conditions to meet the requirements of the truth or new propositions, is the first claim the proposition can have to a hearing. Its next claim to consideration will be the reasonableness of the argument that accompanies it. The world, in practical every-day matters, laughs at the presumption of the enthusiast who attempts to enlist capital in mere theories; the specialist or scientist may give free rein to his imagination in investigating the laws of nature or hitherto unknown forms of life, but he must present unquestioned proof of his discoveries before they will be received by his professional confrères, or the world at large.

This being conceded of the truths which face us every day in the practical walks of life, shall we not apply as *reasonable* tests in our estimate of the science or art of singing? While advocating the practical, I seem to repudiate it in the adoption of my subject, because what can possibly be practical in presuming to discredit the attainments of the vocal profession as they exist today, by stepping boldly over into another century and with prophetic air discoursing upon things as they are to be. My proposition is at once enviable and unenviable. Enviable, because by the very nature of things, none can be so bold as to dispute me, since time alone can prove the weakness or the wisdom of my arguments. Unenviable, because perchance the prophetic spirit may involve, in its summing up, an arraignment of the hobbies of some of the living specialists, and who would be so

generous as to rest the verdict of his case with a judge deciding in a spirit of prophecy?

The claim has been made, and established to the satisfaction of many, that voice training is not reducible to an exact science. Notwithstanding this, I am here to claim that voice training is an exact science and that the singing teacher of the twentieth century will be able, by certain established formula, to arrive at an ideal result in every case, the difference being compassed by physical varieties; this being of course the same in all fields where artistic display is dependent upon technique for its perfection. To state the proposition more concisely, if one hundred persons, physically perfect, were to be considered, nothing is more certain than that they would show one hundred different qualities of voice; one hundred different vocal and physical individualities; and yet the science of voice training will be so definite, so exact, that by applying the same formulæ one will get as a result, one hundred voices which shall have arrived at the highest attainment possible for them, showing no less conspicuously, the one hundred different individualities with which they began.

It must be remembered clearly that the writer is speaking of the *instrument* and does not include the temperamental or spiritual control back of it. While the technique may be perfect and identical in every case, the singing teacher of the twentieth century will be far too wise to expect from one hundred similar results, so far as the emotional or imaginative are concerned.

If the history of the Greeks and Romans is authentic, the science of tone production was once discovered and employed by them for many years in the education of their priests and orators.

That all civilization was rudely interrupted or diverted, history abundantly shows us, and that the science of tone production was lost or became obscured through the vicissitudes of the great social and political reorganizations, is not remarkable. That its re-establishment will be ultimate and permanent is what I propose to show.

The demands of society and art in the use of the vocal

instrument will, in the twentieth century, have become fixed. When the exact science of tone production is established all demands upon the voice will be governed thereby; the composer will no longer question as to the demands he can make upon his voices with which to make effects. He will know, that unless he conforms strictly to the law, which the science of tone-production has set forth as final, that this work will not be classed among the scholarly productions of his period. Hence the exact science of tone-production will stand in evidence as the absolute defence for the vocalist against dangerous and unjust demands on the part of the composer.

It will be interesting to enlarge a little upon the processes which are at work, through which this much desired condition of things shall come to pass. In all modesty I prophesy that an American will be the benefactor to the world, who shall clearly and concisely place the exact science of tone-production in its final, unchangeable, and not-to-be-questioned condition.

Why not an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, or an Englishman; and why an American? The Italians lack in the practical, the Germans in the intuitive, the Frenchman in well balanced persistence, the Englishman in subtle quickness of perception. The American combines them all. It is probable then that it will be the twentieth century American who will again teach the world how to sing. In addition to his being practical, persistent, intuitive, appreciative, he is inventive, cautious, reflective and concentrative. If a man with this array of qualifications cannot collect the scattered and fragmentary truths of the past and present, and formulate them into a system that shall beg no favors or make no apologies to theorists, then indeed, I fear it will never be done; but indeed, it shall be done.

It is, perhaps, not to much to say that the foundations upon which have been erected many of the world's greatest social, artistic, and even religious structures, have been solidified and cemented by the proven errors of the earliest efforts to perfect them. Surely the science of vocal music cannot take its place among the exact sciences until *it* also has passed through its periods of chimerical theories, of in-

vestigation, and of practical demonstrations, after which it will be able to take its deserved place among the great attainments of the human race.

It would be useless then, in view of this fact, to discredit, in the slightest degree, the efforts of the earnest specialists in this field who are working with an unquestioned sense of having a mission; for indeed, they have a mission as we have shown.

But certainly, the discrepancies existing between their practices are too glaring, too inconsistent, to make it possible for their mission to be other than furnishing excellent foundation material upon which this future eminent American of the twentieth century shall erect his structure, to be known as the Exact Science of Tone-Production.

We grant then, that the fads, theories, and claims of many of our professional singing masters possess a value; but we feel also, in view of the demands to be made in the future, only a passing value. Most of them present one phase or another of the three distinguished European teachers who, being measurably successful, were questioned as to the definiteness of their knowledge of the methods they taught. One of them said that "he knew what method he wanted but he did not know how to get it;" another, "that he knew how to get a method but he did not want it" and the last and most eminent of the three knew what method he wanted and how to get it, but his voices always gave out just as he got it. It is thus with many of the frantic vocal extremists of our own country. We can imagine how their performances would be not a little entertaining to this coming vocal teacher of the twentieth century, were he privileged to look back upon the condition of things as they exist today. What would he say of professors A. and B. who are dividing and classifying muscles and splitting hairs over some obscure vocal technicalities, which have no earthly value in practical singing; and that in the columns of a musical journal to the disgust of a disinterested public who are seeking crumbs of truth, but who are given instead the unnutritious stones of professional controversy; or C. with his opposing movements and reinforcements; D. with his twenty-five exercises in re-

spiration sent on their mission of usefulness with one hundred pages of valuable advice and directions; E. with his long list of cartilages and muscles; F. with his clavicular breathing, who sticks to it in the face of the fact that the French Academy have repudiated it after twenty years trial; G. with his abominable abdominal breathing, who sees nothing abnormal in the idea of treating respiration as if all the air cells were located below the belt line; H. with his laryngoscope, who thinks he can sing high C better because he has dissected the throat of fourteen dead bodies; I. with his pet scheme of trying to get his pupils to select from among their fellows and contract them, two little muscles just under the Adam's Apple (he does not even know their name); J. with his recently invented breathing machine, in which he places pupil and locks him in, in such a way that if his muscles do not conform to the requirements when he takes his breath, a little electric bell will ring and warn him of the danger of being natural; K. who forms the tone in the throat and keeps it there, and insists that the reeds in the human voice are only obtainable by the pupils growing a callous on the throat muscles, and they do it and behold; the voice *is* reedy; and L. with his depressed larynx with its gloomy, funereal tone; and M. with his little machine for holding the tongue down; and N. with his gutta percha hook with which he holds the uvula forward while the pupil makes a tone.

Yes, the vocal teacher of the twentieth century would be highly entertained by this array of devices and discords and recriminations of the enthusiastic, sincere disciples of the art divine, each contending for his own original and great discovery.

But after all, I say to you good friends, these people have their uses; they are part of the great plan; they are one of the stepping stones by which the higher levels are reached; they are furnishing their complement of error, now and then intermingled with a modicum of truth out of which shall grow, or upon which foundations shall be reared that lofty, that substantial, that voice-saving structure, known as the exact science of tone-production. Well may this singing teacher of the twentieth century be proud that he is the

product of another period. He has no doubts to disconcert him; no opportunity for option; no problems to solve; no conditions to meet, which have not been met before and for which a formula has not been made. His laws are fixed; his only choice is between duty specifically outlined and duty left undone.

The moment one attains distinction, through his own efforts or by display of generosity, or through any of the legitimate avenues to fame, the first thing his friends will do will be to attempt to establish his genealogy. The world is full of people, and I am one of them, who find that the most encouraging thing is to examine the causes and development of any great attainment in science or in one's career. Since music has already taken an acknowledged place among the arts and sciences, how many books have been written in attempts to trace *its* origin and development. The violin, the piano, the organ, the theory of music have each a library devoted to the interesting story of its growth; but who has written the genealogy of the voice, or a correct method of teaching voice? In fact, who is able to write it? Is there authentic literature in existence on tone-producing two hundred years ago? We have the history of many of the great singers covering that period, alluding, however, only to their artistic careers; only very meagre accounts of their student days and the manner and methods of work they pursued. Could we know exactly the positions that the voice teachers of 1695 took to the technical side of their profession and compare it with that which is in evidence today, as the product of our most brilliant minds, we would be able to tell definitely how much progress has been made.

Let us examine a little. I have given some attention to the subject and can speak with authority. In books published twenty-five years ago, the writers deplore that we have no such voices today as sang to our parents and grandparents in the dim and dimmer past. We will go back fifty and seventy-five years and read. Again we find the complaint that singing is a lost art; they have no such voices as sang to their parents and grandparents. It has been my good fortune to go still farther back and find a book, the first one

of any importance, translated into the English language from the Italian, written by Losi and published one hundred and seventy-five years ago. This author treated his subject with no uncertain pen. In view of the complaints of the two periods I have cited, let me read you the opening sentences of his book:—"Gentlemen, Masters, Italy hears no such exquisite voices as in times past." What deductions are we to make from this? Are voices being as well taught today as they were two hundred years ago? Have we really improved? Are we doing better things than they did then? Has this great array of investigations, and schemes, and appliances availed us anything? Are we better equipped as vocal teachers at the eve of this century than was Losi at the dawn of the last century? That is an interesting question. Let us examine into it.

Like many of our modern writers, Losi felt that he was the Moses who was to lead his contemporaries out of the Egyptian darkness of accumulated errors, back again into the light of rational methods of tone-production. That you may be equally well informed with myself and decide for yourselves, I am going to devote a few moments to reading extracts from this man's book.—

In describing what a vocal teacher should be he says:—"An honest man, diligent and experienced, that he may have a command of voice, some glimpse of good taste, be able to make himself understood with ease, a perfect intonation and a patience to endure the severe fatigue of a most tiresome employment.—One who has not a good ear should not undertake either to instruct or to sing: one who sings out of tune loses all his other perfections.—Let him endeavor to gain by degrees the high notes; the higher the notes, the more it is necessary to touch them with softness to avoid screaming.—Let the scholar hit the intonation of any interval of the scale perfectly and readily: keep him strictly to this important lesson.—Let him provide his pupils with good examples, with vocalises in divers styles which insensibly lead from the most easy to the most difficult, using them as he finds the scholar improves.—The voice of the scholar should always come forth neat and clear, without passing

through the nose or being choked in the throat, the two most horrible defects in a singer.—The scholar should not hold the semi-breves with force on the highest notes. The consequence of which is that the glands of the throat become daily more and more inflamed, and if the scholar loses not his health, he loses his upper voice.—The master should leave no means untried to unite the natural or middle voice with the extremes, that any difference that exists may not be distinguished. If the voice does not perfectly unite, it will be divers registers and consequently lose its beauty.—Let the scholar be made to pronounce the vowels distinctly.—The scholar should sing standing, that the voice may have all its organization free.—Let him take care, while he sings, that he gets a graceful posture and makes an agreeable appearance. Let him vigorously correct all grimaces of the head, of the body, and particularly of the mouth.—If the sense of the words permit it, the mouth should be composed with an inclination to smile, rather than too much gravity.—Let him learn to hold long on the notes without a shrillness, or trembling, otherwise the natural inclination not to sustain the tones will assert itself and the pupil will become subject to a fluttering which is the manner of all those who sing in very bad taste (we call it the tremolo).—Let him learn the art of putting forth the voice, which consists in letting it swell by degrees from the softest piano and from thence with the same art, return from the forte to the piano.—The *messi-di-voce* from a singer can never fail of having an exquisite effect.—Let the master make the pupil sing *solfeggi* as long as he finds it necessary.—Let him teach the manner of the *portamento*, to carry the voice gently from one note to another, which qualification is necessary in order to sing well.—The scholar must manage his respiration that he may always be provided with more breath than is needful and may avoid undertaking, for want of it, what he cannot go through with.—Let the pupil continually by himself, use his voice in velocity of motion, if he thinks to have command over it.—Let him frequently stop and start the voice, that it may be under his control.—Singing requires so strict an application that one must study with the mind when one cannot with the

voice.—The unwearied study of youth is sure to overcome all obstacles that oppose.—Let the teacher encourage the pupil if he improves.—Let him mortify him, but not beat him, for indolence, he may be more rigorous for negligence. Let him hear as much as he can, the most celebrated singers, because in hearing them, one reaps more advantages than in any instructions whatever.—Let him learn to accompany himself if he is ambitious of singing well, upon the harpsichord.—A knowledge of counterpoint is of the most intrinsic value to a singer:—A master who lets his pupils sing upon words too soon knows not how to instruct.—Let him study on the three open vowels first, not always upon one, in order to clearly establish the character of each, so that when words are sung the pronunciation shall be pure and exact.

Among his arguments for persistence he says:—“If too many did not persuade themselves that they had studied sufficiently, there would not be such a scarcity of the best, nor such a swarm of the worst.—If you give them a cantata to read, that is even easy and fairly written, they, instead of complying as they ought, will tell you with an impudent face, that persons are not obliged to sing at sight.—There are an infinite number of others, who wish and sigh for the moment that eases them from the fatigue of their first studies. They do not consider that mediocrity in a singer means ignorance.—One who sings with a desire of gaining honor and credit, cannot sing ill, and in time will sing better; and one who thinks on nothing but gain, is in the ready way to remain ignorant.—It is folly in a singer to grow vain at the first applauses; and if he thinks he deserves them, there is an end of him.—He should regulate his voice according to the place where he sings; he must make a difference between a small room and a vast theatre.—He is to be blamed who, when singing in two, three, or four parts, does so raise his voice as to drown his companions; for if it is not ignorance, it is something worse.—The best singer in the world continues to study, and persists in it as much to maintain his reputation as he did to acquire it.—So mischievous a pretension prevails not only among those who can barely be said to sing, but among the meanest instrumental performers;

who, though they never sing nor know how to sing, pretend not only to teach, but to perfect, and find some that are weak enough to be imposed on.—He that sings little and well, sings very well.—The singers that have nothing but the outward appearance, pay that debt to the eye which they owe to the ears.—Let a singer have a fund of knowledge sufficient to perform readily at sight any of the most difficult compositions.—I consider that music as a science should have its rules and that all manner of ways should be tried to discover them.”

This, my friends, is from the pen of a man past the middle age of life, whose object in writing it was to restore the art of singing to the purity and perfection of an existence from which it had fallen previous to that time. What think you, masters of the vocal art of today? Have you anything to offer in addition to this? I have quoted quite at random, touching only the salient points of our work, omitting of course, the exercises accompanying his precepts, but is there a line or an idea you can improve?

In speaking of works on this subject of voice training, I think he proves clearly that this from which I have quoted is the first one of any importance when he says: “I cannot but wonder, that among so many professors of the first rank, who have written so amply in music in almost all its branches, there has never been one, at least that I have heard of, who has undertaken to explain the art of singing any more than the first elements known to all, concealing the most necessary rules for singing well.” He adds that the incomparable Zarlino, known to you all as the man who gave to the world our present staff system, in the third part of his *Harmonick Institution*, Chap 46, just began to inveigh against those, who in his time sung with some defect, but he stopped; and I am apt to believe had he gone farther, his documents though grown musty in two centuries, might be of service to the refined taste of our present time.

Thus we find ourselves taken two hundred years farther back. An authentic allusion to conditions which prevailed early in 1500, to which our author pointed as worthy of study for the improvement of the art as it existed in his day.

My friends, I find it is going to be impossible for me to establish the genealogy of the vocal art. The brightest writers on vocal development today, can furnish us no principles more sound than these that were laid down two centuries ago. They are as clear, as definite, as conclusive, as if written only yesterday. Their origin is lost in an obscurity far ante-dating 1700. We who are writing today do well if our ideals come up to the high ground taken by this long since dead and forgotten Italian.

But what of this man of the twentieth century? If we have not improved upon the principles laid down two hundred years ago, what right have I to expect that in another fifty years, a man shall be raised up who will proclaim and establish that which shall be known as the Exact Science of Vocal Culture?

Have you not already discovered that the foregoing principles laid down by Losi, comprehend the exact science of voice culture? A science is, strictly, only the embodiment of principles. Let principles be in error and the results are unscientific; let the principles be sound and all the technical means which he employs consistent therewith cannot fail of artistic results.

No, this man of the twentieth century will have re-discovered and formulated the principles of a lost art. His work will be the climax of our efforts; he will know, with no further need of experiment, that there is no short road to success in singing; there is no royal road to an artistic career; there is no concealed, undiscovered process by which he may take *nature* and metamorphose her into a freak. That is exactly what many of us are trying to do today.

We Americans have annihilated space by steam and electricity; we have learned how to converse with one another at great distances; we can pack away the very sound of our voices in cylinders, to be reproduced in another century. We are a very smart people, but we have never had the slightest success in our efforts to coerce or thwart the *natural*. We may invent and discover, but, behold! wonder ceases when the process is explained, for after all, only *natural* means have been employed. We hear a great singer and

we express much the same surprise and pleasure as we did when we first heard the phonograph, and we are apt to forget that the wizard is only the wise teacher who made the best use of the *natural* means and that the workshop was the studio and practice room of the pupil, whose contest with *nature*, which is always more or less obstinate, was carried on through many years. Lili Lehmann once wrote on a song which she presented to one of my pupils in Paris. "The path to fame is marked by one's heart blood."

To return to our American who shall discover the Exact Science of Voice Culture in the twentieth century. His name is Legion. He has passed through his frantic efforts to discover the perpetual motion of singing and settled down to the fact that there is a pivotal consideration upon which vocal culture depends for its success; that this factor was discovered hundreds of years ago, cultivated and brought to perfection by the Greeks; handed down in its perfection through the centuries by the authorities of the churches to the boundary line of our present musical history. This pivotal consideration was *Nature—the natural*.

It will be interesting to note that the decline of vocal methods began with the rise of the Opera; that when the laborious processes of training voices from early youth to perform the religious functions of the churches were in a measure displaced or succeeded by the more attractive and better paying services of the opera that the deterioration of the art of vocal culture began. The slow, consistent, *natural* growth of the vocal instrument through five years of continuous preparation in youth, and another five years of substantial development of the mature instrument came gradually to be shortened and we have today the lamentable custom of waiting until the instrument is mature and then attempting to do in five years what should have ten years devoted to it. The result is that not one voice in one thousand, or ten thousand, is brought to its fullest possible physical and artistic fruition. We are teaching with too great rapidity; we are not conforming to the requirements of the *natural* in our efforts to gain results quickly.

It will not be until all these schemes, machines, short

cuts, and new discoveries have held up their terrible examples in all their kaleidesopic mutations for the year and judgment to condemn, that vocal teachers shall have cried enough, let us return to something that shall endure and upon which we can depend, perchance, some brilliant effects may have followed these efforts to coerce the voice, but alas; their brilliancy was earned at the awful cost of durability and the moment the hopes of a career grew brightest, nature rebelled and the scheme was a failure.

The history of vocal culture, as near as we can determine, shows us that its condition of highest development was in the half century from 1675 to 1725. The pupils were fitted by being placed with their professors before the voices changed, or immediately after, to secure control and establish the trend of development when the instrument was in its most flexible and yielding condition. They were compelled to be with him every day; they were made thoroughly accomplished accompanists, theorists and musicians.

It is clear that the requirements then were far greater than at present. All music written for concert purposes in Italy was so arranged as to give artists who sang it, opportunities to improvise cadenzas. The orchestra ceased and the singer introduced an ecstasy of shakes, scales, and transpositions, all of them based upon exact musical form, occupying some times from one to three minutes; frequently going into two or three different keys, and finally, by the skillful use of the arpeggio, modulated again into the original key, when the instruments again took up the accompaniment. These cadenzas were never printed. The pupils were so well grounded in counterpoint, and this act of improvisation was for so many years a part of their training that it came to be second nature for them, and it was considered quite as reprehensible for an artist to attempt to reproduce an improvised cadenza of another singer as it would be now for a man to copy another composer's work and publish it as his own.

Another of the requirements of the period was that of developing a melody in variations,—the artist sang a given melody and repeated it again and again, improvising a fresh

variation on the original theme, while the orchestra kept the same accompaniment.

Again it must be remembered that the ear was trained to a much finer discrimination of pitch, all semi-tonic progressions being made according to a just intonation, precisely as the better violinists of the present day discriminate between a flat and a sharp. They never sang the same tone for D sharp that they did for E flat. If they did they were accused of singing out of tune. How many singers have we in America today who can, with our system of preparation, enter the concert room and perform after this fashion?

Our work has been for the past twenty-five years in the line of retrogression, but I am no pessimist. It is with a clear appreciation of the splendid efforts of our earnest voice trainers that I say, on comparing their work with other standards, not that they are all wrong, but they do not work on broad lines. We contrast sadly with the other professions in our narrow allegiance to single thoughts or ideas upon which we attempt to build systems of our own, instead of justly incorporating them into the proven good which already exists, imagining that originality bars out everything that has gone before.

The signs of the times portend favorably to a growing distrust of captious criticism as a source of profit to the cause of the vocal art. We are beginning to respect and aspire to the broad culture of Porpora, the composer of forty operas who yet was so loyal to the technical requirements of his profession that he kept his famous pupil, Cafferella, on a single page of exercises for seven years before announcing to him that he could go forth and sing and astonish the world. Too many of our teachers of today forget that method is not comprehended by our ability to get pupils to produce correctly a single tone. When Losi, nearly two hundred years ago reiterated the law that the teacher or pupil should not sing through the nose or in the throat, he covered the entire technical area of single tone study and led his pupils to success by the employment of scales, arpeggios, and appropriate groupings of solfeggi and vocalises. To these he adhered; to this system of development we are returning; to an under-

standing of the necessity of better and broader musicianship are we rapidly trending. It is this natural and, because it is natural, slower process of developing voices, that we prophesy will be employed by the singing teacher of the twentieth century.

An objection that could justly be urged against a return to the slower methods, is the growing universality of singing, its employment in nearly every function, social, political, and religious argues that too much time would be expended to perfect a thing that was used almost by the masses only as an incidental medium of expression. I concede that claim. And it is here that the better singing teachers of this century are showing their marvelous prowess and powers. They know that in the *strictly* artistic sense, but a narrow percentage of their pupils can be brought to realize the sacrifices necessary to a career, or to make the sacrifice if they do realize it. The result is that the vocal profession are gradually dividing themselves into two groups, which grouping will become more clearly defined as the years advance.

The first group will comprise teachers whose tastes and inclinations will lead them to pursue the art for the sake only of its extreme limit of perfection. Their pupils will be accepted only after the most cautious consideration of every quality of mind, temperment, ear and instrument. They will be trained on the Losi-Porpora plan of seven to ten years on purity and strength of tone development and associate musical and intellectual growth; their goal will always be Grand Opera, that will be their destination from the first hour's study.

The second group will comprise a class greatly in the majority, to which most of the vocal teachers belong at the present time. They give instructions to nearly all applicants; they will supply the demand for the conventional vocalist, be his goal simply chorus, parlor, church, light opera, oratorio, or concert. Where teachers of this group will differ will be in results; some will slight their work except in the few cases where pupils show talent and a prospect of quick returns as an advertisement; others will devote their energies to the laudable aim of securing the highest possible

average from all their pupils. To group one and this division of group two, let us pledge our allegiance.

In my survey of the subject I have attempted to give a glimpse of the conditions that have contained, covering the entire period of the history of the art. My prophecy has been made solely on the basis of what was necessary for the improvement of the art, conscious that the prophetic mind is illuminated only by the signs of the times; the signs of the times point to more logic, better musicianship, greater breadth in the grasp of the subject, and finally, scientific and exact rules governing the development of the vocal instrument.

New York City.

H. W. GREENE,
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RUBINSTEIN'S "CHRISTUS" IN BREMEN.

To Anton Rubinstein there came a wonderful dream, an artistic vision, for in his soul was born the thought of a stage intended solely for the representation of religious themes. Unfortunately, he did not live long enough to realize his aspirations, but he carried with him into his grave the certainty that in May and June of this year, his "Christus" would be presented at Bremen, and that his dauntless dream-picture would become a reality at least for a time.

Rubinstein believed that he found in Dr. Loewe, whom he has honored not only as a theatre-director, but as a poet, the best leader of this tremendous undertaking in the realm of art; and there is no doubt that he had the correct idea. His confidence in the artistic and poetic abilities of the director of the theatre at Breslau, was so great that he begged Dr. Loewe to write the words for his "Cain," which was planned several decades ago. Death unfortunately, put an end to the undertaking.

The sacred drama "Christus" consists of seven acts, a prologue, and an epilogue. To speak of a libretto, in the ordinary sense of the word, would not be possible to any one who reads attentively the text of Dr. Bulthaupt. It is dramatic, and not unnecessarily lengthy. Interest in the ideal figure of "Christus" never flags, as it rises in a luminous manner from the frame made by the many personalities that grouped themselves about His earthly career. The language is touching, on account of its likeness to the Scripture, and captivates by its poetical imagery. Words and music combine in a marvelous manner to form a perfect whole, which, in its consecrated truth, its sublime beauty, its biblical simplicity, must make a remarkable impression, if presented by highly gifted and finely attuned artists.

The sacredness of the work is noticed at once in the prologue, when the music gives the exalted idea of Christmas.

The swelling strains of the orchestra, the delicate variations in the coloring of the overture, portray the scenery and feeling of the Christmas picture, which, through the praise of the shepherds and the wondrous chords of the angelic host, possesses a touchingly calm and noble glory all its own. Organ and harp make the songs real, and accompany with their tender tones the "Glory be to God on High." In the midst of the harmonious melody of the "Shepherd's Chorus," one hears the trio of the worshipping Magi. The effect of the subdued music, where the violins and violas predominate, is indescribable. To call it "music from heavenly heights" is faint praise, but I know of no other words to describe the tones that seem to come from another world, and re-echo in the hearts of the listeners. The soul becomes only more devotional at the end, as the strains of the harp accompany the "Hallelujah" of the angels. Softly as the breath of a summer night the melody vibrates, and then slowly sighs itself away.

In the first act, which presents the temptation, the victory of good over evil, the idea of pure sublimity is gloriously exemplified. Not ecclesiasticism, nor theology, but the genuine, warm human impressions of the composer are mirrored in his music. After a short prelude the curtain rises, and one sees the wilderness in the twilight. Violas and cello accompany, "Lord, my God, what hast Thou ordained for thy weak creatures?" The pathos of this music is occasionally enlivened, and then gradually becomes sad again. Characteristic is the accompaniment to the appearance of Satan. The oppressive and gloomy feeling is wonderfully defined. The quartette of strings which indicates Christus' answer, is magical in its effect. When from the barren rock the treasures and splendors of this world are shown to our Lord in all their sensuous beauty, the soft trembling of the violins is changed into harmony which intoxicates the senses, only to be transformed into the simplest rhythm when the Savior refuses to obey. One of the most interesting parts of the score is the music in connection with the baptism in the second scene. The varying movements of the cello, the violins and violas, represent the revelation from heaven.

The composition reaches its dramatic height in the third act, where "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Feeding of the Multitude," "The Entrance of Mary Magdalene," and "The Raising of the Widow's Son," are given. If this scene cannot fail to have a tremendous effect from a poetical standpoint, musically it must make a still deeper impression. A finer example of the genius of Rubinstein has perhaps never been given, than in this third scene of his "Christus." He has produced a tone-picture of wonderful beauty and overpowering strength. The oratorio style disappears entirely, and still the music does not depart from the spirit of the Bible, never descends to the merely sensual. The "Blessed are the Pure in Heart" charms by its mild and elevating restfulness. Noble in its character is the *adagio* at the appearance of the Magdalen; always more inspiring, more exalted, becomes the dramatic power of the melody, which, in the duet of the young man and his mother, receives an added poetic charm. The joy, the enthusiasm of the people is given in tones full of magnificent color effect. Like a sign from heaven, there pulsates through the wealth of sounds, the tenderest harmony.

The master gives us, with wonderful power, the "Purging of the Temple," in the fourth scene. In this outburst of Oriental splendor, Rubinstein has no equal. The trafficking of buyer and seller comes to us with all the force of superb instrumentation, and at the same time there sobs through it the beginning of sorrow. Wonderful in this tumult and excitement of the orchestra, to hear the delicate concord of the voices!

If in the third act, Rubinstein reaches the height of dramatic art, in the fourth the height of realism in music, the next scene depends for effect upon the melodic charm, grace and beauty, rather than upon dramatic strength. If we take the slow movement, the *lento* of "The Last Supper," the combined sweetness of tones from clarinets and flutes marks the heavenly frame of mind. Of remarkable beauty is the quartette for strings, when the Magdalen anoints the Savior's feet. Unutterably pathetic in its tragic power, fascinating in its lyric effect, is the sorrow of Mary for her

Son. In these tones, this outpouring of suffering, the pride and the pain of the mother are faithfully portrayed. The consciousness of being the mother of such a Son, her modesty and her humbleness, contrasted with His greatness of soul, have been set to music by Rubinstein with a phenomenal knowledge of the most secret emotions of the human heart.

Highly dramatic musical movements are offered in the sixth act, "Christ before Pilate." The change of temper, the fury of the mob, that yesterday cried "Hosannah!" and today "Crucify!" is extremely impressive. Mournful and beautiful in its feeling, glorious in its tone-coloring, sounds the dream picture of Pilate's wife. Overpowering in its effect is the farewell, the quiet suffering, the dreadful suspense; all are pictured in tones.

Death and the resurrection, in the seventh act, and the prophecy of love and faith in the epilogue, speak a language of the soul never before heard in a similar form. Out of this masterpiece of modern instrumentation, this majesty of the orchestra, this solemn wealth of music, we hear the liberating cry of love; we understand, without making any subtle inquiries, the chorus of the demons, the excited people, the shameful death, and the exclamation of devotion. These strains of human experience, this true religion, will be understood by all who do not, in sheer carelessness and deadness of soul, close their ears and hearts to the work of the blessed master.

The citizens of Bremen, in whose midst Dr. Bulthaupt, the writer of the text of "Christus," lives, will earn laurels which will be spoken of in years to come. May the beautiful example of German love for art, find imitators in other cities, and may the great sacrifices which the inhabitants of Bremen make from a financial point of view, and still intend to make be rewarded by visitors from far and near.

(Translated from the German of H. Wigger, May, 1895.)

MRS. MENA C. PFIRSHING.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

(A SKETCH.)

ONE cannot calmly, coldly dissect the "Faust" music. The critical eye loses its keenness amid the mass of beauties and the dissecting knife has its edge blunted by the powerful music flesh it would fain probe and lay open to discussion. Though "Faust" is an old opera, yet by its vast human interest it is new. Like the exhaustive study of human nature it commands as much attention now as when it first burst upon the world with electric brilliancy. There is nothing really great but what is *always* new. Sparks struck off from the eternal anvil of all genius, will emit light though a hundred years have passed since they flew from the great source.

So it is with "Faust." The opera house, hushed to delicious silence, moved by the relentless stride of the tragedy, borne on by the surge and swell of music's passion, the cold, diamond sparkling opera house is just as much moved by the drama today as it was March 19th, 1859, when the Theatre Lyrique rocked with stormy applause at the first production.

To write adequately of this opera masterpiece one needs the pen of a Hugo to pour out the lines of enthusiasm and eulogy.

No common words can fit so grand a subject. To attempt fully to understand or explain its depth, both in libretto and music, one must have the genius of Goethe and Gounod. In hearing this work given as it should be, the old saying, "What man hath done, man can do," seems singularly untrue. Other composers may possess as great scientific learning and orchestral skill but no one has yet written an opera so symmetrical, so logical and so full of human sentiment as "Faust." Gounod's genius launched itself in mid air from a mountain top and never once did its powerful wings fail to

sustain it in these lofty regions. There is less weak music in "Faust" than in any opera, with the possible exception of "Fidelio." Gounod, like Beethoven, did not believe in the so called "unnecessary music." In neither "Faust" or "Fidelio" is there any prolongation of themes, unless for a dramatic or purely ethical reason. Both composers recognized the fact that the symphony was the place for the elaboration of extended art forms, the use of contrapuntal devices for their own sake. The counterpointed accompaniment, the canon, the fugue should only appear in dramatic compositions when they grow naturally out of the thought and situation of the characters. For example, the well known canon quartette in "Fidelio" has, in the libretto, a justification for its entrance.

From the practical point of view "Faust" stands pre-eminent, as being essentially suited to the human voice. In all his works, Gounod owns this splendid gift. Although the Bach "Ave Maria" is difficult, by reason of its sustained notes, yet in no case do awkward leaps or sudden harmonic clashes throw the voice off the key or tax the mental forces. All is prepared with admirable skill. This element exists in "Faust" to a surprising degree. Then, too, the orchestral scare never submerges the voice and, while entirely independent, working out its own harmonic ethics, weaving the story in pure music, it never fails to sustain and uplift. It is only a factor and not the sum total.

Ardent Wagnerites never see that the great German masters' work is continually marred by defective voice writing and that, in many cases, the orchestra assumes such importance that the voice part actually seems to have been written in *after* the accompaniment, a sort of supplementary part, needed only because the singer must have something to busy himself about to account for his presence on the stage. In composing for the human voice Wagner could have studied with Bellini. This is a bold, rash statement to make in the face of all who worship the Wagner-Idol, but it is to be hoped that the time is coming when such blind adoration, such unreasoning prejudice and rampant fanaticism will be abolished. The true, thoughtful, all-around musician sees a

use in everything, from Offenbach to Beethoven. The first amuses, the second teaches and inspires, but from announcement to inspiration there are connecting links. Should we despise the brooks because they are not oceans? Both are made of the same elements.

But to return to "Faust." Viewed from the point of human passion, can anything ever equal the immortal garden scene? The sentiment is so completely human that it appeals to every heart. No unnatural, illegitimate love-ecstasy inspired by magic philters, can ever compare with this outpouring of passion.

The guilty Tristan and Isolde, tearing passion to tatters, reveling in what is unlawful, sunk in voluptuous bliss, loving the shadows of the night because they hide their sin, this love overwrought and over-depicted, affects one like a room where some heavy flower has made the air unpleasantly close with perfume. But not so the love scene in "Faust." The mere mention of it calls up before the mind that slumbrous garden, those crimson roses wet with dew, the tangled vine clambering up to the little chamber window, the conscious night, the warbling nightingale, the perfumed air and the two lovers, Faust and Marguerite, caught up in a ray of moonlight, pouring their souls out on a luminous stream of melody, which washes the shores of passion, quiver on harp strings, trembles from the violins, till it sinks into the silence which breathes and lives and moves.

Now mark Gounod's genius. The next time those heart entrancing melodies are heard it is in a prison. The black walls, the clanking irons, the grated window, the awful gleam of despair, these are the sequels of that moon-flooded night, long past. Those crimson roses, that blissful nightingale now are heard only in the mind of the crazed Marguerite. Who can forget the exquisite pain awakened by the returning sweep of that glorious melody. Genius flames from every note. The approach of the fatal morning, the champing horses in the court below, the mocking arch fiend, the imploring Faust, the insane Marguerite, each finds a counterpart in the wildly rushing passion-flood, which finally bursts into the ocean of redemption at the angelic choral.

This overpowering climax did not exist in the original score. Gounod enlarged the last scene for the English stage and since then this ending has always been used. On a greater prolongation of the agonizing scene the lesson it teaches has more time to sink into the heart. Hence a certain value.

It is not possible truly to estimate the advance which "Faust" has marked in the history of opera without thinking of the mawkish sentimentalities, in the shape of operas, which preceded it. The nervous, theatric Italian school was at its height. The flimsy librettos, which only served to string together a series of separate duos, quartettes or choruses, were worse than insignificant, they were positively pernicious. Many a finely composed opera would be upon the stage today were it not for the absolute worthlessness of the libretto. In "Faust" came the first marked artistic union of score and words. To quote from George T. Ferris' able sketch of Gounod, "The proof of this composer's skill and sense of symmetry in the composition of 'Faust' is shown in the fact that each part is so nearly necessary to the work, that but few cuts can be made in presentation without essentially marring the beauty of the work; and it is therefore given with close faithfulness to the author's score."

The two opposing principles, which stamp with originality all Gounod's works, are clearly manifest in "Faust." A voluptuous soul, ease loving, oriental and dreamy, forever hovering amid austere and mystic ideals; a gorgeousness of exuberant color thrown on a back ground of medieval simplicity; a certain religious exaltation toned to love the sensuous pleasures; an instinctive recoiling from anything trivial, these opposite qualities shine forth everywhere.

Such a combination of warring traits cannot but give to music a moral fascination, while the mind from whence emanated the curious contradiction must afford an interesting study to the psychologist.

I do not pretend to say that "Faust" is perfect, no artwork is that. This I do say, that like a well rounded, clear cut statue evolved from the brain of some ancient Greek sculptor, so has the music statue been evolved from a modern brain, holding in its depths the old love of symmetry and beauty.

The highest praise which can be given "Faust" is to say that it has *always* been in existence, meaning, thereby, that it is only a universal heart thought hitherto unuttered, but *now* uttered with such marvelous knowledge of human nature that everyone says to himself, "Ah! I have felt all this before."

Oct. 2.

FRANK E. SAWYER.

MUSIC.

• Thou noble art, that Nature loveth best,
A fitting place thou hast in the loving heart
Of man. And there, content to do thy part,
Thou dwellest on; and he is ever blest,
Who looks to thee for comfort and for rest.
At thy command unbidden tear-drops start.
But thou canst too bid sorrow to depart,
That joy may better reign within that breast.
What bird or beast that does not know the power,
That all thy subtle harmonies contain?
The rhythmic sway of every wind-blown flow'r,
But tells that story o'er and o'er again.
All attributes sublime thou dost combine.
For, art thou not thyself a thing divine?

Freeport Ill.

EDITH MARION VAN REED.

MICHAELLEN'S "STABAT MATER."

MICHAELLEN?

Oh, yes, you never heard about it. Many things have happened in Alsace, both cheerful and sad, whose echo never reached farther than the protective ditch with which our present makers have surrounded themselves, on the bottom of which, according to the belief of the sufferers, there grows nothing but the black herbs of oblivion.

I will tell you all about it.

Father Michaellen, that good old man, as the children of the choir used to call him, was church organist at Muehlhausen. They knew him very well in that parish—for more than thirty years he had been lulling old women asleep and rocking young maidens into sweet dreams by his mysterious tunes—but in other parts of the province they knew nothing about him; and like many others, he had to die first in order to become celebrated all over the country.

That pious breeze which occasionally rises from the graves and runs through the land whispering in the peoples ears reminiscences of things and events gone by, that breeze, the legend, had been watching for his name too; took hold of it and now sings of it in the memories of the people of Alsace in times of grief, when the sky is dark and hope rare.

However, God alone knows whether father Michaellen, though his simple heart was ever open to an artist's illusions, was ever tempted to dream of any posthumous triumph, of that garland of immortality wreathed of admiration and tears of the people who, a day before his death, knew nothing of him or knew only the comical in him.

Through all his life father Michaellen felt the weight of his own comicalness; through all his life, at least so far as he could remember, he always saw himself old and ugly, with that thin, lean body, his long hands and that queer-

looking face which seemed to provoke the dogs wherever he went. The knowledge of his physical defects undoubtedly gave life to his childlike bashfulness which amused men and made women smile.

It was for this reason that he constantly lived all alone, feeling true love for no one but his art, having no sweetheart but his music. Oh! music he loved so well! When at his organ, the old man's appearance always seemed to change completely; his hands, his entire frame was shaking with love. Towering high above the kneeling multitude, isolated in a higher world, among the fragrant clouds of incense, drinking the intoxicating pleasure of enthusiasm, father Michaellen lost sight of the world and its every day cares, and in that seclusion he found too much pleasure to allow the delicate poet that was hidden behind his comical appearance, to be suppressed by the tall material man whose path of life has only thorns for him.

Not the slightest vestige of worldly noise would remain in his ear as soon as he sat down to his organ and awakened the heavenly voices that were hidden there. And when, still under the influence of impressive ceremonies, he left his organ, he would go away intoxicated by the beauty of the paradise he had just seen, inexpressibly happy and ready and willing to be pricked by the numerous needles which awaited him in the narrow valley of men.

Although the old man was willing to suffer and to forgive, still he could not suppress a certain feeling of bitterness whenever his neighbors, referring to his solitary life, jokingly rebuked him, trying to make him think that he was a mere supernumerary, that the world had no use for him. Such a scene was always extremely painful for him.

"I should only like to know," Moser, the grocer would say to him with a mischievous smile, whenever Michaellen came to his store to fill his snuff-box, which he did twice a week; "I should only like to know: what are you here for anyway, what will you leave us when you are gone?" Your songs? They'll fly away; fifteen minutes after your death no one will think of them. Ah, father Michaellen"—and he laid particular stress on the word "father" and all his

clerks in the store coughed to emphasize it—"believe me, it is not a good road which a man walks all alone; it would be much better for you if you chose the way others go, if you would choose a companion, a good housekeeper, so you could supply the schoolmaster with pupils and the army with soldiers, yes, father Michaelle!"

The organist blushed while everybody around was laughing; his eye grew moist, his chin trembled, and he opened his mouth ready to reply, to put to shame all those barbarians with a single word, yet he did not utter the word, his bashfulness choked his eloquence—with heavy heart, his head bent down, he would depart in order to tell his beloved organ of his sufferings and find consolation in its music.

His sufferings increased after the Franco-German war, and it happened quite often that the old man left his organ dissatisfied and unconsoled; and the rebuke that his life was worthless which formerly had been mere jest, now began to assume a more serious character. This was so not because Michaelle's neighbors had become more malicious, but because a misfortune had befallen them; a misfortune that adds bitterness to everything, prompts men to do injustice and cuts off the wings of sympathy; the inhabitants of the two unfortunate provinces (Alsace and Lorraine) probably found comfort in taunting that peculiar creature who, instead of weeping with them, did not cease to elicit songs from the organ!

Worthless! The old man now believed that his life was worthless, and that Moser the grocer and the older neighbors were right. When the war broke out, everyone endeavored to do his duty, the fathers and sons went to the battlefield, the women took care of the wounded. He alone had nothing to do, he merely sighed and dreamed. Every day he would sit for hours at his organ, resting his head as if he were seeking something, one tune blundering in his dreams: a Miserere, full of tears and cries and wrath—Ah! were it only possible to repel that intruder by harmonious chords!

The annexation was completed. Time was passing away

but no liberator appeared. Every month the heads would bow deeper under the yoke. Now and then some fierce zealot would manifest resistance as a sign of slumbering rebellion. One time it was a refractory recruit who, being dragged away to the barracks, boldly shouted: "Glory to France!" and spat upon the eagles of the victors; another time it was a tricolored banner which, on the morning of July fourteenth, was suddenly unfurled from the tower, to wave in sunlight amid a flock of wondering storks who had come to greet the colors which had protected their first rest; and finally, one day there came to celebrate the visitor's festivals a young maiden, who walked proudly about with the reserved looks and the bitter smile of an exile; with French ribbons in her hair.—How eloquent is the defiance of the weak!

Each new demonstration intensified Michaellen's pain. The fever of sad recollections which lashed others, produced in him a feeling of envy; he wished to have been that recruit; he bit his fists when he looked up at that banner; ay, he was even jealous of that maiden's French coiffure.

Every day his fellow citizens would find something that strengthened their hopes, which they were unwilling to give up; he alone found nothing. Worthless! His life was worthless!

And yet the organ would sing under his fingers, though his soul was weeping and mourning. And if he dared to cross a street in daylight, boys would run after him and shout:

"Did you sing, old man?"

However, one morning father Michaellen triumphantly entered Moser's store, his face all aglow.

"I should only like to know," began Mr. Moser the grocer, "what is the use of these organists, anyway.—"

Moser did not finish his usual sermon: this time the organist did not drop his eyes; this time that insignificant old man only laughed and, casting a proud glance at the clerks, declared in a firm voice:

"Yes we have heard that before; but just wait a little! I have an idea, and I shall furnish proofs. You shall hear of me!"

In a moment they surrounded him demanding explanation, which father Michaellen refused, and laughing as they had never seen him before, he turned on his heel like a brisk young man and went away.

Moser and the rest concluded at once that the organist had gone crazy, and in the evening the whole parish knew that the old man was out of his wits.

This happened on the last Wednesday before Easter in the Passion week; the hour of redemption for Christians of all lands was near; and the Christians of Alsace, whether devout or not, hastened to their churches, their eyes looking into space—they dreamed of a different sort of redemption the hour of which was getting late on the clock of France.

On Thursday an enormous mass of people were standing around a hastily built imitation of Calvary. And when the priest in the pulpit, discoursing on that sublime mystery, uttered the name of the Savior and named him "Christ," the assembly answered in a whisper:

"La patrie!"

The priest left the pulpit; a *Stabat Mater* was to be sung. Every year at the first sounds of that song the faithful would shiver; their tearful eyes would look up to Calvary as if they saw there the unfortunate mother weeping for crucified Alsace—and that heart-rending vision of their own misfortune alleviated their grief somewhat. This time, however, everybody was in doubt whether the *Stabat Mater* would be sung at all; for they had heard and they believed that father Michaellen had gone crazy the day before.

Suddenly at a command issued from the choir, the organ spoke forth and filled the church with powerful fanfares.

The people below were amazed; such was not the usual prelude to that sacred song—and lo! all the people rose at once.

No, that which the organ sang, that was not a *Stabat Mater*! it was an enthusiastic hymn, forceful, awful, less sung than roared by regiments of pipes, by the deep murmurs of the basses.

The nave of the church assumed the appearance of a

revolutionary suburb; the mothers climbed upon the benches holding up their children towards the dew which seemed to fall down from the ceiling along with that grand hymn. The priests sprang forth in fright, beckoning the organist to stop.

Father Michaellen went on playing; they saw him working like a demon; they heard the noise of his fierce play and a few fiery words he spoke in his shrill piercing voice into the instrument as if he would inspire it:

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie. . !* To arms, citizens ! the day of glory has come!"

All of a sudden the hymn was interrupted; they had snatched father Michaellen from his seat; and in the deep silence that followed the noisy fanfares, the old man's words were plainly heard:

"I told you that I had an idea ! This is my Stabat, the Stabat of retribution!"

He burst out into laughter, and then a body fell upon the ivory keys, the noise disappearing in a noble sigh of the organ.

Owing to a rush of blood to the head, the organist fell head foremost upon the keys of his organ as if he were determined to kiss it while dying.

And thus it happened that on Maundy Thursday father Michaellen, that "old man," as the children of the choir called him, suddenly rose to grandeur and immortality on the wings of the Marseillaise, when he played on the organ his own Stabat Mater.

Translated by

JOSEPH JIRI KRAL.

GOUNOD'S STORY OF HIS DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

FOR a composer there is only one route to follow to make a name; it is the theatre.

The theatre is the place where every day finds the occasion and the means of speaking to the public. It is an exposition, daily and forever open to the musician.

Assuredly religious music and symphony are of a superior order to dramatic music, speaking absolutely, but the occasion and the means of making them known are exceptional, and address themselves only to an intermittent public in place of a regular public, like that of the theatre. Moreover, what an infinite variety in choice of subjects to a dramatic composer! What a field for fancy, imagination and history! The theatre tempted me. I was then nearly thirty years of age, and I was impatient to try my forces in this new field of battle. But it was necessary to have a poem, and I knew no one from whom I could ask it; but it might be possible to discover a director who would confide a week to me, which had been conceived without regard to my antecedents of religious composer, and my inexperience. No one could I find. I saw myself in a quandray.

Circumstances placed in my way a man who brought me light. It was the violinist Seghers, who directed at this time the concerts of Saint Cecilia. I had heard of these concerts, certain pieces of which made a fine impression upon me. Seghers knew the Viardot family. Mme. Viardot was then at the very pinnacle of her fame, talent and reputation. It was in 1849, at the moment when she was to create with an authority so magisterial, the role of *Fides* in "Le Prophete" of Meyerbeer. Madame Viardot received me with the greatest kindness, and promised to take certain of my compositions to Meyerbeer and make him hear them. I accepted her offer with gratitude. I spent several hours at the piano with her, and after she had heard with the greatest interest she said:

"But M. Gounod, why do you not write an opera?"

“ Ah Madame.” I answered. “ I desire nothing better; but I have no poem.”

“ How? You know no one who could write you one?”

“ The capacity, perhaps may be; but the will, that is another thing. I know, or more properly, I have known formerly, in my childhood, Emile Augier, with whom I have played as a child in the Louxembourg; but later Augier has become celebrated, while I have no credit at all, and the comrade of childhood will hesitate, no doubt, at a proposition so much more risky than a game of ball.”

“ Very well,” said Mme. Viardot. “ Go to Augier and say to him that I undertake to sing the principal role in your opera if he will write the poem.”

You may devine that I did not wait to have this proposition said over twice. I rushed off to Augier who received me with open arms.

“ Madame Viardot!” Said he. “ All right, but is it immediately?”

It was the Nestor Rouqueplan who held at that time the direction of the opera. Upon the recommendation of Mme. Viardot he consented aimably to leave to me a part of a spectacle, but not the entire evening. It was necessary then to find a subject which reunited and combined these three conditions. To be short; to be serious; and to have female role for the principal. We decided for Sapho.

The work could not be put in rehearsal before the year following; on the other hand Augier had to finish an important piece which was occupying him at that moment; it was, I believe, “ Diana ” for Mlle Rachel. At last I had a promise, and I awaited the time with impatience and tranquility.

An unfortunate affliction struck our family at the moment when I was about to put myself to my labor.. It was in the month of April, 1850. Augier finished the poem of Sapho, and at that moment my brother fell sick, and a few days later yielded up his last breath. Then followed several weeks in which I was entirely occupied with the arrangement of his affairs. Nevertheless, in about a month I was ready to begin my work, having retired for this purpose to an estate of Mme. Viardot in the Brie. While living here I

encountered also a charming man, Ivan Tourgeneff, the celebrated Russian writer, excellent and intimate friend of the Viardot family.

Immediately upon my arrival here I set to work, and a strange circumstance, instead of being occupied with the sad and mournful accents of the recent experiences, my head was full of bright scenes and happy, melodious thoughts.

Thanks to the quiet around me, my work made more rapid progress than I hoped. After the season of Germany, Mme. Viardot was called by her engagements to England; she returned about the beginning of September and found my labor almost finished. I submitted my work to her with great anxiety; she seemed perfectly satisfied, and in a few days had become so familiar with the orchestral score that she was able to accompany herself by heart upon the piano-forte. It was perhaps the most remarkable musical achievement I have ever witnessed; it gave a measure of the astonishing faculty of this prodigious musician.

Sapho was represented at the opera for the first time, April 15, 1851. I was then about thirty-two years of age. It did not make a success; nevertheless this first appearance placed me in a favorable light in the eyes of artists. There was in this work an inexperience of what has been called the "sense of the theatre," and absence of knowledge of effects of the scene, and the practical resources of instrumentation, and on the other hand it showed a sense of true expression, an instinct generally just for the lyric side of the subject, and a tendency to nobility of style. The finale of the first act produced an effect which surprised me; it was redemanded with unanimous acclimation, such as I could not believe, notwithstanding the testimony of my ears, and this favor was repeated at all subsequent representations. The effect of the second act was inferior to that of the first, in spite of the effect of a cantillena sung by Mme. Vardot, and that of a duo of a light character, sung by Bremond and Mlle. Poincot. But the third act produced a very good impression. They redemanded the song of the priest, *Broutez le Thym*," and the final stanzas of Sapho, "O my lyre immortal" were very much applauded.

The song of the priest was the debut of the tenor Aymes, who therein sung to a marvel, and made his reputation.

My mother naturally was present at this representation. As I left the stage to rejoin her in the front, where she was awaiting me, I encountered in the corridor Berlioz, in tears. I threw myself upon his neck saying: "O, my dear Berlioz, come and show your eyes to my mother. It is the best testimonial I could read upon my work."

Berlioz came at my desire, and approaching my mother said: "Madam I do not remember to have experienced so much emotion this twenty years." He published upon "Sapho" a criticism which is assuredly one of the appreciations the most flattering and the most elevated I have ever had the honor and the happiness to receive in my career.

"Sapho" was played only six times; the engagement of Mme. Viardot reached its end. She was replaced in the role by Mlle Masson, who appeared in the work three times more.

One might say, I suppose, that a dramatic work always has the success it merits. Success at the theatre, however, is the resultant of so many elements that it suffices (and there are many examples of this) that the absence of certain ones of them, perhaps even of those which are merely accessory, suffice to offset and compromise the success of qualities the most elevated. The stage appointments, divertissements, decorations, costumes, the book, so many things combined to make the success of the opera. The attention of the public needs to be sustained and solaced by the variety of the spectacle. There are works of the first order which in certain respects are sober, not without the admiration of artists, but which for favor of the public, lack the necessary condition.

The theatrical public is a dynameter. It does not recognize the value of a work from the standpoint of good taste; it measures nothing more than the passionate power and the degree of motion, that is to say, in a way truly dramatic, the expression of this which passes in the human heart, personal or collective. It results that the public and the author are reciprocally appealed to to make the dramatic education

of each other; the public, in being the authors' criterion of the *true*; the author, in initiating the public into the elements and conditions of the *beautiful*. Outside this distinction it appears to me impossible to explain this strange phenomenon of the incessant instability of the public, which depreciates tomorrow what it admired yesterday, and crucifies today what it will adore tomorrow.

Without having what would be called success, "Sapho" had had not less profitable consequences to me and my career. Immediately Ponsard asked me, upon the evening of the first representation, whether I would write the music to a tragedy in five acts; "Ulysses" which he destined for the Theatre Francais. I accepted on the spot, without knowing the work; but the reputation of the author of "Charlott Corday" and "Agnes of Meranie" inspired a confidence in the value of the work which was more than security as to the value of the work to collaborate upon which I had the fortune to be called.

Arsene Housaye was then director of the *Comedie Francaise*. He promised to annex to the ordinary force of the theatre a body of choral singers and to enlarge the usual orchestra. "Ulysses" was represented the 18th of June, 1853. A few days afterwards I espoused the daughter of Zimmerman, the famous professor of piano at the conservatory. To him is due the production of a school of pianists embracing such names as Prudent, Marmontel, Gorla, Lefebvre-Wely, Ravina, Bizet and so many others. I became by this alliance the brother-in-law of the young painter, William Dubufe, promising today to maintain a brilliant heritage and reputation.

The original roles of "Ulysses" were taken by Mlle Judith and Messrs Geffroy, Delaunay, Maubant, Mlle Nathalie and others. The musical part represented not less than fourteen choruses, one tenor solo, many passages of instrumental melodrama, and an orchestral introduction. There was for the composer a certain danger of monotony in the uniform employment of the same resources, only orchestra and chorus. I had, nevertheless, the good fortune to avoid this evil, and the second week raised for me a new good note

in the opinion of the artists. My score had also a better chance than that of "Sapho" the Messrs Escudier doing me the honor to engrave my new work gratis. "Ulysses" was played forty times. It was the second proof for my mother of my dramatic career. The choruses of Ulysses still seem to me to bear a character and color sufficiently just, and of a style very individual; the management of the orchestra still left much to be desired upon the ground of inexperience, although the instinct for color was in general rather happy.

A few days after my marriage I was named Director of the Orpheon, and teacher of music in the communal schools of Paris. I succeeded in this post M. Hubert, himself pupil and successor of Wilhem, the creator of this instruction.

The experience of filling this post for eight years and a half exercised a happy influence upon my musical career, in the habit they gave me of directing and employing large vocal masses treated in a style simple and favorable to sonority.

My third musical attempt for the theatre was the "Nonne Sanglante," an opera in five acts, by Scribe and Germain Delavigne. Nestor Roqueplan, who was always director of the opera, was taken with affection for "Sapho" and of friendship for me. He said that he found in me a tendency to do large things. It was for him that I had desired to write for the opera a work in five acts. "La Nonne Sanglante" was written in 1852-53; put in rehearsal October 18th, 1853, laid aside and successively taken up several times, and finally produced the 18th of October 1854, just one year after its first rehearsal. It had only eleven representations, after which Roqueplan was replaced by M. Croisnier. The new director declared that it would be a long time before he would play anything so bad, the piece disappeared from the bills and has never been taken up.

I had a certain measure of regret. The excellent figure of the box office receipts did not warrant a measure so radical and so summary. But these directorial decisions, they say, often depend upon considerations which it would be useless to inquire into too closely. In such cases they as-

sign excuses; the reason remains concealed. I do not say that "La Nonne Sanglante" was susceptible of a permanent success, I rather doubt it; not that the work was without effect, but the subject was too uniformly sober. Besides this, it had an inconvenience more than imaginary; it was outside the region of possibility, it rested upon a situation purely fantastic, without reality, and consequently without dramatic interest; interest being impossible outside of true life, or at least conceivable life.

I think that in this work I showed marked progress in the management of the orchestra, certain pages are treated with a surer and more experienced hand. Many of the pieces are of good color. Among others the song of the Crusader with Peter the Hermit and the chorus, in the first act; in the second act the symphonic prelude of the ruin, and the march, in the third act, a cavatina with the tenor, and his duo with the nun.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Translated from Nouvelle Review for Music.

A SONG.

Into the green where ferns grow tall
An oriole, like a throb of fire,
Swept as my heart in its love's dear thrall
Bore to your soul its wild desire.
O thou of pensive and calmer mind !
Hast thou no dead, dry twigs whereon
If he light and burn, some kindling wind
Turns all to flame in love's red dawn ?

Chicago Record.

EUGENE FIELD.

WHO IS MUSICAL?

THE DEVELOPMENT OF "THE MUSICAL" INTO "TONE ART."

THE word "philosophy" has been used lately in popular literature many times in connection with subjects, with more reference to culture than nature, and a great confusion has thereby arisen as regards the origin of the natural and its relation, and what has been accomplished—the artistic.

The soul (psyche), according to the notion of today, can not be separated from the body, and the occurrences (vorgänge) within its scope form thus a very essential part of physiology. Yet to most people these occurrences appear as separated from the body. I think this is very natural. The whole culture-development of the human race, its limited dominion over many natural forces, the relative well being of the governing classes in the social forms created by them, have not only arisen out of the pure physiological-corporeal battle for existence, but they are victories which, especially in historical times, have been gained through the combat with psychical weapons, which are constantly forged in the human brain. We can therefore not be astonished if to those who have not enjoyed training in natural philosophy, Psyche appears as something uncommon, higher and separated from the brutal force of the body, as something which controls the body.

And yet the soul is more dependent upon the body than the body is upon the soul. What we call perception, thinking, conception, consciousness, can not arise and exist without brains. I do not deem it useful, nay I even think it injurious in the present social condition and its tendencies, to make much ado of (unselbständigkeit) the dependence of the soul, as expressed in popular literature, because the bondage of free will is therewith connected. The whole

admirable work of human society so rests upon the social dogma of our freedom of will to act, and the consequent responsibility of an individual for his actions, that the whole fabric would be shaken to its foundation if everybody wanted to make it apparent that all his inclinations and doings were nothing else than the consequence of incidents (goings on, *vorgänge*) in his body, conditioned through his own individual corporal constitution, his inborn psycho-physical character, for which he could be made as little responsible as for his existence. To learn to comprehend the development of the whole Ethics as well as the origin of religions as pure psycho-physical necessities, as a sole consequence of the fabric and composition of the human organism, this is one of the high aims of modern investigation.

I will now only mention that for the present the expression "psycho-physical" or "psycho-physiological" is used, not only to indicate the connection of the qualities of the body and soul, but also of the psychological with physiological methods. Therefore that which I have to say yet about the "musical," does not belong any more to the purely physiological than it falls in the domain of the "Psycho-physiological." I go still further, and also connect the results obtained from the "social" momentums, certain concessional compromises upon the domain of the musical, the "conventional" with the domain of "Psycho-Physiological." The "conventional" and the "natural" form in a certain sense contrasts. To identify the "conventional" with the "unnatural" is wrong; no creature can do anything which is opposed to its natural organization; in fact nothing "unnatural" can happen or be thought of by man, for man can not think otherwise than Nature (organization) has enabled his brains to think. The "conventional" is the natural result of human endeavors and relations, which produce time benefits and pleasure; it is one of the results, and at the same one of the conditions, of existence and furtherance of human society; it is not forced upon it by tyrants, heroes or gods, but springs up, like laws and customs, and like the latter changes with practical consequences and with place and time.

The same may be said of "fashions" (modes); the needs

of society for changes arises from a like want of the individual; attempts for the leadership are made by this or that person; he who finally lights upon the taste becomes the leader. "Fashionable" and "conventional" are terms for the same psycho-physiological occurrences in the human organism of society. *In this sense "conventionality" also belongs to the nature of men and human society.*

Probably no objection will be raised if we represent the feeling for rhythm and the ability to recognize difference in pitch, timbre and strength of tones, as well as the ability of distinguishing these tone qualities during rapid changes and ensemble effects, as the physiological-fundamental condition for that which we call "musical." If the question is asked: "Is every person, possessing these qualifications, therefore to be called "musical," according to the conventional use of language?"—we would unquestionably deny it. Does every person, unless born deaf, really possess these psycho-physical qualifications?—This question cannot be unconditionally answered affirmatively. We can not directly observe what is going on in another person, we can only indirectly make conclusion from physical external facts.

If as a criterion for rhythmical feelings of a man we accept the faculty of joining or imitating correctly the rhythmic movements which he has seen or heard, then we will at times, although seldom, meet with men among the cultivated nations who are totally unable to do so. Some are not able, or can at least only with difficulty, march and dance in time.

Beethoven was a remarkable example; although an eminent pianist he could not dance in time; the same is said of the songstress Malibran, although she was passionately fond of dancing. Want of rhythmical feeling could not have been the cause in either; through a little practice it might have been overcome, unless caused by a kind of bashful reluctance to show themselves off before others; which would have been difficult to overcome.

Much more frequently do we meet with people who can not correctly repeat a tone which has been sung to them, and

who mention that they do not recognize the difference of a quarter of a tone or a half tone, even in chord combinations. Singing out of tune in opera, where but few direct their attention principally or exclusively to the music, is scarcely observed by a fourth part of the public; a still smaller number of the audience are able to notice the tremolo in singers. Oftentimes, especially with beginners in vocal culture, false intonation is not always a proof of being "unmusical;" it is frequently but the consequence of inattentive hearing and unskillful motion of the muscles of the larynx, which can be overcome as soon as the perception of incorrect tone has been awakened. (The singing out of tune by artists on the stage, may be attributed to physical causes; such as excitement, fear, and other over exertions). Whether a tone is loud or soft, or whether it is produced on an oboe, violin or human voice, can be distinguished by most men. Yet there are individuals who cannot distinguish the relationship of sounds, and who believe that they are singing a song correctly when they but reproduce the rhythm of it, taking indiscriminately any tone, or remaining always on the same tone. For such there is certainly no hope for a musical education, and yet they may have a passion for Music,—a kind of childish pleasure in rhythm and tones, as other people take a delight in brilliant colors without having the least gift for the pictorial.

Only after Helmholtz's investigations have musical physiologists, psychologists and aurists paid closer attention to the physio and psychological principles of tonal effects.

[The author gives some of his experience of playing a melody in one key and the accompaniment first half a tone and then a whole tone lower; the listener was not able to distinguish the harmonic incongruity; this leads him to say "Yes, there exists a perfect psychical indifference about all tone perceptions, especially against chord combinations; this might be called an harmonic nihilism, an harmonic deafness.]

In a large concert room are often many who, up to the third, consider all the tones alike, and within an octave hardly recognize more than four passable tones. But if there is

applause, these musically deaf people exert themselves more than the really musical.

[The author relates that a young lady entered the room where her teacher was playing; she listened attentively and at the conclusion asked: "What have you been playing." "That is the piece you had for your lesson today, and are to play to me." She did so faultlessly, although not recognizing the piece. She afterward married a very musical man; of three intelligent sons, two were absolutely unmusical while the third was in a high degree musical. A third apparently "unmusical" case was that of a musical couple whose child at eight years of age was unable to sing a melody the mother sang, but in his twelfth year was able to sing and manifested a desire to learn the violin.]

"Who then is musical?" The answer is difficult and highly complicated, because the word "music" is used as well in connection with the beating of the tambourin as of a complicated orchestral piece with singing, etc. In the course of time the meaning of "being musical" has become a very complicated one, because "tone-art" is composed of different branches, such as the rhythmic, melodic and harmonic, and in each of these is a purely technical and an artistic element. One may possess more feeling, gift and interest for one than the other. The more one ponders over it the more confused one gets, and I can only venture to answer the above question after endeavoring to make clear *how that has arisen which we today call "Music," or "tone-art; and in what manner this art affects us.* In this respect I only follow a philosophical course of our times, in which we endeavor to learn to understand everything that is around and in us, and then concede the "intrinsic" or "innate," therefore also the "wonderful," when we cannot get any further with our investigations. "Whether our intellect can conquer *everything* which might be and happen in the world, for this no guarantee seems to me to exist." (Helmholtz). Every creature directs his attention first to that which promises an advantage in the battle of existence, or gives pleasure.

The first cry of the newborn child is a purely physiological; a so-called reflex event, of which it is as little con-

scious as of its first sensations of motion. Only with the generally developing consciousness, with the "ego-feeling" begins slowly congingence, i. e., the conscious distinctions of sensations, the attention to some of the sensations, the concentration of the same to an inner focus. The child through the sensations of feeling gradually develops consciousness that certain occurrences in him are associated with certain muscle movements; it attempts then to recall these muscle movements by images from his memory. If this succeeds, than the young citizen experiences the first idea of causality; feeling, perception, discrimination, imagination, will and movement,—in fact experience, developes itself. It commences to carry out conscious movements, e. g. to be conscious, to cry. This has perceptible consequences for the child; in consequence of its crying it receives something to drink and experiences now the highest pleasure which up to that time it has learned to know; its idea of causality is considerably enlarged; the association of its ideas and movement has brought it to the conclusion, "If I cry, I get something to drink." Its logic is on the verge of development. In the meantime the child hears not only its own sounds, but it soon distinguishes different sounds produced by others; it learns to recognize the different pitch of tones in which people speak, and distinguishes also the different tone-colors of the voice. Once its attention has been aroused by the diversity of these sensations, it attempts to reproduce this diversity on its own account, which can only be done by different muscle movements, felt by it. Many such movements it sees and imitates them (positions of the mouth); others it finds out by its own attempts. It will exhibit and repeat especially those movements which are useful and agreeable to it.

If we leave the nursery, and attempt to bring before our minds grown people in the primitive state of their intercourse with each other, then we may presume that they discovered how much the consciously produced sounds in different pitch and timbre were assisted by different movements of the body or parts of the same. The more man became conscious of the extraordinary capabilities of the

modulation of his voice through the action of manifold movements of mouth and tongue and lips, and the more practical advantages he learned to obtain as a social being (political animal, Aristotele), the more he developed these "sound movements, gesticulations" — "language," the more he employed them in the course of time even exclusively for communication, and neglected the further details of the visible language of movements in connection with other parts of the body. The visible movements of the whole body, which with animals is always still the principal means of mutual intercourse, are only employed by cultured people for the assistance of language, although some nations (e. g. Italians) use them extremely. Next to language itself, writing is really the most eminent, because the most practical, for the political animal, and the most significant invention of his mind.

Without the ability to perceive and reproduce different sounds of different pitch, the development of the human voice would have been impossible.

Might not the ability to perceive and reproduce sounds of different pitch been sufficient to form a pure tone-language? Would not this have been possibly with a single tone? This cannot be doubted. Such a language might have been formed on the principal of telegraph-writing, which consists of different combinations of lines and dots (shorter and longer tones); if the dots and lines were colored (different pitches) then we would have a still wider form of expression. In this manner high and low tones, rhythmically combined, might be employed for the formation of a tone-language, without participation of the mouth, tongue, lips, therefore without tone-color. But this would appear to me as if the question were asked whether a man with one leg and two arms, or two legs and one arm, could attain the same perfection of his social development as by his present form. He has but four extremities, of which the hind ones are considerably stronger and longer than those in front, therefore he walks most conveniently upright and cultivates the arms and hands for such uses as appear to him advantageous and agreeable. Thus the

cavity of the mouth is considerably different from that of animals, to whom the formation of the different vowels and most of the consonants is impossible. Man has an uncommonly flexible tongue; and produces manifold modulations of tones. We speak easier than we can sing because speaking interferes much less with our breathing than singing does, also because the muscles of our larynx get easier fatigued than the muscles of our mouth cavity, etc. Singing in quick and short rhythmic movements (lines and dots), as would be required for a pure tone-language, if the latter is to have a perfection approaching our present tone-color-language, would cause painful anxiety. Man, if he were obliged, could certainly accomplish something wonderful through continued practice, and accustom himself to it to such a degree that he would not notice the inconvenience. If such a kind of language should become the fashion, who knows what might be the result! From language to singing and so on to "Music" is a long step, and yet according to my opinion singing (although perhaps not all Music) preceded language. I imagine this process somewhat as follows:

To the original "sound-gesticulation" belong above all the calls, exclamations, and interjections. More or less sustained tones are uttered and repeated as sound mimic expressions of a condition of sensation (*Empfindungszustand*). This was in the beginning a purely reflex process, like the cry of the newborn child, but soon became a conscious, applied and useful means of expression. In very loud speaking, at public loud prayers of the priests, it proved especially effective upon the listeners to raise and lower the tone of voice alternately; perhaps this was not at first intended, and resulted from the exertion and fatigue of the muscles of the larynx. Most people finish a sentence in a lower tone than they began (*Cadence*). In order to make some specially important words and phrases more prominent, the voice was raised to a higher pitch; a better success of riveting the attention of the hearers was thereby obtained than by a merely monotonous speaking. Stronger emphasis is at the same time unintentional elevation of tone; the

speaker passes unconsciously into a higher tone region; the speaker employs intentionally different pitches of tone; his language might be called tone-gesticulations, thus at the same time tone-language. In ordinary speaking we speak within the interval of a fifth; when speaking excitedly we use an octave. These so-called means of expression were specially employed by the priests, seers, prophets, orators and reciters; they proved useful for the attainment of certain effects. From such pathetic speaking to a half singing recitation is an easy step, a scarcely recognizable transition. Soon the priests prayed only in the singing tone. This usage passed from the Greeks and Jews into the Christian Church, and there developed in manifold ways. In all these cases the singing tone served only as a practically useful strengthening of the expression. The speaking tones control still the singing tones.

When tones and words are united in similar rhythmical numbers, then they come nearer to what we call today "singing." With this develops also perhaps most of the essential impetus for Music; *a division of tones into a sequence of distinct degrees*; in ordinary speaking the tones pass one into another without becoming distinct; the distinct comprehension of the rhythm of a verse requires more acute and distinctly marked tone degrees. Finally the verse carries with it important elements for the form of music: the repetition of equal or similar, small, rhythmically formed phrases. A single verse-meter resembles a measure, the measured line of poetry (stichic) a melodic phrase or "Motive;" a group of such lines a "melody" a "melos" in the Greek sense. Out of the verses sung arose order in the tonal world.

That which we call today "Music" was born in the fetters of tone Sequence and Rhythmic; in a more narrow and broader sense it is "tone-art." With the striking off of these fetters it ceases to be an art.

According to my view, first were the scales of the Greeks physically examined and their chirography in notes fixed upon, after they had been long in use. People composed (if this word can be used at all in connection with the old

recitative music) not according to definite scales; but the scales were construed out of the existing compositions handed down by tradition. Without doubt the development of the language, especially the pronunciation of the vowels, had a great influence upon the music. Everybody knows that we can pronounce the different vowels upon the same tone i. e., we can modify the tone color of the vocal tone by the change of the space in the cavity of the mouth (*Mundhöhlenraumes*), so that of the different tones of which the vocal tone is composed, sometimes this sometimes that over or undertone is heard predominantly with it. If this were not the case, even if only to a certain degree, then the deep sounding vowels (U, O, Ao) could only be pronounced in singing low pitch, and the high sounding ones (Ae, E, Ue, I) with the high vocal tones. Indeed it is difficult to produce the deep vowels upon high tones, and the high vowels upon the deep tones, but through practice it can be done.

The more one or the other sort of vowels predominate in a language or dialect, must hearer and speaker become accustomed to high or low speaking. If these are fixed according to their sound in notes, and if the tones that occur in the different intervals are arranged according to their pitch within the space of an octave, then we obtain the scale. It is clear that such scales according to the language and dialect of the respective people (Lydian, Ionic, Doric), yes, even according to the taste of individual voices must differ considerably. The Italians did not adhere to the scales as the Greeks and Romans had transmitted the same to them. The Jew-Christians added new variations, and thus arose new scales which at last could not be determined at all. The popes, Gregory the Great and Sylvester, attempted to settle the old scales in their new forms for the church service, as well as some of the new scales, also many improvements in the notation of the intervals upon and between the lines were added, instead of the former neumes. All this did not meet the requirements of the so-called harmonic singing; also the sequence of the many different keys was very complicated. After the introduction of the principles of nota-

tion through Guido of Arezzo (1050) it took several hundred years until out of the old scales the present chromatic scale was formed; within this, two scales were chosen which contained seven degrees within an octave, and which were only distinguished by the major or minor third. Besides these, scales containing half and whole steps could commence upon any of twelve sounds within the octave; their difference laid only in the starting tone (Tonic). Our whole harmonic and melodic system rests on this. Who has invented it? Not one person could invent or command it—not even the pope himself. It formed itself through practical requirements. For that purpose it needed experienced musicians, to provide certain sign of tones, signatures, etc. History does not know the real inventor of our present musical system; it has existed not much more than two hundred years.

By our present musical system I mean the one we have been brought up with, and that which we can trace by means of historical studies has been gradually developed, like our language.

Translated from the German of Dr. Carl Bilroth.

BY WALDEMAR MALMENE.

MUS., BAC. CANTAB.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE FIRST YEAR IN SCHOOL MUSIC.

(Music is the Language of the Soul.)

In music man's inner and deeper nature finds its natural expression.

He uses it like speech; but by it he expresses that which lies beyond the power of words, the deepest, purest convictions of his nature.

But the expression of music upon paper is arbitrary (a pure invention, a product of the mind of man) and he who would be able to derive from these dull, dead characters, the spirit which prompted them, must learn to associate with certain arbitrary forms the tone relations which express the sentiment of the writer. Thus in the study of music we have to deal with two conflicting elements, the loftiest flights of sensuous imagination, and the every day prosaic business of learning to read.

To carry forward these inharmonious elements so that the one shall not consume and destroy the other, is indeed a difficult undertaking. • For if in our effort to secure good reading we lose sight of the soul expression which lies behind the notes, we fail; and if on the other hand we strive so assiduously to cultivate a proper sentiment and appreciation that we neglect the power to read, we defeat our object in the end by limiting the student to what he hears, and depriving him of that advanced culture which can only come from a deep penetration into and power over musical representation.

In short we are dealing with a fine art, and we find ourselves sometimes like the sculptor, overcome by the clay with which he would symbolize an ideal.

The relations of elementary art to art as practiced by artists is much more intimate than appears at first sight, and vastly more important.

An appreciation of art can only come through knowledge; and knowledge can only come by observation and study. By

placing children, at the very threshold of life, in possession of these germ of knowledge and power which will develop later into a proper love for and practice in art, we confer a priceless boon. For it is upon the fine arts that we depend for the development of that love for the true, the pure, and the beautiful which lies at the foundation of character and is the mainspring of life.

Art appeals at once to the emotions; the emotions control the will; the will affecting action, forms habit, and a man's habits and character go hand in hand. Show me a people's art, and you display their character. On entering a friend's house for the first time we instantly test all of our former opinions of him by his surroundings, and he inevitably rises or falls in our estimation in proportion as he has shown a proper or improper appreciation of art.

The picture we select, the books we read, the music we love; the buildings and landscapes we admire, these more than anything else reveal to ourselves, and much more perhaps to others, the true ego, the soul within the true man.

What is this gem of elementary knowledge and what power is it that shall open the way to a love and appreciation of art, and how shall these be imparted?

These questions can be answered only by a careful study of the development of art in its relations to civilization and progress, a study of art schools and the development of methods, and a careful examination of text books which have appeared from time to time.

Music is the youngest of the arts, considered from a scientific standpoint, though it is the oldest, in actual practice. It is so much a part of man's nature, it is so spontaneous, and natural, that like the operation of the mind it almost defies analysis.

The study of music from a scientific standpoint exhausts the powers of a Helmholtz. Yet in practice it is the simplest of the arts. It is so simple, indeed, that those who practice it best, seem least able to impart its principles to others. For its laws seem like the laws of nature, invariable but inscrutable.

The soul or essence of music is in man, it is there as a

part of his nature; and it can no more be explained than the presence of those other elements which go to form that complex whole.

It is therefore with musical training as in general education, the duty of the teacher to draw out that which is within, not to put in something from without.

But the representation of music is not within. And no notation however cunningly devised can be made to express music except by association. So that the music teacher in his work is forced to study a second science, entirely apart and different from the science of music; namely the science of mind and the laws governing presentation, association, memory, and, in fact, all the powers of the human intelligence.

The failure to make rapid progress with children is not due to a lack of scientific musical knowledge on the part of music teachers, but to a failure to prepare for their work by a careful and systematic study of the art of teaching, and the nature of the children to be taught.

In the human voice we have the only perfect instrument, one free from compromises. There are no black keys to be mastered, no strings to be kept in tune, no fingers to be trained. If the child can only know what combination of tones you wish him to give, he will do the rest. How he does it no one can tell. He cannot tell himself.

In dealing then with elementary music in schools, we have but two elements to keep in mind, *Music*, pure and simple, and its representation, as a means of suggesting that music.

Here we deal with pure sound and its representation, and the *representation* may be made by association to bring to mind pure tones in relations entirely devoid of the peculiar timbre of piano, organ, violin, flute or other instruments,—the unrestrained expression of the human soul, by its God given, instrument the voice.

The power of association, which is principally concerned in elementary musical training of the kind under consideration, like all the powers of the mind, varies greatly by nature, but cultivation can do much to improve it in cases where it is weak.

In what we call "musical genius" we have simply, the power of association raised to the very highest pitch. In such characters as Mozart, when the sounds were once heard and the representation once seen an association was instantly found which lasted for life. This accounts for his power to write harmony from the first. He not only saw the notes in horizontal lines, but the harmony became immediately associated with the note lying below, so that chords and successions of chords were conceived as wholes, and soon from familiarity with many expressions, he became able to combine familiar thoughts, forming new wholes.

Music thus conceived and thus expressed is pure music, there is no intermediate stage, no finger twitch betrays the organist, no hum of syllables suggests imperfect associations, no thought of violin string, or organ note comes in. It appeals at once as pure tone with intelligence, and in profound silence the music moves through the mind in magic flow.

How far ordinary mortals can penetrate into the sanctum sanctorum of musical thought it is difficult to say. It is certain that most can be sure of a single part or melody, many will easily comprehend simple two, three, and four part writing. Some will gain the power to read an orchestral score, while only a few can by any effort write a full score freely. Nevertheless it is essential that the ideal should be held before the mind, and that the effort should be always in the right direction.

There is, however, this modifying consideration. In large classes, there are always those who represent every grade of power, from the pupil with whom numbers, syllables, piano keys, flute notes, alike fail to fix the association; to the genius, who becomes disgusted because so much time is wasted on things which he learned so easily that he thinks he always knew them. Musicians who learn so easily that they forget how they learned, are almost sure to declare that there is no way by which pupils can be taught to read music. They declare that it comes by nature, and they scoff at the efforts of those who attempt to cultivate the pupil's powers, along educational lines.

Our action therefore must be modified by the necessities

of all. It is unnecessary to lower our standard to the level of those whose power of association is weakest, but if the method which we select as the best general method, is found to be too abstruse for a considerable number of our pupils, so that we are left at the end with only a brilliant few, we must devise some means for the others, and, by personal effort and individual word, keep all moving on if possible.

It will at once be asked how this can be done in the limited time at command? And to that we can say in general that dictation exercises, which require the pupils to write what they hear, will bring the teacher into immediate contact with each pupil as an individual, and reveal his mental state in a remarkably forcible manner.

Having discovered the individuals weakness, the method by which he can be helped must be considered as a separate topic.

We recognize as a fundamental necessity in art cultivation a familiarity with the language of the art.

Musical notation is the real thing to be mastered by children. It is an error to assume that we are to teach them to sing; in any broad sense. The child sings by nature. From the time when sound first affects the ear, to the end of life music is ever present. We cannot escape it. On the street, at church, at school, at home, everywhere music is present, and must be heard if one is not deaf. When, therefore, a child presents himself at school and the teacher is called upon to teach him to sing, it really means what it does when she is called on to teach him to *read*. That is if he is to be taught to *read* he must be old enough to talk, and if he is to be taught to read music, he must be old enough to *sing*.

We shall now best consider the First years work in music if in imagination we transfer ourselves to a school room in which the children are gathered for their first regular instruction in school; the *lowest primary grade*.

In the teacher whom we imagine to preside over the class, we pre-suppose a happy combination of technical knowledge of her subjects and a high degree of professional skill as an instructor.

This teacher we shall watch in her effort to teach the class to read the primer, and afterwards compare this process with

the steps involved in teaching the same class to gain musical ideas from notes written on the staff.

The points of similarity and of difference in the operations hardly need notice as they become immediately apparent as we proceed.

The teacher finds herself before a class of pupils who have never been in school before. As soon as a sufficient degree of discipline has been secured and the clerical requirements of her office performed, she ascertains the state of the intelligence of her pupils by oral lessons in which the pupils powers of oral expression are tested. Finding that the pupils can all talk and can express their thoughts, though in an imperfect manner, she selects a familiar object for consideration; a ball for instance, and having called attention to it and to its physical properties, she prints or writes upon the board the word ball. The word is presented as a whole, perfect and complete at the very first. The teacher informs the pupils that this word stands for the object in her hand, and that the word as well as the object is called ball. Her efforts are now directed to impressing the appearance of the word on the eye of the pupil and to connecting by association the object, ball with its sign the word ball.

The ball is then allowed to roll and the act is named orally. Then the word is shown. The second word is placed in proper relation with the first, and so word by word a little vocabulary is built up, and the pupils gain the power to read in the simplest, most natural, and quickest way.

After a time the teacher turns her attention to the letters in the words, and the power of each. Sound is taught and by a carefully developed system the pupils are gradually made aware of the effect upon the sound of the word as a whole that letter changes may make, and by slow degrees the pupil becomes able to give the sounds as represented by combination of letters not before seen in combination, and so he is able at last to discover the correct pronunciation of words which have not been presented to him as wholes.

After this by slow degrees as this power grows, he becomes able to read at sight words with which he has had no former acquaintance, and later on he frequently comes upon

words which stand for ideas not yet known to him, so that the process of reading very soon turns upon itself as it were, so that instead of merely representing things already known words become the means of making known new ideas, otherwise likely not to come into consciousness at all, or in other words reading, to the adult, becomes the great source of information, and is the distinguishing power which places a great gulf between the literate and the illiterate in the world.

I mention this development in reading here as it clearly illustrates the narrow limit to which the oft repeated educational maximum "the thing before the sign," is confined.

During the time that the teacher is engaged in the elementary steps of teaching reading, the struggle between the spirit and the letter goes on, and the teacher must exercise great skill, or in her attempts to teach the words, expression is lost, and we get that peculiar method of reading which is a never ending source of sorrow to teachers, and of ridicule to critics of our methods.

Boston.

FREDRICK H. RIPLEY.

(To be Concluded.)

THE EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE Chicago musical season may be said to have opened with the first of the chamber concerts given under the direction of Mr. Summy, at Central Music hall, Oct. 8. The program was this:

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| 1. Quartette in E flat, Op. 74 | <i>Beethoven</i> |
| Poco Adagio—Allegro. Adagio ma non troppo. Presto. | |
| Allegretto con variationi. | |
| 2. (a) Mit einem Germalten Bande }
(b) Ich Liebe Dich }
(c) Der Kuß }
(d) Neue Liebe, Neues Leben } | <i>Beethoven</i> |
| 3. Variations in D minor | <i>Schubert</i> |
| 4. (a) Variations on a theme by Paganini, opus 35 | <i>Brahms</i> |
|)b) Allegro de Concert | <i>Chopin</i> |
| 5. (a) Russian Lullaby | <i>Karganoff</i> |
| (b) Nymphs and Shepherds | <i>Purcell</i> |
| 6. Quintet for Piano and Strings in A major, opus 81 | <i>Dvorak</i> |
| Allegro, ma non tanto. Dumka—Andante con moto. | |
| Scherzo—Molto vivace. Allegro. | |

The great feature of the concert was the playing of the Kneisel Quartette, of the Boston symphony orchestra. These gentlemen, Franz Kneisel, concertmeister of the Boston orchestra, Otto Roth, second violin, Louis Svecenski, Viola, and Alwin Schroeder 'cello, are not only most superior artists upon their several instruments, and fine musicians, but are now experienced by playing together for eight or ten years, perhaps. To give an idea of the amount of work they habitually devote to bringing their ensemble up to the standard, it may be mentioned that besides the four long rehearsals of the Boston orchestra weekly, they hold from three to four for the quartette alone. Sometimes a very new and difficult work will be rehearsed as many as fifteen to twenty-five times before it is brought to the perfection which Mr. Kneisel desires. When this point is reached we have combined a finished performance technically, such as is very rare indeed in any part of the world, and an artistic spirit, a give and take between the individual members, and

a harmony such as the present writer has never heard equaled in any other quartette. The Brodsky quartette in New York was more commanding and (not to say it disrespectfully) more virile. But this was due to the virtuoso artist at its head—a violinist of wholly exceptional rank as artist, Mr. Brodsky himself. The Kneisel Quartette fulfills what is almost universally recognized as the ideal of this sort of music, in the perfect equality of the voices, the true artistic feeling of all the players, and the patience to bring the entire work up to a standard of equal finish. Having these good qualities, it has what might still be lacking, namely, a refined musical and artistic feeling, which pervades and illumines everything that they play. Hence while there may not be any moment which stirs the unaccustomed hearer as the Brodsky quartette sometimes did, the entire performance is of such even and sustained quality as to bring a feeling of restfulness and enjoyment. It is rapture of pure contemplation, which Hegel and Schopenhauer make so much of in art.

The Beethoven quartette is one of his second period, written in the year 1809, and belonging to the same period as the pianoforte sonata, opus 81, "The Adieu, the Absence and the Return," the sixth symphony, and the immortal fifth concerto. It is one of the most beautiful of the quartettes, but also one of the lighter, from the standpoint of hearing, the moods and phases in it being none of them of the extremely impassioned kind. The entire work belongs to the category of classical Greek art, in which perfection of form and beauty of idea are the elements concerned.

As already intimated, all parts of the work were played to something very like perfection, but if preference were to be given either it might perhaps be awarded the second movement—a pure lyric.

The Variations from the Schubert "Death and the Maiden" quartette were given exquisitely. Everything in it was beautiful, and among others there was some of the most delightful playing by the 'cello that could possibly be heard anywhere. Both as to quality of tone and refined expression nothing could possibly be finer. It was great art.

Mr. Schroeder, as is well known, is one of the few great artists upon his instrument in the world, and he has the fortune to play a violincello whose powers and qualities are as rare as is the excellence of his own art. The world of music came very near losing one of its ornaments when Mr. Schroeder was ill last summer. But fortunately his life was saved, and here we have him, though still delicate in health.

To continue the discussion of the ensemble numbers, the closing Quintette by Dr. Antonin Dvorak, in A major, opus 81, was not so highly appreciated. Even after allowance is made for the time it came (past ten o'clock before it was begun) the result was not satisfying. The themes have little strength or pregnancy; and the development does not lead to results of vital value. Many sweet and some piquant moments it has; but the impression of the whole is rather common place. It is indeed possible that this might have been modified if the piano part had been differently interpreted.

And, speaking of piano, this concert brought us the first appearance here of Mr. Leopold Godowsky, who has lately come here from Philadelphia, and is teaching in the Chicago Conservatory. Mr. Godowsky is a young man, probably twenty-five or thereabouts, and he already has a remarkable technic and a comprehensive memory, together with unusual musical feeling. He made a good impression in the Brahms variations on a Paganini theme. This he played in a masterly manner, but still not very sympathetically. Then he followed it with the Chopin Allegro de Concert, a work which has not very much in it at best; and as treated by him had still less. All that evanescent shading of tone and intensity, which belongs to Chopin, was wanting here; and in place of it we had technical correctness, good melody sostenuto, and evidence of plenty of practice. All these qualities are admirable in their way; but they do not take the place of poetry. Of course it may be that later acquaintance with Mr. Godowsky's art will show him to possess other valuable qualities, not realized upon the present occasion. At all events he is a pianist of sufficient

powers to make him an important addition to the local forces, most of which he certainly outranks—even if still stopping somewhat short of the point where a pianist begins to be heard with thankfulness. This unsympathetic quality in his art was very noticeable in the ensemble work, and it is possible that with Seeboeck, for instance, at the piano something better might have been made of the Dvorak work. Still, at best, the Dvorak work lacks something which a serious production of a great master ought not to lack.

The songs upon the programme were of good quality, as the list shows. Those of Beethoven were sung in German, and thus their value was reduced to that of so many instrumental pieces with mottos (titles) for the English speaking person—a class comprehending the greater proportion of the audience. There is reason to think, also, that the text itself would have been better delivered by Mrs Fish Griffin in her own native language. This however is not always the case. And after all every singer must be left to be her own judge as to whether the defects of her English enunciation of words is such that the audience will be better pleased with a foreign language, which is practically the same thing as having no words at all.

The programme as a whole was about an hour too long. This was a great pity, especially when a work previously unheard formed the last number. Had it been shortened by eliminating the singing and the Chopin Allegro, the remainder would still have been rather too long, but not unbearably so. It is due Mrs Fish-Griffin to say that her singing was well received by the audience.

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The brilliant season was opened by the Melba concerts at the Auditorium, Oct. 16 and 19.

On the whole for its purposes, the company is a strong one. Mme Scalchi retains her voice with its unique trumpet resonance, particularly in the upper chest register, and in her numbers she was very fortunate. Best adapted for her was the number she sang to piano accompaniment as a recall. The tenor, Mr. D'Aubigne, is *tenor leggero*, who

but for tremolo might be called a *tenor di grazia*. Mr. Campanari, the baritone, sang admirably and also as a musician, for exceptional as it is among singers Mr. Campanari is a musician, having been a fine 'cellist before his voice was discovered.

The programme of the first concert was a typical one of a prima donna concert, embracing favorite numbers from the best known operas.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, AT 8.15

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| 1. OVERTURE, "Hansel and Gretel" | Humperdinck |
| ORCHESTRA. | |
| 2. ARIA from "La Reine de Saba" | Gounod |
| Sig. D'AUBIGNE. | |
| 3. ARIA "Bid me Discourse" | Bishop |
| Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. | |
| 4. PROLOGUE, "I Pagliacci" | Leoncavallo |
| Sig. CAMPANARI. | |
| 5. ARIA from "Orpheus" | Gluck |
| Mme. SCALCHI. | |
| 6. 'OPHELIA'S AIR from "Hamlet" | A. Thomas |
| Mme. MELBA. | |
| 7. SONG WITH PIANO, "Aime moi" | Bemberg |
| Sig. D'AUBIGNE. | |
| 8. WALTZ SONG, "Se saran Rose" | Arditi |
| (By request.) | |
| Mme. MELBA. | |
| 9. ARIA from "Barber of Seville" | Rossini |
| Sig. CAMPANARI. | |
| 10. CAVATINA, "Nobli Signor," from "Les Huguenots" | Meyerbeer |
| Mme. SCALCHI. | |
| 11. QUARTET from "Rigoletto" | Verdi |
| Madames MELBA, SCALCHI, Messrs. D'AUBIGNE and CAMPANARI. | |
| 12. OVERTURE, "William Tell" | Rossini |
| ORCHESTRA. | |
| 13. THE MAD SCENE from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." | |
| In Costume. | |
| LUCIA | Mme. MELBA. |
| (Flute obligato, Mr. North.) | |
| Mr. LANDON RONALD | CONDUCTOR |

Mme. Melba is certainly one of the best vocalists now before the public, if not distinctly at the head. Her tone quality and the general excellence of her vocal organ through its entire compass give her this place of honor, and it will probably be some years yet before anyone will seriously contest her position. On the present occasion her numbers illustrated her powers in their best directions, the mad scene from "Lucia" being reserved for the closing

number. In this of course, the house came down with a storm of applause—which after all could not be much greater than that earlier in the evening.

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About this point in the discussion some one will ask me whether I do not think her as great a singer as Patti, or perhaps greater. Here we come to the inevitable—the odious comparison, more objectionable in art if possible than in science or society. Nevertheless the suggestion affords opportunity for hanging certain reservations upon (if a reservation can be “hung”—which perhaps it can not.) Mme. Melba has had a romantic career. Married very young in Australia, she took things in their order, and if I remember aright had already marked the first milestone in a stage career by securing a divorce before as yet she had begun to gain fame. When Remenyi was in Australia, ten years ago, or so, Mrs. Armstrong had already a growing local reputation, and his manager secured her for his concerts, in which place she gave great satisfaction. Still it did not seem to have struck the quick ear of this artist that he had with him at that time a young woman destined to set the world on fire within ten years, and to command higher prices for her singing than any other person upon the stage—Patti excepted.

Mme. Melba worked very hard, and being a rather shrewd woman, she soon felt her own latent powers and determined to try them upon a wider scale. So successful was she, both in her study and in her public career, that but little more than five years from the time when she was singing for Remenyi's concerts with a rank only a little higher than one of our best choir singers, we found her, Remenyi and I, at Covent Garden, singing in Gounod's “Romeo and Juliet” in French, with the De Reszke's and Lassalle in the cast. The house was full, and it was a gala night; and best of all was the magnificent singing of the prima donna herself.

I do not find myself quite sure whether the reservations I feel in speaking of Mme. Melba as vocalist are not in part due to this which I happen to know of what we might call

her "self-made" history, rather than what I actually hear in the singing. But to me she seems a very different person from Patti. She has more energy, is now young and in the prime of her powers, and has an organ of the finest and most telling quality. I think, however, that when it comes to method, or shall I say phrasing, Patti has been a more artistic singer. Patti was a sort of canary bird, belonging to a family of canaries, habituated to the best vocal method from babyhood. Everything in the Italian repertory came to her naturally, and being herself what they call in New England a "tasty" person, she always observed the bounds of good taste and delicate and refined Italian vocalism. It is this which has preserved so much of her art to an age when by right she ought to be grandmother—a plump and pleasing grandmother, very likely, but a grandmother all the same.

I doubt whether Mme. Melba will retain her voice so long, but I do not find positive faults in it. On the contrary, she sings extremely well. Only I think I find in her work a certain unevenness due to her want of early training. This however as yet counts for but little, for it is tone-quality which makes a prima donna. And whatever she tries to do she does well. Least well, I think, was her work in the Tosti "Good bye" which she gave for an encore, and here was where the comparison with Patti was more trying. In a ballad where the tones are long and legato, the method is shown up in glaring colors, so that every little imperfection, if such there be, comes out plainly. Patti in this sort of thing is perfection itself. The more you know about a song which Patti sings, the better you like her in it. Tosti's "Good bye" does not have this effect with Mme. Melba. She appeared much better in the mad scene, and in the light arias earlier in the evening.

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Have you ever thought how short is the public life of a singer?

In 1853 we were throwing up our hats for Jenny Lind. She had then been before the public about fifteen years, having made her debut in Stockholm in 1838. But later

she studied with Garcia in Paris and made a new debut at the grand opera in 1842; two years later, having learned German, she made an appearance in Berlin. She sang light parts, and did precisely this same sort of thing that Mme. Melba does. Another of the prima donnas who have made a stir in the world is Mme. Christine Nilsson, who made her debut at the theatre lyric in Paris in 1864, and whose career practically ended about 1886. Etelka Gerster made her debut in 1876 in Venice, and her career closed about 1886. It is only a short time since Gerster was the bright particular star of the Mapleson opera in Chicago, and crowds waited upon her performances the same as they do upon those of Melba now. Another singer of those fabulously high notes was Mme. Sembrich, who made her first appearances scarcely more than twelve years ago, and who is still at the height of her powers. Mme. Albani, who occupied a similar position for a little while, and since has held very honorable rank in England for what now seems a very very long time, made her debut as lately as 1870. A singer's public career in most cases lasts only about ten years. Such is the delicacy of the human organ. Our own splendid Chicago singer, Helene Hastreiter, had less than ten years of full acknowledgment of her powers.

For all that, the race of singers will not die out. Now and then a new one comes to the front. Always the same things meet us. Whoever may have been her teacher, she sings naturally and like a bird. Only these ever reach first class eminence.

But what a glory is theirs in the day of their success! Nothing is too good for them. Bowers of roses, the best of everything, and a publicity beside which that of a reigning monarch is an anonymous privacy. They are worshipped, talked about, sought on every hand; occasionally abused. Scandalous stories form themselves about them. Or if not, it is more because the personality is not interesting. For what is woman's life if love be not in it? And what single love can satisfy one of these cosmopolitan creatures, so full of sympathy, so effusive, so heartfelt. Meanwhile perhaps the prima donna herself may be one of

the most domestic of women. Mr. W. W. Kimball told me of crossing the ocean once upon the same ship with one of the most talked about of French light opera stars. He said that on the ship she was rather a plain sort of woman, who spent her time principally knitting a stocking while swaddled in her steamer chair. A simple homely soul, the very last woman on the ship to be picked out as the singer of risky "Frenchy" songs and a poseur in all sorts of French complications. Perhaps these had been manufactured for American demand, like Tartarin's baseless narratives of the Alps. Maybe if Mr. Kimball had looked more closely he would even have seen the "faithful chamois" of Tartarin—in other words the "office cat" of journalism.

But as long as the world stands there will be singers. And Wagnerian as we may be, the high notes catch us and will go on doing so. It is all very fine to hear Lehmann tear passion to tatters and ring out her voice in some moment of impossible passion; but the world likes, nevertheless, this twiddling with the flute, these high and quick passages, and all the rest of what we call coloratur—and a very rich "color" it sometimes has at the box office.

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When a local artist undertakes to offer a programme of chamber music he is often in the condition of the cook who ministered to a certain logging camp. The cook was a great artist in pie, but no matter what kind of pie he might select he was sure to be taken to task by the majority of his boarders because some other kind had not been chosen. This went to such length that after a while he discontinued pie entirely until he had brought the camp to its senses, and a disposition to take thankfully whatever the gods might provide, without "vain questionings," as St. Paul says. In this case, however, the culinary artist succeeded in a point where our local artist often fall short; he had brought his public to appreciate his artistic calibre in the pie department, and if the camp had been put upon their individual oaths it is likely that almost any man would have testified to a hearty appreciation of any kind of pie which this excellent

artist had offered him—all the differences relating not to the quality of the pie, as such, but to the finer distinction and personal relation of certain brands to individual idiosyncracies and liver.

It is not altogether so in Chicago. Chamber music is often played to hearers who are heartily glad when a piece is over. Honest ignorance underlies more complications in society than any one other element, and particularly is this so in the direction of chamber music.

The great bulk of the quasi musical public needs to hear a first class work several times before really being able to determine whether it likes it or not. It is a pity that there could not be a public rehearsal of every important chamber work just as there is of a symphony, for we too often forget that almost any serious work in chamber music presents greater difficulty to the average listener than even an orchestra work. And the reason is not far to seek. It lies first of all in the psychological fact that chamber works generally appeal to the few, are written for the few; represent the more refined elements in music. And there is yet another circumstance, namely, that the string quartette is much more rarely heard than the full orchestra. The ear gets used to hearing brass bands, theatre orchestras (pretty bad some of them, but still orchestras), and different combination as rare upon miscellaneous occasion as the holy vestments of the priest. Hence when the unaccustomed ear follows a piece through as played by a string quartette, it does not know whether the failure to be stirred is due to the music itself, or merely to a lack of sonority in the tone-mass. It takes more than one hearing to ascertain this.

It would be much better if some of the standard chamber works could be played to classes, piece-meal, analyzed, and perhaps explained—but not too much. When they are heard several times in their completeness, the force of the several elements composing the work would be felt at something nearer their true value. Thesis, episode, connecting work, and the like would be appreciated, and the work would begin to stand together as a whole, a discourse, a message from an inner world of tonal beauty.

And when the hearers had reached a realization of this fact, they would probably have come to the state of grace chronicled above of the victims of the pie-diatheses—humility, and peaceable recognition that every kind of creature is good—*after its kind*.

But there is a difference in kinds.

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The programme of the Kneisel quartette concert, mentioned above, was notable on account of two innovations:—It had only one advertisement, occupying the last page. The remainder of its fourteen pages was occupied with the programme of the concert and ten pages of analytical matter relating to the music. This was illustrated with all necessary musical citations, and the complete technical and aesthetic course of the twelve pieces was traced clearly, and without a superfluity of technical language. This excellent work was performed by Mr Calvin B. Cady, editor of the programmes. For many years Mr. Cady has conducted classes in musical analysis through the more important chamber music compositions. Upon this store of acquisition he is now able to draw with a minimum of new work.

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I have sometimes spoken disrespectfully of the writing upon musical subjects in the newspapers. It is a wicked thing to do, although when a man forsakes his innate privacy and writes for publication he makes himself a fair target—as I can testify from experience. But having said unfavorable things when needed, it has now occurred to me to mention a different case. I noticed in the *Tribune* lately an admirably conceived and well written article upon the series of symphony concerts. It was, I suppose, from the pen of the musical editor, Mr. Wm. D. Armstrong. The *Tribune* has a tradition of helpful reliability in all educational and artistic enterprises, which I am glad to see it endeavoring to maintain. I may mention in this connection that I have often seen in the *Times-Herald* short musical articles relating to music, from the pen of Mr. Lyman B.

Glover, which, like that gentleman's dramatic criticisms, are clear and intelligent.

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The concerts of the Chicago Orchestra have commenced, and the first three programs are as follows:

POPULAR PROGRAMME, Oct. 25, 26

Prelude, Choral and Fugue.		Bach
For Orchestra, by J. J. Abert		
Introduction to third Act	{	Tannhaeuser
Bacchanale		
Minuet	{	from string quartette in G, No. 9.
Finale		
		Beethoven
		String Orchestra.
Suite. Mozartiana	1840-1894.	Tschaikowsky
	Intermission.	
Symphonic Poem, Sarka, (first time)		Smetana
Dances, written for Henry VIII, (first time) 1824-1884.		Edward German
Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana,		Mascagni
	Orchestra and Organ.	
Overture, Jubilee.	1786-1826.	Weber

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME, Nov. 1, 2.

Vorspiel, "Guntram," (first time)	Rich. Strauss
Vision Fugitive, "Herodiade"	Massenet
Symphony 7, in A.	Beethoven
	Intermission.
Symphonic Variations, Op. 78.	Dvorak
The two Grenadiers (Orchestrated by Van der Stuecken)	Wagner
Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger	Wagner

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME, Nov. 8, 9.

Overture Genoveva	Schumann
Symphony, No. 4. "Pathetic"	Tschaikowsky
Intermission.	
Symphonic Poem, Les Eolides (first time)	Cesar Franck
Scherzo, Queen Mab	{ Romeo and Juliet
Ball Scene	
	Berlioz

It will be seen that the first concert, while composed of numbers of a popular character, or rather of numbers which are generally pleasing to the music lovers, contain nevertheless several pieces of sterling value. The syphonic poem "Sarka" by the Bohemian composer, Smetana, was decidedly original in character, and fully of force. There are also some compositions by Mr. Edward German, a young English composer, which, while not pretentious, are nevertheless original and free in style.

On the program following there are several novelties of wholly unusual merit. There, for instance, is a symphonic

poem by the late Cæsar Franck, who after having distinguished himself by exclusive activity as composer for organ and church during nearly sixty years of his long and highly honored life, suddenly blossomed out as orchestral composer, leaving a number of symphonic poems of very pretentious execution. Mr. Thomas has two of these underlined for performance, and the first is this, the "Eolides," whoever they may be. It deals, apparently, with the powers of the air, being still another addition to the tone-poetry of the fanciful and the aerial, of which Berlioz's "Queen Mab" is one of the most brilliant representatives.

The orchestra this year is very promising. Although there are few new men, they are all good musicians and the promise is for a standard of performance superior to any heretofore reached since the world's fair orchestra of Mr. Thomas, which was probably the best orchestra ever heard anywhere.

W. S. B. M.

AMERICA VS. GERMANY IN ART.

“I say, Mr. Mathews, that in many respects we are farther along in music today in America than they are in Germany.” The speaker was the pianist, virtuoso and teacher, Carl Wolfsohn, who as long ago as 1856 performed the then unheard of feat of playing a series of recitals comprising the entire thirty-two pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven. Wolfsohn is a German of the Germans. He has lived in America now for more than thirty years; but every summer he goes back to Germany, to meet his relatives, and breath again in the music-laden air of his father land.

“This is not my opinion alone,” he went on, “but that of other good judges as well. Take Mosenthal. You remember his work in New York. For thirty years he conducted the Mendelssohn society, the swell vocal society of that city; he played in the Thomas quartette, and in all ways was one of the active musical forces of New York from about 1852 down until recently. New York did well for him, financially. He was a good worker, and when he found himself somewhat advanced in years, and with money enough to maintain him the remainder of his days in comfort, he thought it would be a good idea to give up work and return to Germany and enjoy the superior musical advantages they have there. So he gave up his business and took his family to Vienna. He remained there only one or two years, and then came back again to New York, because he found that the air suited him better.”

“I met him upon the steamer last summer, and we conversed many times upon the relative state of music here and there. Mosenthal said:—‘The symphony concerts at Vienna would not do in New York, even those under the direction of Hans Richter. The playing is careless and insufficiently rehearsed. Then too, the programmes are behind the age. But most of all I am dissatisfied with the standard of performance.’”

“In Vienna there is one symphony orchestra, and one only.” Mr. Wolfsohn went on. “It is the opera orchestra. In my time they had opera three times a week, at most. Now they have it seven times. Do you consider what this means to the players?”

“Seven performances means from seven to ten rehearsals—a rehearsal at every time when a conductor can manage to squeeze it in. The symphony concerts take place on Sunday mornings, because there is no other day in the week when time can be had. Just consider what this means when it is desired to secure spirited and fresh performance of a new work, which may be difficult and unusual in style. It is simply impossible, no matter how eminent the conductor may be, or how willing the men.

“In Berlin I had a long talk with Halir, who as you know, is the main man upon the violin, after Joachim. He is concert-meister of the opera orchestra, and his quartette is universally acknowledged the best in Germany, at least the best besides that of Joachim, even if not absolutely the best. I went to see Halir to get some lessons for a lady in whom I was interested.

Halir said, “Mr. Wolfsohn, I cannot tell yet whether I can give the lessons. We have, as you know, seven operas a week, and then there are all the rehearsals of the symphony and the quartette to be managed. Then there are sometimes extra performances of the orchestra for some festivity. And so from the time I get back to Berlin at the end of my summer vacation until I go away for the one of next summer there is no repose or peace for me whatever. I am like a hunted deer.”

“I tell you,” Wolfsohn went on, “they say we are after the dollar over here, and *they* are for art. So they used to be. In my time, when I was a young man, they had at Berlin three operas a week. Now they have seven. In Frankfort they had two operas and two plays; now they have five operas. Moreover they are interrupted also by ceremonial demands, from which we are free. When I was in Vienna I asked and got permission to attend the rehearsals of the *Gesangverein*, hoping to enjoy them and also to

learn something. Talking with the conductor, I found that they had nothing at all that was in shape to sing. The conductor said that they were in constant expectation of being ordered to sing at such and such a place at such a time; when the command came they hustled around and got the things ready which were demanded, for in general particular works were demanded, and not simply such as the club happened to have handy. There was nothing then in hand which could be sung enjoyably. And so this experiment was a failure. Talking more about the repertory, I told the conductor what we had been doing in this country, and he said: 'Why do you come here to learn? If you sing such things, we ought to go over and learn of you, for we cannot give them.'

'In all Europe there is not at present one single concert orchestra. I mean not one single orchestra which is kept for concert purposes only. In this country we have three. There is the Boston orchestra, that of Cincinnati, lately placed under Van Der Stuecken's leading. And here is our own, under the great conductor, Theodore Thomas. These orchestras play much better than those which play symphonies over there, for the reasons already assigned. The men here have their time, and are kept in pay during the entire months when they are expected to play symphonies. I forgot. There *is* one concert orchestra, it is that of the manager Hermann Wolf, in Berlin. But this is not a first class organization, like ours. They are not able to pay the salaries to command the kind of talent they need. The best men come to America or play in the opera orchestra. It is an incessant drive over there, even worse than it is here. This is my opinion after hearing music all around and talking with many masters and musicians.'

We spoke of chamber music. Upon this point Wolfsohn was not so unanimous, if I may mis-apply a word. He thinks that the local chamber music players do not maintain a proper standard. He greatly admires Max Bendix, and thinks him quite as fine a musician and violinist as Kneisel, and as great a concert-meister. But when you consider how the two quartettes study, then you discover

the reason of the vast difference in the standard of their work. "The Kneisel quartette," he said, "is always a pleasure to hear. In the whole programme there is not a single line but is a pleasure and delight. Everything goes so clearly, so easily and with such intelligence and musical feeling that chamber music is a treat even to those who perhaps may not be used to hearing it. I admit that in the icellist Schroeder Kneisel has an artist of entirely higher rank than any we can put in his place, and to this extent Kneisel has an advantage. But there is more in the hard work they do. After the long and laborious rehearsals of the Boston orchestra, Kneisel and his associates still have time for four or five long rehearsals a week in chamber music. I have been told that sometimes a new work is rehearsed fifteen or twenty times before reaching the standard.

"We expect too much of our men. Here is Bendix teaching, playing quartettes, working hard in his position of concert-meister for one of the most exacting conductors of the world; and yet we do not praise him unless we can say that he plays solos and concertos like Ysaye. How could he? If he were a cousin to the arch-angel Gabriel he could not do it with the other demands upon his time."

"No Mr. Mathews," the artist went on, "in five years from now, if not now, the best music made in the world will be made in America. Look at our opera. It is not possible anywhere in Europe to hear such a galaxy of artists as our opera will have this season. The demands here are for the best, and the artists who satisfy this demand will be supported by the public."

"Then you do not blame the public for lack of support." I asked.

"I have already told Bendix," he said, "that when an artist invites the public to hear him interpret high music, and the standard of his work is not up to the demands of the music, he has no right to complain of lack of support. Whenever an artist brings his work up to a standard as high or higher than any heard elsewhere, I have never known the Chicago public to fail of giving a good support.

It is not a question of willingness on the part of the public; it is a question of ability on the part of artists."

I asked Mr. Wolfsohn of his own plans for the season.

"I am going to play Brahms this year, and nothing but Brahms, he said. For more than a year I have been studying these works. I began by playing everything over and over several times, in order to select the things best worth knowing. Then later, when I knew the works better and had had time to feel their qualities after repeated hearings, I selected again just those works which I thought would give pleasure even in a single hearing. For I remembered that Brahms, as the greatest master now living, was not to be taken in idly by the first music smatterer who might happen by.

"I shall not give public concerts this year. We will have four afternoons of Brahms, at the Steinway hall, and the works will consist of piano solos, a sonata for piano and violin or cello, a quartette, a trio, and the quintette. I want to find out how well we can do these works; and I also want to know the public will take them. If we find a demand for more public hearings another year, we will have them. But this year everything will be private."

"It is true I shall send notice to the people who used to come to my trio evenings, that they may come. I'll be happy to have you and any friend of yours who is interested in the music as such. But these things are not offered to the public. This, if it comes, will be later."

At this point the conversation was interrupted, and I was left in admiration of this great musical scholar and artist, who at the age of nearly sixty-one, gets up a new composer entirely different from the works his hand was formed upon; and who after more than thirty years striving to help educate the American musical public, still find in him so much enthusiasm. Verily it is a good thing to be young. And man is ever young, so long as he feels so.

October 12, 1895.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

PIANO TOUCH, AGAIN.

MR. Apthorp's letter on this subject in *MUSIC*, has lead me to read again the previous contributions to it since April last. Those writers who consider most clearly the actual construction of a piano action insist that a modification of the quality of the tone by varying the touch is impossible and imaginary, since the only thing the player can do is to throw the hammer against the string with more or less velocity; on the other hand, not a few writing from the standpoint of the artist maintain that the quality does vary with the touch. Mr. Webster in the July No., attempted to show theoretically that the quality must vary with the force of the blow, but his alleged evidence from Helmholtz is strangely wrong, and should be corrected. The truth is, the shorter (not "longer") the time of contact of the hammer with the string, the greater is the strength of the overtones relatively to the fundamental, though they will not all vary in the same ratio, as one may see by turning to Helmholtz's tables. But the string imbeds itself so much deeper in the fast moving hammer-head than in the slow moving one, that perhaps the time of contact may be longer in spite of the increased velocity of the head; so one cannot predict the change in the quality of the tone, if there is any; only experiment can be decisive.

The only measures I know of on this interesting question of contact time are some I made a number of years ago, and they go far toward reconciling the divergent views just referred to. They were made on a grand piano; it is probable that an upright would give different results. Briefly the method was this: on the hammer head was fixed a tiny bit of gold foil about a twenty-thousandth of an inch thick, and from it a fine wire was led down the hammer stem and to one pole of a battery: from the other pole a wire led through measuring instruments to the iron frame of the piano: when the hammer touched the string a circuit was closed, and the amount of electricity which flowed was proportional to the duration of contact, an interval of 10,000 of a second was as easily measurable as a second is on a common watch. Further details of the experiments are given in the *American Journal of Science and Art*, XXXI, 366; Nov. 1886. The principal criticism on this method of experimenting is that the quality of the tone was changed a very little by the presence of the foil, thin as it was

but even so the results are far more trustworthy than estimates based on formulæ combined with judgments of the ear.

Here are some of the results:—

Note	E	C	c	c
No. Vibrations,	34	67.7	135.3	270.6
No. Observations,	27	3	6	9
Time in seconds, mean,	0.0054	0029	00193	00088
Time in vibrations	0.18	.20	.26	24

These results will be seen to be somewhat less than the estimates given by Helmholtz for his German piano, as might be expected.

The point of special interest in the present connection is the fact that the time of contact was found sensibly different for a hard medium or soft stroke on the key, as these figures for C show:

Stroke,	Hard,	Medium	Soft
No. Observations,	2	16	9
Average time in seconds,	.0045	.0051	.0061
“ Vibrations,	.15	.17	.21

Such a difference in contact times is far greater than any errors of observation, and must inevitably give rise to marked differences in quality of tone, the note due to the hard stroke having its over-tones much stronger relatively to the fundamental than the note produced by a soft stroke. Accordingly the conclusions of the artist find, again, as so often in past history, a satisfactory and full physical justification.

CHARLES K. WEAD.

SKETCH OF MY MUSICAL LIFE IN EUROPE.

WHEN quite a little girl I began my musical studies in Leipzig. In fact, I grew up in that spot of harmony and sweet concord where one inhales music of the highest order, causing almost every one to become severely critical. I remember that the first time I heard a Beethoven Symphony it seemed to require hours for its performance. But by degrees, as my mind became educated to the celestial tones of those magnificent symphonies, often a concert with two on its programme would pass like a dream never to be forgotten.

Among my playmates were the children of Felix Mendelssohn and those of Robert Schumann. The first time that I met Lily M. I thought that she was the most beautiful child that I had ever beheld. Her hair was of that exquisite chesnut brown, and her large, lustrous eyes were of the same color as her hair.

She was as fair as her name. One afternoon I was invited to her aunt, Mad. Schunk's whom she was visiting, to meet her and to listen to an English pianist, Madam Goddard, who had played at one of the Gewandhaus concerts the day previous. We were both charmed with her performance. Then Lily played "Songs Without Words," by her father. As that lovely child sat at the piano play-

ing in a sweet, quiet way, I wondered if she were real. When she had finished I went up and put my hand upon her arm. As I did so, she looked up and smiled. Then the spell was broken; we were then friends.

As I grew up, I was a frequent visitor at Mad. Schunk's, the sister-in-law of Felix Mendelssohn, who was a very literary woman. Her salons were always filled with distinguished people. I was also very intimate with Mad. Laura Mendelssohn, a cousin of Felix. It was at her charming home that I met Marie and Dr. Paul, daughter and son of Felix. They all had beautiful, large, brown eyes. They were very handsome children. At Mad. Schunk's I saw a portrait of her sister, Mad. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, painted by a very fine artist. It was only a small bust painting, but perfectly lovely. In that picture you recognized those exquisite eyes.

The Schumann children were just the opposite. They were all handsome. The three girls that I played with were bright, rosy-cheeked, laughing girls. One afternoon in the week I visited them at their boarding-school. We were certainly a set of bright romping, happy children, but I am convinced that the lady who had the school in charge was very grateful when the little American (as I was called) took leave. They did not inherit the wonderful talent of their parents.

One day while I was taking my singing lesson at Professor Goetz's, my teacher, there was considerable talking and fluttering in the passage, the door was thrown open, and in a moment in the center of the large room stood Franz Liszt, his tall willowy figure bowing most gracefully. Advancing, he took my hand—for a moment I could not imagine where my hand had disappeared, so immense was his—and greeted me, a child, as courteously as he would any grown person.

When I had been in Germany about a year and a half, Jenny Lind was announced to sing at one of the Gewandhaus concerts. The directors sent me a ticket, the seat assigned me being quite near the stage, as they were anxious that I should not lose a note. She sang divinely. I have never in my life heard another voice to be compared to hers. She was such an artist. Her singing revealed such sympathy and tenderness. Her *pianissimo* and *mezzo voce* were wonderful. On this occasion she sang the Scena ed Aria from "Der Freischütz" (Weber) and ballads. Among the later were Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein," and Taubert's "Wiegenlied" (Lullaby). The impression that she made upon my mind was indelible. They said that she was quite *passée*, and it was the last concert she sang at in Germany. For months I dreamed of that voice.

I had the pleasure of being very intimate at the home of Carl Reinecke. How often he would accompany me in my songs and other selections, and so splendidly! I studied Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" under his direction. At one time, while spending the evening with his family, I was quite surprised. His wife and myself sat near a table chatting briskly, and there were about four

children playing at the end of the room, and not in a gentle manner by any means. At the same table sat Reinecke, composing something very difficult. Every now and then he would laugh and join in the conversation. I asked him how it was possible to write with such a noise around him. He replied that the greater the noise, the better he could compose.

At one of the Gewandhaus concerts I heard Rubinstein play his concerto with that magnificent orchestra. The latter part of the concerto he played entirely in octaves. Certainly nothing more stupendous had ever been performed in the Gewandhaus, as that sedate audience arose to their feet in one body and cheered till they were hoarse.

MME. JENNY BUSK-DODGE.

"Der Geigenmacher von Cremona" ("The Violin maker of Cremona") is a new opera by Zeno Hubay, performed for the first time at Leipsic, September 22, 1895.

The composer is a violin virtuoso, whose playing made a great success at Leipsic last winter. The work is spoken of as of marked originality with plenty of melodic and harmonic invention, strong Hungarian color in many of the choral numbers, and above all a remarkable solo for violin, occurring in one of the intermezzi.

"Die Chansonette," an operetta in three acts by Victor Leon H. von Waldberg. Music by R. Dellinger, was performed at Leipsic, September 21st. The music is light and pleasing but dramatic rather than lyric. The work made a moderate success.

October 1, the Leipsic Liszt-Verein, under the direction of its conductor, Professor Martin Krause, gave its first concert of the season in the Albert hall of the Crystal palace. Think what an advance in Leipsic when a critic can go on with words like these: "The great master filled the whole evening, and with good right. Franz Liszt with the fiery and mighty artist soul, and freedom of genius in creating, remains as in everything he did not simply unproductive theorist, but with strength of will seizes the initiative in splendid activity, and gives impulse and direction to a great advance in musical art." The programme contained the Faust symphony directed by Weingartner, the A major Concerto for piano (Herr Alfred Reitenaur) and also the "Don Juan" fantasia, and there was a cycle of Liszt songs sung.

Hanslick, the Nestor of musical critics, celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 11th inst. His mental powers are still as fresh and unimpaired as ever. He began his career as a critic in his native town, Prague, fifty years ago. Ten years later he entered the public instruction office and was elected professor of æsthetics and music at the Vienna University, where he remained for thirty years, and from which post he retired a year ago. He has written feuilletons for the *Neue Freie Presse* since the paper was found in 1854. His most famous work, *Vom Musikaische Schönen*, has been translated into nearly all European languages.

Hanslick's antagonism to Wagner has been very much exaggerated by the disciples of that master; but although he has always criti-

cised Wagner severely when he thought it necessary from his standpoint, he has also often done ample justice to the genius of the great operatic revolutionist, as will be quite clear to every impartial reader of his masterly study on *Tristan and Isolde*. All this and more can better be gathered from a perusal of his *Memoirs*, published a short time ago, a most interesting and delightfully written account of his own life and his personal relations with many celebrated musicians, among whom are Liszt, Berlioz, Brahms, Wagner, Jenny Lind, Patti, etc.

GUILMANT AT HOME.

AIX-LES-BAINS, FRANCE, September 16, 1895.

HOW delightful was our visit last month with Alexandre Guilmant at Meudon! It was indeed *une fête véritable*, as he himself termed it, which lasted something over two weeks.

The weather was so warm that most of the time the table was spread out in the garden, and we feasted under the large shade-trees, which protected us from the sun at the midday luncheon, and sheltered us during the dinner in the evening. And what elaborate and delicious meals Mrs. Guilmant did provide! Each one was a symphony deserving the *Grand Prix*, and thoroughly enjoyed by every body present.

The salad was always prepared by Mr. Guilmant with as much skill and taste as he exhibits in the composition of a fugue, and may also be reckoned among his rare accomplishments. Moreover he is a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to the culinary as well as the musical art. The family was quite large, numbering from ten to fourteen, and the utmost good humor and jollity prevailed.

Mr. Guilmant's son Felix, a very talented young artist and a pupil of Bouguereau, is just about to enter his prescribed term of military service in the army. The daughter, Miss Marie Louise, a most attractive and amiable young lady, is shortly to wed Monsieur Victor Loret, a son of the famous Parisian organist and composer, Charles Loret. He was educated as a musician, but became deeply interested in the study of Egyptology, and after spending several years in Egypt he received the appointment of professor of Sanskrit, etc., in the University at Lyons. Another daughter with her sweet little girl baby, was there with her husband, who is an electrician and civil engineer, also little Joseph, a remarkably bright boy of eight years, who is the son of Mr. Guilmant's eldest daughter living at Vichy.

During a portion of our visit Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne, the famous English organist was also a guest. Mr. Pyne, has one of the finest positions in England, being organist at the cathedral and town hall at Manchester, where I recently had the great pleasure of hearing him play. His *répertoire* is remarkably extensive and his style commanding. He played for me on the splendid Cavallé-Coll organ

at the town hall there the entire fifth symphony of Widor and the great fugue in G minor of Bach in a masterly manner; with extraordinary facility of execution and a perfect command of the superb instrument. Afterward I spent the evening with him at his house. He is a typical Englishman, but his favorite organ builder is Mons. Cavillé-Coll. To return to our dinner, however: his favorite fruit is the peach, and Mr. Guilmant took great pleasure in frequently passing the dish to him: saying: "Will you have a pitch pine" (peach, Pyne)? This little joke was appreciated by everybody, including Mr. Pyne, who always took another. After dinner there was either a stroll in the orchard and the pretty garden, or an adjournment to the music room, where new compositions were tried over on the piano, and upon several occasions we were entranced by some wonderful improvisations. One evening Guilmant extemporized most delightfully upon a melody which he caught at the moment from a band of musicians playing at a neighboring restaurant. At another time he played for us a scherzetto which he intends scoring for organ and orchestra.

Various points in the new organ sonata, No. 5, dedicated to myself, were examined and dwelt upon; and a new edition containing slight changes was presented to me, also a new edition of his beautiful Lamentation, in which Guilmant has made some important alterations. These evenings were of great enjoyment to us, and they always ended quite late with our favorite grog.

One Sunday Mr. Pyne and I accompanied Mr. Guilmant to his church, La Trinité, and heard the nine o'clock service. Everyone knows, who has heard Guilmant there, how conscientious and devoted he is in the playing of the various interludes, responses, etc., which form such an important part in the Catholic service. Everything is in perfect harmony with the nature and spirit of the ecclesiastical music sung by the choir or priests, but always embellished and ennobled by the touch of a master. His improvisations are a special delight to the connoisseur, and when he treats a theme according to the highest canons of his art, enhancing it with the choicest contrapuntal devices and richest harmonies, and developing the germ-like idea into a symphony of sounds, one can not but recognize the superiority of his genius.

After the service we met Theodore Salomé, who has presided for so many years over the chancel organ at La Trinité and whose rare skill and exquisite taste are so universally admired; then we jumped into a carriage and drove down to St. Eustache just in time to hear Henri Dallier play the offertoire. As we climbed the long, dark and narrow stairway leading up to the organ it struck me that old Battiste must have found it particularly trying during his last years as organist at this cathedral. The organ is one of the largest ever built by Mecklin, but Mr. Dallier is so familiar with it that he is able to carry on a most animated conversation while playing any part of the service.

From there we drove to the residence of Cavillé-Coll, the great French organ builder, who had invited us to lunch with him. The luncheon was elaborate and exceedingly elegant, while the occasion

itself was one always to be remembered with the keenest pleasure. My seat was upon the right of the grand old man. Guilmant at his left and Pyne opposite, while upon either side were Cavaillé-Coll's efficient manager and secretary.

Among other subjects of conversation organ matters in general were discussed, and electric versus tubular and pneumatic actions contrasted. Cavaillé-Coll's whole heart and soul are in his work, and although over eighty years of age he is actively employed in the practical details of his immense establishment. He has made vast researches in the science of acoustics, and invented a number of instruments for analyzing and recording vibrations. He has made a special study of overtones, and in the grand organ of the Notre Dame cathedral at Paris, recently reconstructed, he has demonstrated his theory in mixtures, which renders this the most remarkable organ in the world from the standpoint of tonal qualities.

The next day Guilmant and I played privately a charming two manual organ just completed at the factory, and Cavaillé-Coll presented me with his portrait, signed and inscribed by himself. Dear old man, may his art be perpetuated long after he is gone!

Various excursions were made from Meudon to Versailles, Sèvres, St. Cloud and other towns in the neighborhood, and the distance to Paris, either by rail or by steamboat on the Seine, being so short we frequently went into the city. One day Mrs. Eddy's pupil and protégée, Miss Rose Ettinger, came out to luncheon and sang for Mr. Guilmant, who was not only delighted with her voice, but with the manner in which she used it. He declared her voice to be "exceedingly musical and absolutely true," and predicted for her a great artistic career. Miss Ettinger is at present studying with the eminent vocal teacher, Madame Marchesi, who has paid both Mrs. Eddy and her pupil many very high compliments, so we may therefore expect something quite extraordinary from this talented young American girl.

From the Musical Courier.

CLARENCE EDDY.

MR HACKETT'S SONG RECITAL.

Mr. Karleton Hackett, who has recently been appointed director of a school of Music at Evanston, Ill., proposes giving a series of Lecture-Recitals on topics connected with his specialty, before the students of that institution. The first of this series was given Oct. 9th, before a large audience.

Mr. Hackett combines in the most happy manner the qualities of an entertaining lecturer and an artistic singer. The subject matter of the lecture showed much painstaking research and was replete with interest both from a literary and an historical standpoint. The relation between a people and their songs was the central point of the paper, and the idea was most cleverly and entertainingly developed.

The lecture dwelt upon the study, self-reliant and fearless character of the Britisher, and demonstrated how plainly these qualities were in evidence in the songs he loved to sing. With but rare exceptions the popular songs of the people were of a bold and vigorous type, convincing a decided predisposition to the material pleasures of life.

Another interesting point was the absence of minor tonalities in the English folk-song; thus offering a marked contrast to the songs of Continental Europe where minor stains predominate, caused by oppression and lack of personal liberty.

Many interesting side-lights were thrown upon the manners and customs of the early English and the high estimation in which music was held in those times was exemplified.

The musical illustrations included songs from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, and were well calculated as expressions of the musical life of the people both in the social circle and in the army. Mr. Hackett's singing was characterized by great variety of style and expressiveness combined with refined taste and thorough musicianship. He was charmingly accompanied by Miss Florence Castle who gave two or three of the illustrations at the piano as well.

Mr. Hackett was very cordially congratulated by many of his critical auditors on the success of his initial lecture, and the subsequent ones will be looked forward to with much pleasure and interest. The following is a list of the musical numbers given.

The song of Roland.	<i>XI. Century</i>
Dance Tune.	<i>XIV. Century</i>
Hymn of the Victory at Agincourt.	<i>XV. Century</i>
Hunting Song,	} <i>Reign of King Henry VIII.</i>
The Ballad of the Bachelor,	
Love Song,	
The London Apprentice	} <i>Reign of Queen Elizabeth</i>
A Dirge,	
The British Grenadier	
Dance Tune,	
Cavalier Ballad,	<i>Commonwealth</i>
Drink to me only with Thine Eyes,	<i>XVII. Century</i>
Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England,	} <i>XVIII. Century</i>
Soldier's Snug,	
Drinking Song,	
Rogue's March,	
Give That Wreath to me,	
Rule Britannia,	

P. C. L.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

SONGS FOR ADVANCED PUPILS. Selected and Arranged by William L. Tomlins. Chicago.

In this collection of 64 pages of music we have a valuable addition to the resources of the school room for advanced musical purposes, and for pleasure. The book is made up of high-class selections, such as school collections very rarely contain.

The selections are all of the better grade. From Handel there are four: the Largo; "Come ever smiling Liberty," "See the conqu'ring Hero Comes," and "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty;" from Mendelssohn, "O for the Wings of a Dove," (the solo merely); the beautiful canon by Cherubini, "Like as a father;" an adaptation to one of Beethoven's sacred songs, "The Heavens are telling his praise everlasting;" and several part songs and popular airs. Some of the selections are also printed in the tonic sol-fa as well as in notes. The whole if buyable at 20 cents, or thirty, would be a very desirable addition to the repertory of almost any school room from the seventh grade up.

LINGUISTIC REPORTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Chinook Texts, by Franz Boas. Pp. 178, 8 vo. Archeological Investigations in James and Potomac Valleys. By Gerard Fowke. 8vo, 80 pp.

The volume of Chinook texts translated by Dr Boas is one of the valuable attempts being made to preserve the folk lore of the fast vanishing tribes. Texts and interlinear translations are given of eighteen myths of these tribes, and much interesting matter appertaining to their traditions and customs. All the volumes have the folk lore province in view, although in the two last mentioned it is incidental rather than immediate.

(Strauss Music Company, Chicago.)

W. C. E. SEEBOECK. Minuet a l'Antica. No. 3, 60cts.

A charming modern antique of most taking quality. Mr. Seeboeck has done many things of this kind, and all well. But the popular preference is for the present piece. 4th or 5th grade.

SONGS FROM THE NORTH. Collected and Edited by VALBOURG HOVIND STUB. English adaptations by Auberteen Woodward Moore (Auber Forestier). Volume I. Sheet music size, Pp. 168, flexible cloth, \$2.50 Minneapolis, 1895, Century Piano Company.

From all accounts Mrs Valbourg Hovind Stub is an accomplished singer, and the present work shows her a woman of taste and patriotism as well. For she has here brought together such of the songs of her native north as in her opinion are best worth knowing. The treasures here opened are by no means the full measure of her intentions, for she promises another volume in which

will be still other attractive representatives of the genius of the north. The present work contains fifty-seven songs, the composers as follows:--Grieg, 8; Halfdan Kerulf, 10; Christian Sindig, 4; Johan Selmer, 2; Ole Bull, 2; Niels W. Gade, 3; Sodermann, 2; Soderberg, 3, etc. In all seventeen composers are represented. Their portraits are given at the beginning, together with biographical sketches. So, taken one way with another, the simplicity and melodiousness not to say quaintness of some of the music, the honest character of the texts, and the care with which the selections are here presented, Mrs. Stub may be credited with having performed an excellent duty for her adopted land. Of the songs and composers in detail there will be something to be said at another time.

San Francisco, Oct. 13, 1895.

To the EDITOR:

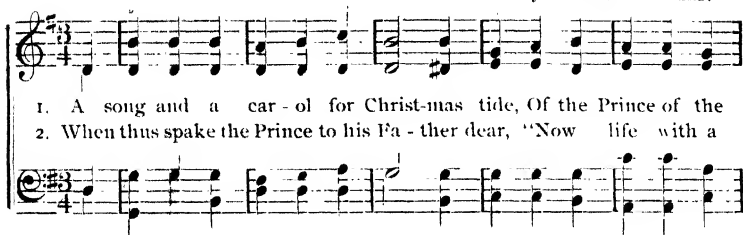
I write to you on a subject which I hope will interest you—and will cause you to make more enquiry—and give me your best advice in the matter. Here in this city is a great granddaughter of *Sir Henry Bishop* the composer. She is between sixteen and seventeen—and I believe has unusual musical ability and has been able to have but very poor advantages. The family are very poor—and cannot afford her good teachers. Mrs. Ballard (her mother)—is the granddaughter of Sir Henry Bishop—her own father being a fine organist was correspondent to the Lord Mayor of London. How she came here and to poverty I do not know, but I believe if the facts about this young girl were known some one with means would afford her an opportunity of study abroad—thus giving her a chance to become a pianist. I trust you will kindly give this matter some attention and bring it before any one who might be musical to take an interest in her. With best wishes as always.

I am very respectfully yours,

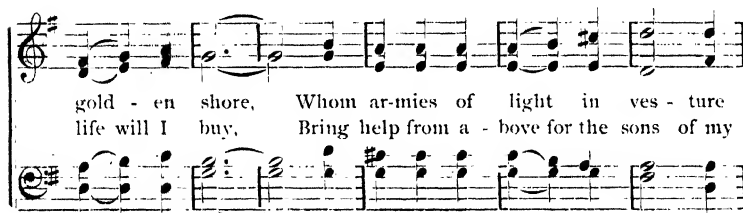
ANNA C. STEPHENS.

A Song and a Carol for Christmas Tide.

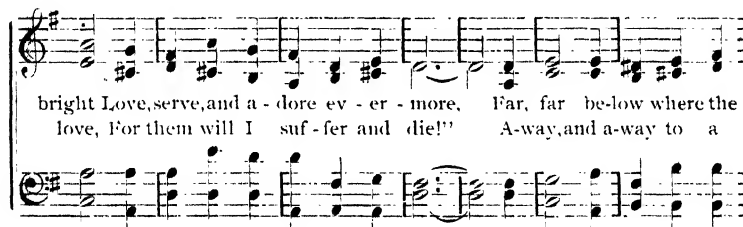
By CONSTANCE HOWARD.



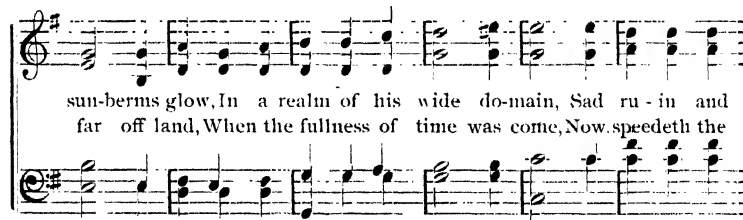
1. A song and a car-ol for Christ-mas tide, Of the Prince of the
2. When thus spake the Prince to his Fa-ther dear, "Now life with a



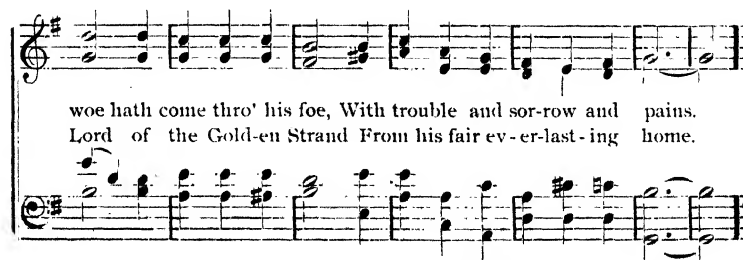
gold-en shore, Whom ar-mies of light in ves-ture
life will I buy, Bring help from a-bove for the sons of my



bright Love, serve, and a-dore ev-er-more, Far, far be-low where the
love, For them will I suf-fer and die!" A-way, and a-way to a



sun-berms glow, In a realm of his wide do-main, Sad ru-in and
far off land, When the fullness of time was come, Now speedeth the



woe hath come thro' his foe, With trouble and sor-row and pains.
Lord of the Gold-en Strand From his fair ev-er-last-ing home.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

(Christmas Carol, Written Especially for Children's Voices.)

Introduction and interlude *ad libitum*.

H. D. SLEEPER.

Gt. (or Ch.) 8 ft. coupled and Sw.

mf

Ped. 16 ft. coupled to Sw.

(To be sung in unison.)

1. Hark! what mean those holy voic-es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies;
2. 'Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;
3. Let us learn the wondrous sto-ry Of our great Re-deem-er's birth,

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re-joic-es, Heav'nly hal-le-lu-jah's rise,
Souls re-deemed and sins for-giv-en! Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Spread the brightness of his glo-ry, Till it cov-er all the earth,

cres

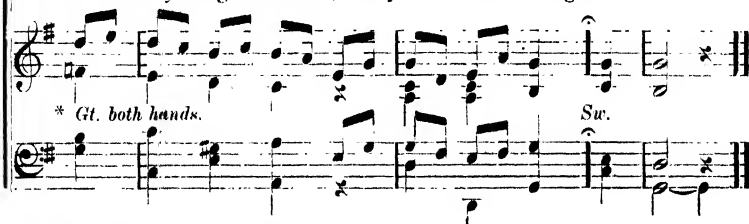
Hear them tell the wondrous sto-ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heav'n and earth his prais-es sing!
Haste ye mor-tals, to a-dore him; Learn his name and taste his joy:

Sw. both hands.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? Concluded.



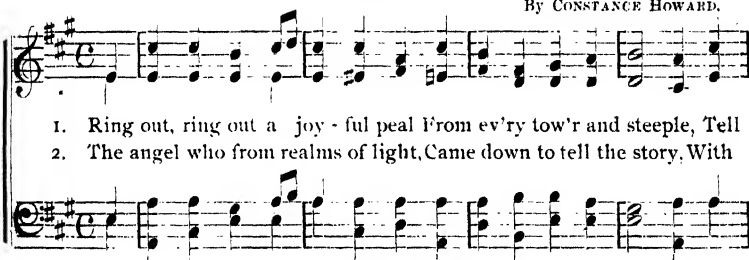
"Glory in the highest glory, Glory be to God most high!"
 Glad receive whom God appointed For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
 Till in heav'n ye sing before him, 'Glory be to God most high!' A - men.



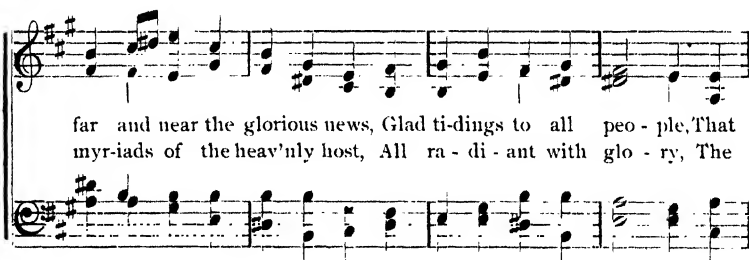
* The melody may be doubled in the left hand.

Carol.

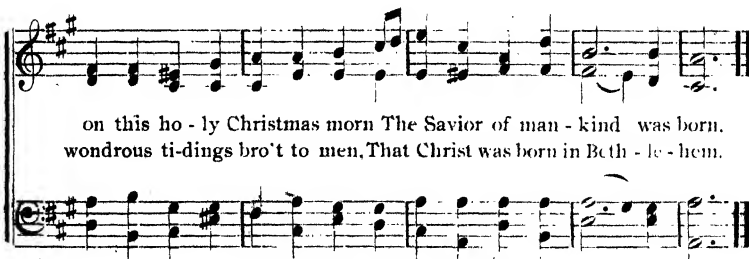
By CONSTANCE HOWARD.



1. Ring out, ring out a joy - ful peal From ev'ry tow'r and steeple, Tell
2. The angel who from realms of light, Came down to tell the story, With



far and near the glorious news, Glad ti-dings to all peo - ple, That
 myr-iads of the heav'nly host, All ra - di - ant with glo - ry, The



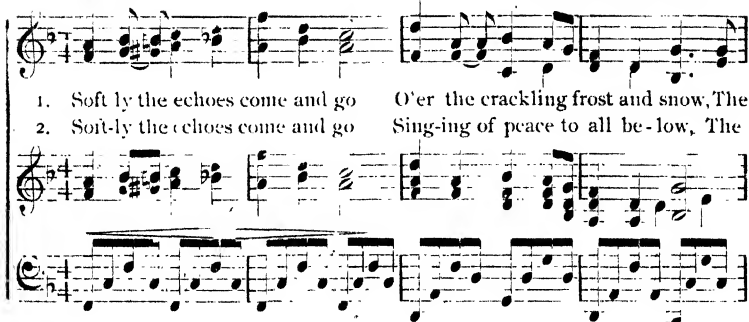
on this ho - ly Christmas morn The Savior of man - kind was born,
 wondrous ti-dings bro't to men, That Christ was born in Beth - le - hem.

Softly the Echoes.

Merrily.

(Carol.)

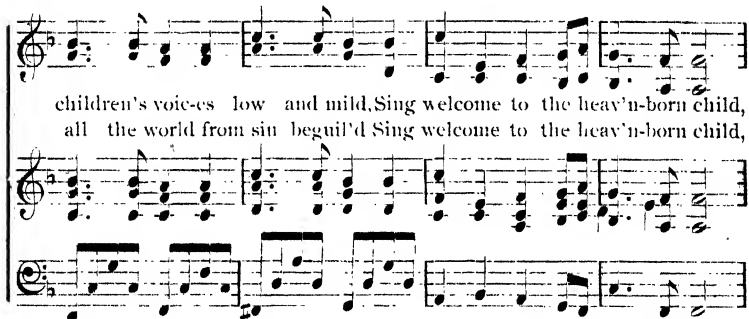
PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.



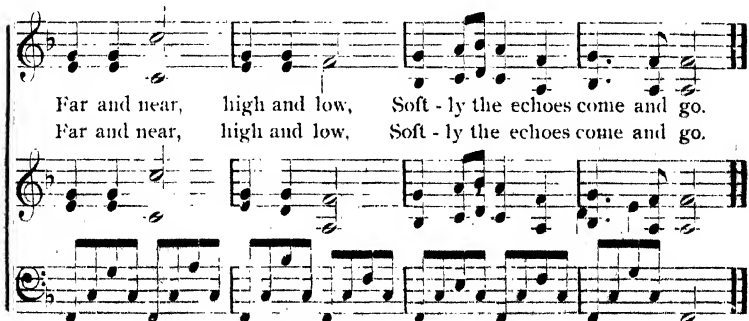
1. Soft ly the echoes come and go O'er the crackling frost and snow, The
2. Soft-ly the echoes come and go Sing-ing of peace to all be-low, The



ech - oes of the bells that ring A wel-come to our Savior King, While
ech - oes of the ti - ding old, Which an-gels to the Shepherds told, And



children's voic-es low and mild, Sing welcome to the heav'n-born child,
all the world from sin bequil'd Sing welcome to the heav'n-born child,



Far and near, high and low, Soft - ly the echoes come and go.
Far and near, high and low, Soft - ly the echoes come and go.

MUSIC

DECEMBER, 1895.

MOSZKOWSKI AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.

WHAT is good music written for any way? To enjoy or to be used as a matter of utility? It degenerates as soon as the latter is made an object. Beethoven did not write the Sonata Pathetique for the purpose of furnishing a musical text-book, but it is almost entirely utilized for that purpose only. It is a pretty good sonata, as sonatas go, but the only pathetic feature which strikes the listener, is the manner in which it is usually rendered.

The student who is parsing it, looking for the principal theme and the development, gets very little music out of it, the teacher uses it merely as a vehicle for the dissemination of information, and very few artists play it in public, because it affords no opportunity for display.

It is too easy for the virtuoso and too difficult for any one else. Weber's Perpetual Motion has degenerated into a mere finger exercise; the clever construction and melodic charm are totally lost sight of, and it is used for the same purpose to which a Czerny study is applied, and for which it would answer equally as well; the pupil is told that it is good for him, and the average listener, who sees the nimble fingers move with an endless and monotonously even rapidity, derives about as much intellectual pleasure from the performance as the boy who opens the watch to see the wheels go around.

It has come to this pass, that a pupil is given works not for their beauty, but because they are supposed to be good for some definite thing or other. From that point of view,

the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata makes a good arpeggio study and the finale of the Appassionata an excellent finger exercise; the Chopin Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, and Rubinstein's 4th Barcarolle furnish double thirds, and the latter composer's Melody in F, affords fine study for the use of the thumbs.

This eternal question of "what is it good for, and what will it do for me," has become quite a serious factor in piano teaching, and must be dealt with as such. The anxious seeker for enlightenment is not willing to accept a composition for its musical contents only, and as an accomplished fact. He wants "to know you know" what the composer was thinking of when he wrote it, what the teacher could possibly be thinking of when he advised it, and what he had better think of while studying it. The composer very likely wrote it without bothering much; it came to him as the result of a certain mood, and depends for its effect upon the existence of a similar sensitive condition on the part of the listener; the teacher is wise in his generation and does not tell just what he thinks, and the student will learn the piece better when not hampered by too much extraneous thinking. Learn the piece first, and the rest will take care of itself.

This avidity for exact information as to the composer's probable intentions on the part of inquisitive pupils is apt to lead to absurd extremes; supposing that you are teaching Grieg's *Oiseau*, which in our vernacular means Birdling; the student, ever on the alert, desires to know what kind of a bird Grieg meant to depict, and you are simply obliged to inform her that, from the size of the composition, you would infer that he did not intend an ostrich, but something small, perchance a reed bird.

The question of utility referred to above, is also ever uppermost with many students. Unless a big and immediate return for the outlay is assured, musical study is considered wasted. It is "Aut Rubinstein aut nullus." Only a very few study music as one of many means of general culture, and are satisfied to develop their own ability as far as possible. It is a thankless task to attempt to play as

well as anybody else does; the highest compliment to pay to an artist is to tell him that he himself played as well as he possibly could.

Musical criticism with us is hardly as yet well balanced; a person must play very badly indeed to be strongly condemned, or excel tremendously in order to be correspondingly praised. Local patriotism, nativistic tendencies and the mischievous activity of the multitudinous advance agent have much to do with this state of affairs. The High Mogul in New York, who keeps a job lot of foreign artists always in stock and furnishes musical festivals as readily as a West side furniture house fits up a flat on the installment plan, must verily become embarrassed for adjectives to go around among the many who intrust their affairs to him. What with the eminent, distinguished, celebrated, famous, favorite, and renowned personages whom he parcels out in a jobbing way to the different societies, the public is kept in a state of constant bewilderment. He also furnishes many flats. Happy the man or the woman, who can enjoy a composition as music "per se," who does not discourse learnedly upon the motives, phrases, instrumentation and treatment of themes. They simply float on the sound waves in an ecstatic state, while the student laboriously dissects a skeleton by following the score. The reflective faculty if applied too closely will strip most music of its beauty, and "the reason why," had better in most cases be left to individual interpretation.

Moszkowski is fortunate in this regard, that we all play his works not so much for a purpose, but because we like them; there is about him no meandering in abstruse and far fetched modulations; we find no superfluous introductions, nor perfunctory finales; his stream of musical inventiveness is clear and limpid and follows a straight course; he jumps at once "in medias res" and you are never left in uncertainty for a moment as to his intentions. A Serenata with him is a Serenata, and a Minuet is a Minuet; we do not need to look at the title page to know what we are playing; with many other modern composers we require a guide book as to their intentions, for the composition furnishes

no clue. He is never diffuse, always terse and epigrammatic. Fully possessed of the courage of his convictions, he does not disdain to put down a pretty thing, nor does he spoil it by too scientific treatment. He is neither Chopinesque, nor Wagneresque, and had the singular good fortune not to fall under the ban of the Weimar episode of later years with its childish adulation, hero worship and artificiality.

I would designate him as a classicist among Salon Composers.—There is about his works a special flavor, a manly sentimentalism coupled with delicious humour; the keenest appreciation of piano effect is every where visible; he does not remind you of either Chopin, Schumann or Mendelssohn (most every one else does), and is peculiarly himself at all times. A charming personality is expressed in his works, and he reflects a truly hellenic spirit of good-humoured happiness continually.

With surprising versatility he writes Spanish Dances, which Sarasate might envy, Tarantellas and Czardas, which are truly national, and carries every art form which he attempts to perfection, investing every thing with a charm distinctly his own. Surely the musical world is under profound obligations to an artist who has furnished material for many happy hours, and whose works every one can enjoy equally well, the professional and amateur.

Considered as a pianist, Moszkowski is "hors de concours."

It was my privilege to hear him in the early seventies in Berlin; he played the Hummel Septett, Liszt's Feux-Follets, the Chopin Barcarolle, and his Moments Musicaux, opus 7, then in manuscript. Everything was done musically and with the utmost ease; the success he gained on that occasion would have caused most artists to continue the pursuit of that "ignis fatuus," the life of a concert pianist; he chose wisely and preferred to devote himself to composition. The second of the three Musical Moments made him famous and it was soon played every where. Moszkowski seems to have been absolved from the necessity of a gradual development; his early works are as ripe and finished as the latest, and just as full of clever things. The "Hommage à Schumann," opus 5, presents a series of tone pictures,

combined into a grand whole and should appear oftener on concert programs; it is very difficult and like his *Fantasie Impromptu* opus 6, *Humoresque* opus 14, and *Allegro Scherzando* opus 20, is usually laid aside on account of that very fact.

The *Fantasie Impromptu* especially is very effective. With the *Serenata*, opus 15, he scored another success and deservedly so, for it ranks in naturalness, directness and simplicity with the best works of that class.

The *Menuett*, opus 17, is a veritable masterpiece and combines all qualities that are desirable in a piano composition; a smaller *Menuett*, opus 32, is also charming. A set of easy pieces, opus 18, contains a staccato *Scherzino* and legato *Etude*; both are valuable teaching pieces.

Of the three *Etudes*, opus 24, the first in G flat is the most important; it makes great demands on the pianist and ranks in difficulty with the *Barcarolle* and *Tarantelle*, opus 27; this *Tarantelle* is the most effervescent and bewitching piece imaginable and rivals in effect that "Waltz of all Waltzes" in E major opus 34; the *Etudes*, opus 32, No 2, in C, opus 48, in D, should likewise be studied and heard more.

During a sojourn in Paris, Moszkowski seemed to temporarily change his style; of the pieces written during that period, I admire especially a *Reverie*, and the "En Automne," a very catchy *Air de Ballet* in G minor, a sparkling skit entitled "Etincelles," (Sparks) and the *Piece Rustique* in E major.—The four compositions opus 38, are on a uniform plane of excellence; Papa Bach himself would have enjoyed the *Bourrée* in A, with its massive beginning and droning middle part, and the *Berceuse* is perfectly lovable. I also find much to admire in the three *Morceaux Poétiques* opus 42; the *Momento Giojoso* especially is very bright.

In a *Suite*, opus 50, the composer seems to be slightly hampered by the confines of form; he is happiest when casting his own moulds.

A distinct feature of Moszkowski's work is the excellence of his four hand pieces; in this genre he defies all competition. The *Polonaise*, *Valse* and *Hungarian Dance*, opus 11, and *Spanish Dances*, opus 12 and 21, are perfect

marvels of construction and musical effects. The set opus 23 entitled "From Foreign Parts," shows a truly cosmopolitan versatility, for the composer illustrates with equal facility the intimate musical characteristics of Russia, Germany, Spain, Poland, Italy and Hungary. Germany is represented by a haunting melody, which one might perchance have heard on a summer night while boating on the Rhine; in the Russian air we seem to hear the mournful strains of the Balalaika, and Italy brings a bewildering and intoxicating carnival of gayety.

In the German Rounds, opus 25, and four pieces opus 33, Moszkowski is also at his best. The former are gay and sad, sentimental and brilliant in turn; the Tarantelle in G minor and Spinnlied in A, of the latter opus, are entirely unique; the Spinnlied especially is wholly "sui generis" and easily rivals Mendelssohn's and Wagner's exploits in the same field.

His opera Boabdil, brought new laurels to its gifted author, who has given us a piano arrangement of the Ballet Music; the Scherzo Valse, with its pathetic second movement and the dashing Malaguena are very effective.

Two orchestral Suites and a Symphonic poem entitled "Jean d' Arc" have also made the round of the concert rooms.

Moszkowski is still a comparatively young man; he has crowded much work into a brief space of time. Among living composers for the piano he easily ranks first as far as popularity is concerned. He has the rare gift of appealing to the cultivated musical mind, while at the same time he satisfies that longing for melody which like hope, "springs eternal in the human breast."

EMIL LIEBLING.

SINGING OFF THE KEY.

WHY do so many singers get so far from the key, and is there no way to prevent it? Now this failing is not peculiar to singers, but one they share with the very best musicians; the violinists, and the players of all stringed instruments. All know, from the evidence of their ears, that those who play on instruments where they themselves must make the tone, such as the violin, 'cello, etcetera,—fail with more or less frequency to get every note exactly in tune. Yet no one for a moment dreams of saying that men like Ysaye, or Thomson, or Marteau fail because of defective hearing, because they do not know whether or not they are in tune. Everyone knows better. So far as they are concerned it is recognized as being merely a question of technical skill! The failure of the finger to reach the exact place on the finger board even by so much as the fiftieth part of an inch, is enough; the note is out of tune. Ysaye is undoubtedly the most correct player that has been heard here of late years, but even he nodded once or twice. The same law applies to singers as to players. Not one in a hundred sings out of tune from defective hearing, but because the vocal mechanism does not work as it should,—because they do not always vocalize correctly. Never yet has the singer appeared who did not sometimes err in this respect. But as with players it is entirely a question of degree. If one is apt to sing off the key, he wins for himself that reputation. If he seldom offends he is called one who sings in tune.

There are two things to note of those who habitually sing out of tune. First, that they invariably do so in one particular manner. One frequently sharps but never flats. Another may flat but never sharps. Still another sings out of tune only in one part of the voice. Second, almost every one of them is supremely unconscious of his failing. Some few know it because friends have told them, but they had

not found it out, can scarcely realize, and know not how to remedy it. It is this failure of the singer to hear his error, which is so patent to all others, that has given rise to the idea that such a one must have defective hearing. In point of fact they are unable to hear their wandering from the pitch, because when one is singing his head is so vibrating and ringing with the tone he is making that he simply can not hear anything else. For instance when one sings to a piano accompaniment he is conscious only of the rhythm. The actual tones the piano is giving out he cannot hear unless he makes a special effort and in a way steps outside himself to listen. At times when he ends a phrase he realizes that the voice and piano are not in accord, but with the sound of his voice still in his ears it seems as though he were right and the piano at fault. Of course he knows when he stops to think, that such is not the case, but that is the way it sounds to him. But when, or why, or where, he fell from grace he could not for the life of him tell. The first he knew of it was when he stopped singing and heard the piano,—but then it was too late. Now the chances are just a hundred to one that he went wrong in some particular place from bad vocalizing, and the one way to make him sing in tune is by correcting that fault of vocalizing.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to remedying this habit is the supersensitiveness of singers about this particular fault. Heaven knows they are sensitive enough about everything in general, but say a word about singing off the key,—and they are not only grieved as over any fault, but half insulted too at the implied weakness of that sense most valued in a musician,—the hearing. They say that no one ever had a more correct ear, that they can detect the slightest error when any one either plays or sings, and they guess that had they made any such slip they would have been the first to know it. That would have been true had they heard the accompaniment; but the whole kernel of the matter lies in the fact that they did *not* hear it, but only the sound of their own voice.

There was a striking example of this at a song recital

given last winter by a young artist, who is a most earnest student and excellent musician. She was singing to a peculiarly sympathetic accompaniment, one of those that relieves the singer of all sense of restraint and leaves him free to throw himself into the music. So she did, heart and soul, but part of her mechanism was faulty. In certain places in the voice, she would flat to an almost unbelievable degree. One song required a great deal of soft sustained singing in the middle voice. She began correctly, then gradually and unconsciously her voice began to fall, just as your arm would if you should attempt to hold it at right angles to your body for five minutes. After the recital she was radiantly happy and spoke particularly of the pleasure it was to sing to this accompaniment. "Why" she said I never once thought of it the whole evening, it follows so perfectly and gives such support. I never felt such freedom before." There is the whole matter in a nut shell. She had become so absorbed in her work that she had not heard the piano, and her ear was just as blameless in the matter as yours.

How will you go to work with a voice like that? The ear is not at fault because the ear did not hear. Had another so sung, while she listened, she would have been the first to know it. But when one is singing a programme with all his thoughts centered on interpretation, as one must if he be an artist, he cannot divide his attention and listen with one ear to the piano. It must be approached from another direction altogether. It is work for the studio like any other part of vocal technique. When you sing in public if you have to be thinking of technique, you are not yet an artist. Technique, voice building, vocalizing, they belong in the studio. Singing is a different thing. To *sing* is to interpret the thoughts of the composer, and neither singer nor audience should be conscious of the technique, that is the mechanical part, any more than in viewing a painting one should first think of the painter's "brushwork," or "color scheme." That which is important is the thought that underlies it all, the dress in which it is clothed counts for but little. The correcting of singing out of tune must be done in the studio, for it may be set down as an axiom that

while all who sing incorrectly do not sing out of tune, *all who sing out of tune do so because they sing incorrectly.*

It is just as possible to correct this fault as it is any other bad habit such as "pinching" the high notes, "forcing," and all the rest, and by the same laws; by learning to sing correctly. Of course every case cannot be successfully handled, for habits of long standing are many times beyond reach. Yet in itself it is no more difficult than any other. First find what fault it is in the voice that lies at the root of the whole matter. Almost always there is some one tangible error that is responsible. As for instance, in the case of one young lady who had studied in one of our large cities and then returned to her home in the country to work as best she could by herself. Her teacher had put special stress on the "focusing" of the tones very far forward, to "point" the upper notes, which is often necessary. But she was left without any balance wheel and confined all her attention to throwing the upper tones just as far forward as possible. This had two results. The upper voice lost depth and richness, but more important still in her endeavor to "point" the tones so far forward, she got to pushing them and she almost invariably pushed them above the pitch. This never happened until she reached F, and was the result of not knowing how to produce her upper tones, and forcing them. That had nothing to do with faulty hearing. The middle and lower voice she gave easily and properly, and never sang out of tune. She simply did not know how to sing her upper tones. When she came to the city again she was taken in hand and taught how to produce these tones, and all tendency to sharp disappeared. The manner in which each separate voice must be treated in correcting this habit, cannot be determined in the abstract. It can only be done by a teacher in accordance with the needs of the individual. But there are, roughly speaking, three categories to which untuneful singers can be referred. First, those who "force" or "pinch" their voices,—they are apt to sharp. Second, those who do not support the voice squarely, who in seeking for ease and freedom fail to keep

a solid foundation and let the tone "drop back,"—they are likely to flat. Third, those whose voices have been strained and are weak in some particular part,—they by reason of vocal weakness are liable to wander on both sides of the pitch. Inside these three divisions there are an infinite number of gradations and variations. There was one tenor for instance, who was not only an excellent musician, but had a fine reputation for tunefulness. One morning in church he had rather a bad cold, so that his voice was stiff and "froggy." He had, too, a short solo in which came that bug-bear of tenors, F sharp, to be approached by a difficult interval. Between the cold, the frogs, the interval and the note itself, he got so rattled that he sang it horribly out of tune. He so brooded over the mishap that he got into that state of extreme nervousness which our English cousins so graphically describe as a "blue funk." From that time he had a mortal terror of F sharp, was never sure of himself when he saw one coming, and it became so serious a matter that he used to change the music in every possible way to avoid that note. That was not faulty hearing. It was not even the result of bad vocalizing but a combination of circumstances. Yet after it had developed into that condition of nervousness, it was practically beyond cure. Of course it was an exceptional case, yet it serves to illustrate why another class of singers, usually young ones, get off the key. Merely from nervousness. They get rattled and so far from hearing the piano they scarcely know whether or not they are singing. In the studio they may sing in perfect tune, but the moment they feel themselves on exhibition, will go all to pieces. As a rule they outgrow this tendency as fast as they gain confidence and self control. It takes courage and perseverance, but it can be done if pupils are made of the right stuff. There was one striking example of this during the World's Fair. Under the auspices of the Woman's Bureau, a series of concerts was given in which young musicians from all over the country could have a hearing, provided they passed the examination of a committee appointed for the purpose. One young singer with the advice of her teacher entered the competi-

tion, but to his horror, though he thought her fully prepared, she sang very much off the key. She knew that she had done very poor work, but set resolutely at work to gain better control, and later in the season tried again. But just as the first time, her nervousness so got the better of her that it took away all strength, and she could not support the tone;—in spite of all she could do she felt it falling, falling. But now her pride and determination were strained to the very utmost, and though her teacher had lost confidence and advised her not to try again, but wait a year or so until she had gained better control, she was bound to win. She knew that if she could only command herself and sing as well as she knew how, she would never sing off the key,—and she was right. For the third time she entered at the very last competition held. This time she had herself under iron control, sang without a flaw and passed with flying colors. Herself once mastered, there was no question of singing off the key.

There are people who sing, not singers, who stray far from the key because of defective hearing. The cases are rare, but when one presents itself, there is just about one thing to do,—advise the person to give up trying to sing. If the trouble is defective hearing that means that they can not recognize harmonies, nor distinguish intervals. There was a young fellow, whose mother was very anxious that he should learn to sing, but he “had no ear.” He went to a leading teacher, who gave him some instruction, and turned him over to an accompanist who was to try and drum the notes of a few songs into his head. But his sense of hearing was so imperfect, that it was five minutes work to make him strike the key note. Once there the next interval meant nothing to him. If it were a tone up he was as likely to go a fourth, or a fifth, or even go in the other direction altogether. That is defective hearing, and practically without remedy, like color blindness. As the story they tell of General Grant, who after much study succeeded in dividing all music into two tunes. One was Yankee Doodle and all the rest were not.

But when a person can distinguish intervals, as for in-

stance, if a major third is struck on the piano can sing the same correctly, can recognize harmonies, and only fails under the excitement of singing, he comes under a different heading.

It is not enough to educate the ear to a recognition of the fact that he is singing out of tune. That in itself no more remedies the defect than for a person to realize that his voice is "throaty," or his high tones "pinched." To recognize the existence of a trouble is indeed the first step towards its correction, provided one goes about taking the second step properly;—that second step being to the studio of some man who will not only recognize the trouble but knows how to apply the cure. But the mere statement that a person sharps or flats, even if the person can hear it himself, is not necessarily of any benefit. For instance, there is one young lady of exceptional musical talent, a pianist, a student of harmony, and who sings very well. But she will sharp on her upper notes, and though she thoroughly realizes that she does so, that in itself has been insufficient to enable her to overcome the habit.

No. The one way in which this fault is corrected is by the same laws that all the other faults that torment students are corrected. By finding a teacher who will know what error it is that really lies at the root of the matter and will remove it. Perhaps it is a persistent forcing of the voice; the endeavor to "throw" the upper tones too "far forward," or to "point them" too much; all of which are likely to cause the voice to go sharp. Or it may be that the voice is strained in some particular place, and while above and below it is true, through the weak notes it may wobble on both sides of the key. Or in the search after "ease and roundness of tone" and to avoid the possibility of forcing, the voice has not been supported solidly enough, but has "dropped back" a little,—when it will almost inevitably fall flat of the key. But all of these are merely questions of vocalizing, not of hearing.

In correcting this habit the ideal way, if one had unlimited time in which to accomplish results, is to remedy the defect of vocalizing that is responsible, and so by removing

the cause, remove the effect. If the person be ignorant of the fact that he sings out of tune, in this way the habit would be broken and he remain unconscious of it. It is best so, for this particular fault is the one most dreaded by singers, and many times the hardest thing about the whole matter is to get this fear out of them that they will dare to sing as they know they should. Nothing is worse than to pound out on the piano the note that has been sung out of tune, and so impress on the pupil his glaring fault.

Since in these hustling times the object must always be to accomplish results in the least possible time, the ear may do a most valuable service. First, the teacher should show the pupil where, and in what manner he goes out of tune. Then show him the vocal error that causes it, and how he should sing correctly. Then when he vocalizes as he should prove to him, as will always be the case, that he was exactly in tune. Then as he begins to understand just what his fault has been, and how to rectify it, teach him to watch for the least variation from the pitch; to use his ear as a check on his vocalizing. As long as the note is exactly in tune it will be, for the present purpose, well enough formed. But the moment he hears it deviating from the pitch, let him understand that this is because he is not making his tones correctly. He must stop and begin again remedying the fault of vocalizing as he has been taught. Let him thoroughly disabuse his mind of the idea that he sings out of tune because his hearing is defective. Prove to him that it is always because his mechanism does not work as it should. In the excitement of singing, when one is wrapped up in the music, and perhaps standing some little distance from the instrument, he may wander from the key and not know it. But in the calm of practice, close beside a piano, and watching for one thing, the ear will not deceive. Let every student realize that the terrible phantasma, *He sings out of tune*, which has dogged the footsteps of so many, is as incorporeal as other phantoms when resolutely faced. In short that it is really no phantasma at all, merely one of the brotherhood of ordinary stumbling blocks for singers.

KARLETON HACKETT.

PLAN FOR MUSIC EXTENSION.

THE idea of a Reading Circle among music students upon a plan similar to that of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was suggested to me by Mr. C. W. Harrington of Rochester, New York. The plan was then to confine the work of the circle to that which is written about music and musicians—history, biography, etc., but as I thought the matter over, I could see no reason why such a circle, if it were once formed, should not occupy itself with music itself as well as with literature pertaining to music. By degrees the plan has taken shape and it is herewith submitted. I am indebted to the published descriptions of the organization and workings of the Tonic Sol Fa College, London, and to that of the Chautauqua Circle for valuable suggestions. It seems to me that the American College of Musicians is the fittest organization in America to take charge of such an enterprise, and that by means of it, the College could greatly enlarge its influence. There is a certain natural relationship between the A. C. M. and the various associations of musicians, state and national, which would make it appropriate that the latter should be the means of helping forward the work of the College. And it is quite possible that a union of these institutions in introducing, extending, guiding and encouraging music study among the masses by such means as the proposed circle, would reanimate them all and give their existence still deeper foundations. To the presidents of A. C. M. and M. T. N. A. therefore I submit this plan for a systematic course of musical work in several departments with provisions for examinations and certificates, to be administered to music students throughout the land; and I leave it to these gentlemen if they see fit, to take steps to realize it.

The circle might be called The Columbian Musical Circle. Its object would be to promote and direct music study in three principal departments:

1. History, Biography, Essay and such science as pertains to the art of music.
2. Acquaintance with standard musical compositions.
3. Technical attainments, instrumental, vocal, and in harmony and composition.

These departments might be briefly named: 1. Literature. 2. Repertoire. 3. Technique.

All interested in music would be invited to undertake, by the aid of any music teachers they might choose, or by themselves, under the auspices of A. C. M. (or M. T. N. A. and A. C. M.) the course of study in these departments which that institution should prescribe. Students finishing certain courses of study and passing certain examinations would receive certificates from the A. C. M. These certificates and what they represent might be:

1. Members certificates to be granted to any applicant who has the ability, even though small, and the will to learn music.

2. Introductory certificate, for one who has completed the first course in these departments and can pass the first examination. To take this certificate should be made easy so as to let the member get used to the machinery of examinations before taking the difficult ones and to encourage him in the work before he comes in contact with its large problems. It should be so planned that an average pupil of about sixteen years could obtain the certificate without much difficulty and so get started early and hopefully in the work of the circle.

3. Intermediate certificate, which might be granted to one who could demonstrate a fair mastery of tonality and the rudiments, as for instance by singing unaccompanied exercises embodying the harmonic minor scale and chromatic intervals, by showing a correct remembrance of a certain proportion of the themes given for study in the department of repertoire, by executing a couple of pieces of intermediate grade satisfactorily and by answering intelligently certain questions upon the literary course, showing at least a general knowledge of the names, nationalities, epochs and specialties of the great masters of music. The beginnings of harmony might

also be required—the names of the common chords, for instance.

4. Advanced certificate. For this the candidate should be required to master all intervals and to sing any combination used in vocal music. This should be required of instrumentalists as well as vocalists. The tests might embody the melodic harmonic minor scale and the diminished 7th and augmented 5th chords. There would also be the execution of some music proper to the grade and examinations in Repertoire, Theory, Science and Literature.

To cover the remaining ground, providing for enough knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and form to enable one to read part songs, cantatas and oratorios intelligently, finishing musical history, etc. One or two more certificates might be offered:

5.. Senior certificate.

6. Final certificate or Diploma.

It might be well to have the final certificate indicate a degree of proficiency and knowlege that would secure the holder of a degree from the College of Musicians should he try for it; or it might come a little below the A. C. M. degrees in its requirements and so make a graded scale from the lowest certificate to the highest degree.

The examiners who should pass upon the proficiency of candidates might be at first of six classes:

Class 1. A person whose well known standing in the community shall guarantee the fairness of the examination. This may be a musician of any class if such be available, or, in case no local musician is sufficiently well known, the services of a clergyman or other prominent citizen may be requested.

Class II. Vocal musicians, professional if possible, or highly educated amateurs. Members of this class need not necessarily be members of the circles.

Class III. Holders of the advanced certificate.

Class IV. Holders of certificate above advanced.

Class V. Officers and charter members of A. C. M., also those who have taken the degrees of the college. Also

officers and ex-officers of M. T. N. A. and presidents and ex-presidents of state associations.

Class VI. The examiners of the A. C. M.

The members certificate might be granted to any applicant upon the recommendation of one examiner of any of the classes above described.

Examinations for the introductory certificate might be conducted by three examiners; one from Class I and two from any of the other classes.

Examinations for intermediate by three persons; one from Class I, one from any class above I; and one from any class above III.

For advanced; one from Class I, one from any class above I, and one from any class above IV.

For Senior; one from Class I or II, one from IV or above, and one from V or above.

The examiners for the final certificate might be one from class VI and two from V and VI.

A part of every examination except the first would be in writing to be passed upon by the committee of A. C. M. to whom it would be sent.

Any one taking the Member's Certificate would be furnished with instructions how to proceed with the course. There would at first be circulars to give this information; later there might be a monthly periodical devoted wholly or partly to the interests of the circle containing programme of work, information as to course of procedure for examinations, etc., news from the different subdivisions of the circle, assistance in the way of short comprehensive essays on topics prescribed, etc., etc.

Candidate for certificate might proceed thus: Make application to the Secretary of the circle for rules governing the selection of examiners. Then the pupil himself might nominate the examiners and send their names to the secretary who would, if they were satisfactory, formally invite them to act and furnish them instructions as to their duties in conducting the examination, enclosing specifications prepared by the College. The committee would report; sending examination papers to the secretary. This report should

be accompanied with the fee. The certificate would then be sent to the candidate if the examination proved satisfactory. If not, one half the fee might be refunded.

The fees might be:

Members' certificate, 50c. Introductory, \$1.00. Intermediate \$2.00. Advanced \$3.00. Senior \$4.00. and Final \$5.00.

It would be desirable to induce teachers to get up classes to pursue the work of the circle, and it might be well to give a discount from these fees as follows: 3 candidates for any one of these certificates who make application at the same time and take their examinations together 10 per cent discount; 6 candidates, 12 per cent; 7, 14 per cent; 8, 16 per cent; 9, 18 per cent and 10 or more 20 per cent.

Each certificate above the first, might entitle the holder to membership for one year in the M. T. N. A. but not entitled to the printed report.

Another suggestion for examinations is that at a certain time each year, perhaps in connection with State or National Association meetings, there should be provision for examining classes of applicants for certificates.

Different certificates from those mentioned above would have to be provided for members of the circle who took only a partial course, for instance: Musical literature certificate, intermediate or advanced. Repertoire certificate, intermediate or advanced.

To help the *esprit du corp* of the circle, badges might be prepared and furnished to members at cost; buttons or pins bearing C C in notes or letters for "Columbian Circle."

Such an enterprise as this circle should be so planned as to assist all competent teachers of music everywhere, including those who work in the very beginnings of musical instruction and antagonize none such. As little as possible as to method should be dictated even in the department of technique, but only degrees of attainment should be specified, teachers being left to bring pupils to these specifications in their own way. The plan should be a very practical one calculated to reach the actual, not the ideal conditions of the largest class of those who study music.

If the A. C. M. together with the M. T. N. A. and State Associations should use the machinery of their organizations and such other means as are at hand to make known the advantages offered by the proposed circle, the probabilities are that it could be put in working order in a very short time; that a considerable membership could be obtained immediately and that the funds required for the first expenses would thus be furnished.

It might be the best that the M. T. N. A. should be the business head of the circle—the manager and promoter of it in connection with state associations, while the A. C. M. took upon itself the care of the scholastic department only.

To get the work of the circle into shape to present to the public, with the course of study in each department outlined and graded, much work would have to be done. But by carefully selected committees this could be quickly done. There might be the following committees:

1. On a course of musical history and biography.
2. On a course of essays upon criticism, aesthetics, etc.
3. On scientific treatises,—acoustics, form, etc.
4. On a song repertoire of all grades.

This might be subdivided; (*a.*) English and American songs. (*b.*) German songs; (*c.*) French, Italian and other songs.

5. On a piano repertoire. This too might be subdivided.

6. To define the grades of vocal technique and expression.
7. To define the grades of piano technique and expression.

There might also be committees on Part Songs, Oratorios and cantatas; on concerted music for piano players, including four-hand compositions and arrangements, and, if violin, organ and other instruments were included in the scope of the circle, committees to determine upon matters of repertoire and technique for each.

These committees should report to the A. C. M. which should provide for putting the whole plan in shape.

If pushed through to success the plan of a Music Circle might be expected to yield great advantages to both the public and the profession. The published requirements of

the circle would be a standard to aid teachers in making certain exactions of their pupils and to enable the public to judge more correctly of the merits of such teaching as was offered. Many a faithful teacher or ambitious pupil would be glad of such aid, especially in localities remote from the musical centers. Amateur societies would be fostered,—the singing society, the instrumental club, the musical convention, the county or state festival. Lectures and recitals could be called for in various quarters as the University Extension lectures now are in connection with that work. The fitness of teachers for school music and other positions could be approximately demonstrated by the certificates held by candidates for such positions. The interest of association meetings would be increased by having the interest of many concentrated upon certain definite topics, choruses for these meetings might be formed from the holders of certain certificates; and the membership would probably be larger if these organizations were closely identified with the circle.

The A. C. M. would have the means to educate people to take its degrees. Students, so situated as to have no teacher, could at least have guidance.

I infer from their printed calendar that the membership in the Tonic Sol Fa College of London, an institution not unlike the proposed circle, is over 7,000. The Chautauqua Circle numbers over 60,000. I have not the statistics of the University Extension movement but it is certain that such movements are popular at this day, and it might be found that the time is now ripe for a Columbian Musical Circle.

FREDERIC W. ROOT.

A PLEA FOR KEEPING TIME.

IF a number of music teachers were asked what they considered the most indispensable requisite for one who proposed to undertake the study of music, a large proportion of them would undoubtedly reply, the ability to keep time. Whether this be the most important qualification or not, the others are certainly of no use without it. And yet I fear that not so much stress is laid upon it as there should be, judging from the spasmodic performances often heard from pupils. One need not be hypercritical in order to object to the caricatures presented to us in the name of music. In the case of pupils there may be excuses for inaccuracy and slovenliness of time, such as inability to read easily, inadequate technique, and, chiefly, lack of careful and scholarly instruction and supervision. But what shall we say when those who claim to be instructors, both of music pupils and of the concert going-public, distort and burlesque the compositions which should be presented in their original form? There is as much difference between a Chopin nocturne played as it should be, and played with the exaggerated changes of tempo often heard, as there is between the reflection of a man's face in a flat mirror and in the side of a coffee urn.

The cause is sometimes carelessness, but oftener, I fear, a false interpretation; the idea that expression is secured by a pronounced retarding of the time, that without sudden and startling changes of time the performance is lifeless and mechanical. A famous composer, both pianist and teacher, said to a pupil one day in a fit of exasperation: "Do you think you are playing with *expression* when you are playing *out of time*?" The fact seems to be lost sight of that "expression," as it is called, is produced not by promiscuous *ritardando*, but by varying quality of tone, by subtle dynamic changes, by accents properly placed, and by a discriminating use of

the pedal. These are far more efficient means of expressing the true content of music.

Abrupt and unreasonable changes of time tickle the popular ear as the crude primary colors do an infant's eye, but they distress the thoughtful, enrage the irritable and disgust the critical. Furthermore they jolt the minds of the listeners, so to speak, and divert their attention from the music itself to finding a new time basis. This is directly contrary to Herbert Spencer's law of economy of attention, which is found to be a good rule for many things besides literary composition.

The matter of *accelerando* and *ritardando* is a vexed question at best, good taste being the ultimate court of appeal. The point of difficulty in this, as in all questions of aesthetics, is "what is good taste?" In one respect, however, it is difficult to see why there should not be unanimity, namely that we should follow the indications of the composers general intention. Mendelssohn was very strict in this regard, insisting that no liberties should be taken with the tempo in the performance of his works except such as he had marked. But it is doubtless true that most composers are not so painstaking as Mendelssohn in writing directions for performance, and leave more to the judgment, often, alas; to the caprice of the performer. At the same time any very marked change of tempo is indicated. I venture to lay down the general principle that, unless expressly marked by hold or by such words as *ad libitum*, no change of time should be made which prevents a trained and attractive listener from counting the measure. This seems a logical position to take, for any case except that of *gradually* changing time can be represented by other notation, whereas that requires words. In this case the measure is drawn out like an elastic tape, instead of having additional counts affixed.

Poor Chopin is the greatest sufferer from these would-be expressive players. His exquisite *tempo rubato* is vulgarized beyond belief, the lovely nocturnes sentimentalized beyond recognition, while the waltzes too often remind one of a bicycle race with every now and then an unlucky header. I recall hearing the perfect etude in A flat, opus 25, No. 1

ruined, according to my notion, a few years ago, and that too by a man who holds a prominent place among American pianists. There was no continuous, gently-varying flow, but at nearly every measure the listener was brought up with a jerk as when a railway train stops suddenly. The same etude played by another artist was a revelation of beauty and grace which most of us try vainly to reproduce.

Soloists are naturally the greatest sinners in regard to not keeping time. Fancy an orchestra made up of *ad libitum* players. Quartette and orchestra players are accustomed to a rigid discipline and an exactness in time which would be excellent drill for the pianist and singer. For this reason a violinist is less faulty in this respect than a pianist, and the more *ensemble* practice a pianist has the better. But of all musical (or unmusical) performers, the singer takes the most liberty. I have never been able to understand why a singer should consider himself as absolutely a law unto himself, and sing regardless of the length of notes which are written. I once heard the first measure of a song which began with two quarter notes sung as a whole note and a half, the first note which was intended to have one count being given four full counts. I can see no excuse for this, and yet the singer was a teacher of much training and long experience. It was simply wilful disregard of what was written. Singers reason that they must sing according to the meaning of the words. Very well—but how about the meaning of the music? It is the composer's business to write music to the words, not only fitting their rymthmical form, the accent of the measure falling upon the accent of the verse, an important word receiving an accent note or a note of greater length, for example a *the* not being prolonged, while the noun which it limits is given a short note. If the composer has disregarded these things the song is more or less faulty in construction, and it is useless for the singer to attempt to improve it by singing out of time. In songs like Schumann's and Franz's, which are really duets for voice and piano, there is no reason why each part should not regard the time of the other, just as a violinist and pianist listen each for the other. This *ad libitum* method of singing produces disas-

trous results in the case of songs with a syncopated accompaniment, for example Schumann's "Widmung" and many others. Unless the singer sings in time the syncopations sound as if the accompanist were trying in vain to keep up with the singer. True, songs should seem spontaneous, but must it therefore be out of time? Singers commonly play their own accompaniment when practicing (and often very poorly too) and fall into the habit of adapting them to their voice according to their convenience. They sing more and more *ad libitum* until a totally wrong idea of the song becomes fixed, and it sounds mechanical to them if sung properly. Very likely, too, the study of recitatives may have something to do with this prevailing fault of singers.

Granted the prevalence of this evil, and granted that it is an evil, something ought to be done about it. To most readers of this article the remedies will probably have suggested themselves already.

The first thing of course is careful study from the very beginning. It is not enough that a pupil be able to play in time a single measure, or even two or three measures; he must be taught to feel the rhythm of the whole composition and of its parts, and to feel the regular pulsation which beats through it. It is astonishing how far astray even a well trained musician with a fairly good sense of time may go in the performance of a long and intricate composition, especially if he has been playing the work a good deal without slow and careful daily practice. Much more will this be true of the beginning pupil whose conceptions are as yet vague. The trained musician is so aware of the danger that he guards against it for himself, but it is the teacher who must keep constant watch over his pupils. Just here lies one great advantage of allowing a pupil at a lesson to play an entire composition without stopping for corrections. He thus shows whether he has a conception of its time as a whole and reveals what variations in it he makes. Afterwards, of course, the piece can be dissected as much as is necessary. It is sometimes difficult to convince a pupil that he is playing out of time, if he gets a wrong idea firmly fixed. At this juncture the metronome is a valuable aid. Indeed the proper

use of the metronome, to be determined by each teacher according to the individual pupils, is indispensable. I have known pupils to declare that they were right and the pendulum wrong. However by allowing it to tick while the piano was silent they were convinced. The pupil should early be taught to notice with care the technical marks of time and to heed them. He should learn that although *ritenuto*, *ritardando* and *rallentando* all convey the idea of slower, still there is a distinction in their precise meaning.

One of the most valuable aids to player and pupils in keeping the time under control is accent. I think it is impossible to overestimate the value of accent in study and in practice. In fact with primary and secondary accents, metrical and rhythmical, the subject is too vast and complicated for this paper. It has been fully and scientifically discussed by others and I need do no more than allude to it from a practical standpoint. I was interested in reading the short but suggestive article in the May number of *MUSIC* by Mr. Constantine Sternberg, in which he mentioned the importance of the accent to the "musical understanding." It greatly facilitates the pupil in grasping the time of a composition as a whole, and it is impossible for a performer to convey a clear idea of a composition without a distinct accent. It may be light, it may be heavy, according to the character of the work, it may be syncopated, but the metrical accent and the rhythmical accent must be there. Without this the work is without form and void.

Probably every good teacher of the piano knows the advantage of accent in practicing difficult scales and passages, that is, dividing the scale or passage into its component parts according to the accents and practicing each part separately, beginning on one accent and playing to the next and then stopping, on the principle of the Mason velocity scales. The accent must come on time, and as many notes as possible. It is astonishing what an aid to clearness this is. In short the use of accents (often exaggerated in practice) is one of the best ways of fixing a right conception of time. And beyond doubt a right conception is the first thing to aim at. We need to get rid of these crude, exaggerated, affected

ideals and to educate our taste to something juster and saner.

It is quite beyond the scope of this article to formulate specific rules. It will have fulfilled its mission if it shall call the attention of a thoughtful person here and there to the evil which has been discussed, and shall induce him to seek to remedy it as much as lies in his power.

Springfield, Mass.

MARY L. REGAL.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to
grow—

“Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth his sheep.
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!”

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight.
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;
And lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers
prolong

The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song—

“Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep.
He that guardeth His flock the best
Hath folded them to his loving breast:
So sleep ye now, and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!”

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby—

“Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep.
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day:
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!”

BEDRICH SMETANA.

THE FATHER OF BOHEMIAN MUSIC.

I.

TELL the story of Smetana's life and you have told the history of Bohemian music, so intimately are the two connected and interwoven. By the common consent of his countrymen he has been declared, and rightly, we think, to



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be the father of Bohemian music. Not that music was unknown in Bohemia before his time, for Bohemia has always been noted for the unusual musical talents of her sons, many of whom have an assured place in the universal history of

music, but nearly all of these, whether composers or executive artists, were compelled to seek foreign fields; it was in the works of Smetana that the native music of Bohemia, the domestic art and its national spirit, found an emphatic and adequate expression for the first time.

It is true, Bohemian folk-music is centuries old, but it was left to the preceding and the present generation to explore its treasures and work its rich mines. Carl Maria von Weber speaks of the Bohemians as "that eminently musical people," and he admits that some of his finest melodies are but imitations of Bohemian airs. Thousands of charming songs, real pearls of both poetry and music, have for ages been current in the countries inhabited by that Slavonic race; scores, ay, hundreds of talented Bohemian composers and virtuosos have delighted the musical audiences of all European capitals, and yet, until recently, there was no Bohemian music known to the world! The Bohemian public has always shown keen appreciation of true genius, as may be judged, for instance, from the remarkable fact that, in 1846, Hector Berlioz was as enthusiastically received at Prague as was W. A. Mozart in 1787; and it is well known that the Bohemians accorded the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" a more royal and hearty welcome, and appreciated his music better than his own countrymen the Germans. To be sure, Mozart's *Chef d'Oeuvre*, Don Giovanni, was expressly written for the Bohemians, and, in 1800, Bohemia was not unjustly declared, in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, to be "the mother country of German music," owing to the great number of composers and virtuosos with whom it supplied Germany; and yet Bohemia had no music of her own! Is not this rather strange?

The reasons why, with all the richness of musical talent, Bohemia had no music of her own, are not far to seek. The opening years of the seventeenth century when the rudiments of modern music, dramatic and instrumental, were laid, found Bohemia in the throes of civil dissensions, in the thickest of a fanatical religious war which was to crush the independence of the country forever. The thirty years war greatly impoverished Bohemia, both materially and intel-

lectually; by an edict of the victorious Hapsburg, Ferdinand II, thirty-six thousand of the best families, unwilling to abjure their faith, were exiled and their estates confiscated or given to foreign intruders; the ravages of the war reduced the number of inhabitants from three millions to less than eight hundred thousand; the Bohemian nation ceased to exist as such, and for two hundred years it seemed as if it had been crushed out of existence. Vienna now became the capital of the Hapsburg possessions; Prague thus lost the imperial court, lost its nobility, lost its richest friends of art, and was consequently divested of its *préstiĝe* as an art center. Under like circumstances, is it any wonder that there should have been no national music in Bohemia?

The musical talent of the people could not be destroyed, however. The Bohemian tongue was confined to the humble hut of the peasant whom the direst disasters failed to rob of his love of song and music, though his thralldom imparted certain bitterness to contemporary folksongs. And when new music came to Bohemia from Italy, it found willing and intelligent listeners among the people of Bohemia whose cottages, in the eighteenth century, gave Europe a multitude of talented composers and virtuosos, nearly all of whom were compelled to leave their own country and offer their services to foreigners, owing to the pitiable state of affairs at home.

Of the numerous "exiles" we shall mention only a few of the most prominent names; it might prove tedious to recite a full list. At Dresden we find, at the court of the two Augustuses, the Second and the Third, the celebrated Jan Dismas Telenka (1681-1745), a native of Lounovice, highly esteemed by the foremost artists of his day. As a contrapuntist he was second to none of his contemporaries save Bach and Haendel. He received his musical education in Italy, and it was he who introduced Sebastian Bach to the master works of the new Venetian school. With Telenka, reminiscences of ancient Bohemian glory were still fresh, and he still wrote music to Bohemian texts, something that we cannot affirm of his other noted countrymen in exile. In Berlin again, among the artists who surrounded Frederic the Second, another Bohemian, Francis Benda (1709-1786), a vio-

linist and composer for the violin, held a position of honor; his entire family was, indeed, a family of artists of whom George Benda (1729-1795), court Kapell-meister at Gotha, and a cousin to Francis, was the most famous. George Benda may be considered the father of the German melodrama; his compositions won him the sincere friendship and admiration of Mozart who benignly called him "my favorite among the Lutheran (i. e., North-German) Kapellmeisters." About the middle of the eighteenth century, Mannheim possessed the best orchestra in Germany. In the words of Dr. Charles Burney it was an army of generals equally able to sketch a plan of battle as to execute it. At the head of those "generals" stood the Bohemian Jan Vaclav Ant. Stamitz (1717-1761), a native of Nemecky Brod, concert master and director of chamber music to the Elector, an excellent violinist and a symphonist of note. Josef Myslivecek (1737-1781), better known as Venatorini, a personal friend of Dr. Burney who was his companion in Italy, wrote a number of popular Italian operas which earned for him the distinctive title of *Il divino Boemo* (the Divine Bohemian). Mainz had Jan Zach (1699-1773), Vienna Francis Ig. Tuma (1704-1774), Leopold Kozeluh (1752-1818), Vojtech Jirovec (or Gyrowetz, 1763-1850), and others; the two great theorists, Fr. Nikodim (1764-1829) and Ant. Rejcha (1770-1836) lectured at the Parisian conservatory. The foremost among the virtuosos was Jan Ladislav Dusik (Dussek, 1761-1812,) a native of Caslav, the greatest pianist of his time, whose pianoforte compositions are real classics, which is all the more significant as he lived in the golden age of instrumental music, the age of Mozart and Beethoven.

We have cited a few names out of the multitude of Bohemian composers and virtuosos who flourished in foreign lands. Notwithstanding the exodus of such a considerable number of her best artists, Bohemia still possessed a large number of talented musicians but those were only minor stars. Among them, however, were a great many excellent teachers, pedagogues and virtuosos. Frant. X. Dusek (1731-1799), of Prague, was celebrated as a teacher of pianoforte, among his pupils being Leopold Kozeluh, V. Masek and Jan

Vitasek. Dusek was a personal friend of Mozart who was always his guest whenever he came to Prague. A portion of "*Don Giovanni*" was written at Dusek's villa near Smichov, a suburb of Prague (1787). Mozart's popularity in Bohemia induced many Bohemian composers to follow him, and a Mozartean style prevailed in Bohemian compositions for several decades.

Among the pedagogues of the first half of the present century the first place is held by Jan Vaclav Tomasek of Skutec (1774-1850). As a composer he cannot be compared with Zelenka, Benda or Dusek, but as the teacher of J. B. Kittl, Alexander Dreyschock, J. Schulhoff, Ch. Kuhe, J. Vorisek and many others, he may justly claim the gratitude of his countrymen. Among contemporary composers the following achieved more than local fame: Jan A. Vitasek (1771-1839), composer of religious music; Bedrich Dionys Weber (1766-1842), director of the Bohemian Conservatory of Prague since 1810; Jan Vaclav Kalivoda (1800-1866); Vaclav J. Veit (1806-1864), author of a number of chamber compositions; and Jan Bedrich Kittl (1809-1868), successor to Weber as director of the conservatory, author of three operas, four symphonies, etc. Matej Hilmar (1804-1881), deserves mention as the author of the first polka for orchestra (the *Esmeralda*, 1836) which made a tour of the world. Kalivoda's symphonies fairly represent orchestral music of the post Beethoven period; and the instrumental compositions of Tomasek and Kittl would still interest a musician as well as a historian.

The last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth century witnessed the wonderful resurrection of Bohemia at a time when her enemies were willing to believe that there was no Bohemian nation any more. The people, who had been oppressed for two centuries, waking up from a deadly stupor, slowly but surely reasserted their right of existence. A band of enthusiasts sought to resuscitate national pride by setting before the people's eyes the illustrious examples of their ancestors, the past was explored to furnish additional *raisons d'être* for modern Bohemia. Everything was patriotic; literature, science and the

arts as well. "Patriotic" music was at its height in the twenties and thirties, one of the numerous songs which originated in that period having since become the national hymn of Bohemia. It was the *Kde domov můj?* (Where is My Home?) composed by Frant Skroup (1801-1862). Skroup was a man of considerable talent, and yet he outlived the fame of his works with the only exception of the hymn. He likewise gave Bohemia the first Bohemian opera, the *Dratenik* (1826, words by the poet Chmelensky). It is, however, the libretto rather than the music that stamps this opera as Bohemian. On the whole, the compositions of those years, though numerous and not without merit, cannot justly be called "Bohemian music," this style being foreign to Bohemian spirit.

The hopes of political freedom, encouraged by the revolutions of 1848, were frustrated by the absolution of the fifties. A new era dawned for Bohemia in the sixties, when the imperial diploma of October 1860 announced the end of autocratic regime in Austria. A new, bolder spirit pervaded public life, and greater freedom was likewise noticeable in musical circles. In those years of transition there stood at the head of the Bohemian musicians a renowned scholar, Josef Leopold Zvonar (1824-1865), composer, pedagogue* and musical writer, author of a number of theoretical works. A throng of young composers appeared though at first they wrote mostly choral works for singing societies. In 1862 an independent Bohemian theatre was opened at Prague (since known as the National Theatre) and that created a demand for original Bohemian operas. The first of these, "*Vladimir*," by F. Zd. Skuhersky (1863), and "*Templari na Morave*," by Karel Sebor (1865), failed to give sufficient expression to Bohemian individuality, and for this reason they soon ceased to attract the public. However, in January, 1866, the first opera that was truly national in spirit as well as in words, made its appearance at the National Theatre of Prague. It was the "*Branibori v Cechach*" (The Brandenburgs in Bohemia), the first opera from the pen of Bedrich Smetana, which inaugurated the era of modern

* Dr. Antonin Dvorak is one of his pupils.

Bohemian music. The opera was received with enthusiasm by the public, which at once recognized the new master.

The life of Smetana the man is no less interesting than the story of Smetana the artist. A precocious child, upon whom nature had lavished some of her most splendid gifts, he lived a happy youth amid the smiles and flatteries of friends; and when he had won fame as both a great composer and a virtuoso delighting the world with sweet Bohemian music, he was alternately extolled to the skies and condemned as a nobody; unterrified and undaunted by the venomous vituperations which his enemies heaped upon him, he went on pouring forth one precious pearl after another from the cornucopia of his talent, stricken, in his fiftieth year, with total deafness, a disease most fatal to music composers, and yet writing his best works under the bane of nervous derangement, and finally dying at an insane asylum! Do you know of a perspective of life more gloomy? And yet his compositions teem with happiness, contentment and sunshine.

II.

The ancestry of Smetana is safely traced back to his grandfather Vaclav, the dominion cooper at Sadova. The family name of Smetana, however, has been known for centuries in the vicinity of Sadova and Horice. Thus in the records of the Chamber Court for 1532 we find a subpoena commanding the appearance of Jan and Petr Smetana of Horice; in 1596 Jindrich Smetana is subpoenaed by a certain Starinsky, and so on. Unusual interest attaches to an article in Dlabac's *Dictionary of Bohemian Artists** which informs us that, in 1609, Adam Smetana of Horice dedicated to the regenschori Patocka his composition *Melos de Novitate Domini nostri Jesu Christi*. There is no doubt that all the records we have mentioned speak of Bedrich Smetana's ancestors, and it is interesting to note that they, too, had pursued the study of music. The earliest mention of the name Smetana, however, is made in 1373; at that time Jan Sme-

* *Allgemeines historisches Kuenstlerlexicon fuer Boehmen, etc.*, by J. B. Dlabac, Prague, 1815-1818.

tana was a singer in the Vysehrad church choir (Tomek's *History of the City of Prague*. Vol. V p. 156).

Vaclav Smetana, the grandfather of Bedrich, was born at Sandowa in 1711. He was probably a son of Matej Smetana of Dohalice (1683-1742). When he was eleven years old, his mother gave him a glittering coin and some biscuits, and sent him out in the world to take care of himself. In 1758 Vaclav married Miss Ludmila Konarowska, who bore him seven daughters and three sons, the youngest of whom was Frantisek (born at Sadova, October 26, 1777), the father of our master, who was originally sent to practice at a forester's; but he disliked the work, and in his thirteenth year quitted the employment and decided to become a brewer. In two years Frantisek became a journeyman, and a year later master brewer. He was now sixteen years old and yet, though possessed of considerable talent, he was unable to read or write. To his credit, however, it must be said, that he was sincerely ashamed of his ignorance, and as soon as circumstances permitted he engaged a private teacher, who gave him lessons in writing, grammar and arithmetic, and also made him acquainted with the violin. In order to learn German, Frantisek afterwards traveled across Prague, Pilsen and Dobruška to southern Bohemia. Having earned and saved some money at Dobruška, he rented a brewery at Chotoušovice, near Klatovy. The venture was quite successful, but the Napoleonic wars soon compelled him to leave Bohemia for Silesia where he rented a large brewery in the vicinity of Nisa (Neisse). There, in 1807, he came very near losing his life, having been mistaken for a spy. It was only upon the assurance of officers who knew him personally that the French General Vandamme discharged the innocent prisoner, politely admonishing him that in case he should again be found trespassing upon forbidden ground, he would be shot dead without mercy.

In Silesia Mr. Smetana was so prosperous in his trade that he accumulated a fortune of one hundred thousand florins. He returned to his native country and accepted the position of brewer to the Prince Dietrichstein at the city of Nove Mesto on the Morava river. Here, in 1820, he married

Miss Barbora Linkova, his third wife, the mother of the composer. However, he had not enjoyed his wealth for any great length of time, for the bankruptcy of Austria declared by the imperial edict of February 20, 1811, had reduced the value of his possessions fully eighty per cent. In 1821 the Count Waldstein entrusted Frantisek Smetana with the management of his brewery at Litomysl, and his cousin Vaclav took charge of the brewery at Nove Mesto. It was here at Litomysl that the composer was born.

Bedrich Smetana was born on the 2nd of March, 1824. He was the first son of his father, he had been preceded by six daughters, Anna, Klara, Zofie, Marie, Ludmila and Albina, and the happy father's joy consequently knew no bounds. When the news of his son's birth had been gently broken to him by the hired girl, the happy father seized her around the waist and danced with her a gallop in the yard. The boy was baptised by Father Horsky on the very day of his birth. The father wanted his son to be christened Frantisek, but the mother protested, saying that an angel had appeared to her in her dreams, that he had foretold her the birth of her son and enjoined her to call him Bedrich and not otherwise. This little bit of mysticism on the part of Mrs. Smetana is easily explained on psychological grounds. Prior to her marriage she had been engaged to a cousin of hers, whose name was Bedrich, and he had been killed in battle, it was, therefore, only natural that the name of Bedrich should have been so deeply impressed upon her memory.

At a very early day the little Bedrich commenced to exhibit remarkable talent for music. He was hardly five years of age when he took hold of his violin for the first time. Of that instrument he grew so fond that, at times, he would not give up the bow for hours. He did not like the piano in the beginning—"my father pulled my ears and let me do penance on my knees, and then I went to my first lesson," he would afterwards jocosely relate his first experiences in piano playing. However, he was soon induced to give preference to the piano, particularly so as he recognized it to be the most convenient instrument on which to try his earliest compositions originating in the five-year-old brain. Antonin

Chmelik, Smetana's music teacher, wrote the composition down, and thus two of them, a waltz and a gallop, have been preserved. It was from Chmelik that Bedrich received the rudiments of a musical education, and not from his father, with whom, it is true, he afterwards frequently played duets.

As a pianist, Bedrich Smetana made his first public appearance when he was six and a half years old. It was on the fourth of October, 1830, at a public entertainment given by the university students of Litomysl in honor of the name's day of the Emperor Francis I. He played an operatic phantasy. When he finished a storm of applause literally shook the hall, everybody wanted to see the unknown virtuoso, and the applause would not cease until Mr. Sousa, an elderly gentleman, secretary to the Count Waldstein, stepped forth and taking the little boy into his arms, exhibited to the enthusiastic audience that musical prodigy, a little child beaming with happiness. The success of his first appearance in public opened to him the doors of baronial castles, and the boy was a welcome guest to the parlors of the Waldsteins, where, delighted with his charming play, elderly ladies of the oldest families of Bohemian aristocracy would kiss his little fingers, and now and then a tear would testify to the effect of his skill. It was not mere mechanical skill such as many children achieve: the little virtuoso gave his love, his heart and soul to his play. It was in those idyllic times of Austrian despotism when the divine art of music alone was free, liberty of speech and the press being things unheard of in the empire.

With most children, happy days of childhood are but a myth, with Smetana they were a reality. Everybody loved him, and presaged a great and glorious future for him, no one suspecting in the least that when the boy should have grown to be a man, he would have to drain the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

J. J. KRAL.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FOSTER AMERICAN TALENT.

In looking over circulars of instruction for 1894-5 of the Art Institute of Chicago, it will be found that a student can go there, enjoy all the benefits of that magnificent institution, have at command its library, reproductions of the paintings, drawings, sculptures of the great masters, entrance to the lecture room, much necessary material such as models, costumes, still-life objects, etc., together with six hours daily instruction from pupils of such masters as Lefebvre, Boulanger, Millet, Chapu, Courtois, Constant and Gérôme for the small sum of seventy-five dollars annually. Then there is the Chicago School of Architecture, with its library of ten thousand volumes, its apparatus of the departments of Electrical, Mining and Mechanical engineering, its course of lectures by well known architects and literary men, all at the command of the student of architecture for seventy-five dollars annually. Truly Chicago is doing much for her future artists and architects, but what is she doing for the Music of the Future.

All large cities have great teachers, give grand concerts, have renowned conservatories, Chicago is no exception to the general condition, but simply a convenient example to draw from. What are these cities doing for the Future School of Music in America? This is a vital question to our nation. Music is an art secondary to none. Its votaries are not confined to would be millionaires; Apollo smiles more often upon the lowly and poor; He is an erratic deity, lending the mighty talent, the extreme musical susceptibility to the child of chance, rather than to the child of fortune. This precious germ, man is expected to develop and nourish, but how is he going to do it in a country where superior teaching talent, attained intellectuality in music, commands the princely sums of four, five, six, and eight dollars per hour? The poor but talented student stands aloof with crushed, ambitious aching heart, while the

great teacher sells his time as so much merchandise to the highest bidder, caring more for the pecuniary gain to himself, than the gain to Art.

Miss Millionaire takes up music as a fad with these great masters. She gains a certain proficiency, shows off her scholarly attainments in the drawing room for a season or two, tires of it and casts it aside. Thus these gems of thought, this costly instruction is lost to the world, contrary to all economic principles. Is this fair to the Future Music of America?

It is often cast up to us as a nation that we have no School of Music. Would Italy, Germany, or France ever have had a School of Music had her struggling musicians laboured under the same disadvantage that American students do today?

It is proverbial that the musician is as poor as a church mouse, the world over, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, were all children of chance and the people; poor in money, rich in talents. It is true that their lives were but a long weary struggle for recognition, but their talents merited instruction, and we do not read that in the end they suffered from lack of it. We musicians of today read of their domestic struggles as romance, their talents fostered and developed, are crystallized and handed down to us in their cherished creations, their mighty compositions, a heritage rich beyond calculation.

The thought is paralyzing that this material might as a germ have wasted away, had it not been developed. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston standing as they do, the great cities of the new world, without precedence in their magical growth, strength, richness, and beauty. owe it to themselves to establish Musical Institutions where talent will be the pass-word, schools which will give great teachers honest material to mould; schools which will be a veritable search light for the multitude, educating the masses through cheap concert giving, the student through cheap instruction, making the great teacher an idol of the people, a Messiah of this divine Art.

Does the six dollar an hour teacher, ever think when he

accepts this fee, how much of his pupils life he demands for this poor little half hour of instruction? This lesson together with sheet-music, car-fare and teaching time lost, averages at the least eight dollars. This means two days work to the teacher who commands fifty or seventy-five cents per hour. And yet how necessary it is to us as a nation that this fifty or seventy-five cent teacher should diffuse true art. He instructs the masses, and stumbles more often upon real talent than does the high priced teacher. He instructs the child who needs to lay a good foundation, that the master need not turn away in disgust in after years when the child becomes his pupil. He plays for the masses and forms their taste in music. Until our people recognize something more in music than a purely sensuous noise, we as a nation are lost to the aesthetic in music. Until our great cities have such schools in music as they have in art, where the struggling musician can come in touch with such men as Mason, Sherwood, Buck, Liebling, Seeboeck, Eddy, Gleason and other acknowledged teachers, too numerous to mention, we will never know our most worthy musicians, never extract that from our native material which will make our nations' music immortal.

To be practical, take the two neighboring institutions, the Chicago Conservatory and the Art Institute, and compare their tuition for the ten months of this year. We have already given a summary of that of the Art Institute; at the Conservatory two piano, violin, or vocal lessons per week, together with two class or private lessons in harmony, Counterpoint, or Composition will cost the pupil from \$250.00 up to \$600.00 annually, and this does not give the use of study room six hours daily, neither does it give the benefit of a library containing ten thousand volumes of music scores, nor a museum where the antique and modern instrument may be found, its history, anatomy and construction laid bare to thought and criticism by a Lorado Taft. No, this sum simply covers four lessons per week. Do you see what our cities are doing for Art, what they are not doing for music?

The great teacher will say, "But few of my pupils

take two hours per week, some take one hour, but the majority of students receive one half hour's instruction per week, and as for theory, composition or analysis, not one out of ten devote time or money to that department." Alas, this is too true. Until the music student has the same advantage that the art student now enjoys in the great cities, this will continue to be true. The public demands that the student should play or sing well, theory is nothing to them, so the pupil who is strained to the uttermost pecuniarily puts aside his laudable desire to know the science of music, and learns how to *perform*. The public is pleased, the great teacher is appeased, and Art—she is wronged. This half diet can never make able bodied musicians. God has not given man the highest attributes that he may mould himself into a performing machine. The nation which demands only this has no musical future.

Europe is no longer a haven for poor but ambitious American students,—the foreign teacher bleeds the American student just as he is bled at home. The native student does not pay these exorbitant prices, they are made for the visitor alone. Then, too, the native student has refuge in free scholarship that royalty or the Conservatory give to talented pupils, otherwise how soon would their be a retrogression in the musical atmosphere of the old world. Europe has suffered great loss in her musicians, Liszt, Wagner, Von Bulow, Rubinstein are no more. These great masters have left pupils in America as well as Europe. If these pupils will diffuse this knowledge transmitted to them, equally well, why can not the result and progress in both countries, in the next half century, be the same? Why can not America create a musical atmosphere of her own, great composers of her own, that the world will recognize? Our cities made a move in the right direction when they commenced giving instruction in vocal music in the public schools, this is the initiative, bringing light to the masses, but let this work be continued, found, endowed, or incorporated schools, where the poor but talented pupil may continue his study, let the plan of instruction be the same as that of the Art Institute of Chicago, bringing thorough in-

struction; yes great masters within reach of all ambitious students.

A federation of music clubs is now being worked up. This will give many advantages to clubs throughout the states, among them to be mentioned, a circulating library, lectures and concerts at greatly reduced rates, from such men as Sherwood, Perry, Liebling, Cady, Tapper, Gleason and Van Cleve. If by a federation of clubs such men can be obtained at one third the usual cost for concert and lecture, why can not a plan be formulated by which they can be obtained as teachers, at one third the usual cost of conservatory or private instruction. Let but one city take the initial step, give the impetus, soon other cities will follow. 'We would then have schools of music throughout the country equal to the old world conservatories, the American dollar would stay at home, our nation would take pride in our native musicians and composers. Foreign nations would no longer smile at our feeble efforts or give us a pat on the back and call us "a nice little boy in boots." No, instead we would be a force to resist, a rival, armed to do equal combat.

L. A. SWALM.

A WORD ON BULGARIAN DANCE AND SONG.

BY G. SEBEK, KAPELLMEISTER TO THE PRINCE
OF BULGARIA.

I HAD long cherished the desire to examine the popular customs and habits of the Bulgarians but recently liberated. As a musician it was quite natural that I should be interested chiefly in their songs and dances, a brief description of which I shall give in this short sketch, as a result of my observations during a course of years spent among the people of Bulgaria. I shall first speak of the dance which is usually accompanied by singing.

The national dance of Bulgaria, the *chora*, does not materially differ from the Serbian *kolo*, except, perhaps, some movements of the feet; its music is almost identical throughout Bulgaria, though now and then there may be found original variations; it may properly be called the true folk-music of Bulgaria.

There are several forms of this dance popular among the people. In the first place there is the *chora* which the Bulgarians usually dance quite slowly; its music moves in two-quarter measure, in a tempo somewhat like the tempo *marziale*. Another sort is *paydushka*, a very popular dance, though quite difficult of execution, a real athletic exercise for the legs. It moves in a quick tempo in the three-eighth measure. The third species of *chora* resembles the Serbian *kolo*, it moves in two-quarter measure, the tempo being that of a gallop. The fourth sort is the *Circassian chora*, of foreign origin, the Bulgarians having adopted this sort of dancing from Circassian colonists whom the Turkish government used to send to Bulgaria in years gone by. It is highly popular, nevertheless, and is danced somewhat after the fashion of the national *chora*. The

melody of this dance moves very fast, it might properly be termed "wild." It would take a mass of notes to give an idea of the Circassian *chora*.

Musical instruments which furnish music for those dances are the following: *gayda*—identical with the Bohemian bagpipe; *tsigulka*, of Bulgarian make. This latter instrument resembles our own violin, though it completely differs in form. It has a semiglobular body, in the shape of a half of an onion, strung with three horizontal strings. On one of these the musician plays the melody; the other two sound as a double cadenza. As the three strings lie all in one plane, the bow will simultaneously touch all three. The musician does not hold the *Tsigulka* as we do the violin; resting it against his girdle, he plays it somewhat like a 'cello. In some places a person occasionally will see a fiddle, but chiefly among the gypsies. Another instrument, called *gaval*, is a common fife, made of wood, a little over a foot in length, with six holes. It is played mostly by shepherds; in all Bulgaria there is probably not a shepherd who would not have a *gaval*. Every shepherd makes one for himself, decorating it as best he can. I met a boy about twelve years of age who had a very fine *gaval* which he had made himself of walnut, and which he embellished very neatly with carvings and little stones of various colors gathered in the sands. The fine workmanship of the fife was quite a surprise to me. I offered to buy it; but the boy would not give up his fife though he was a poor orphan boy. I requested him to play something. He put the *gaval* to his lips and played a number of dance tunes, some of which I knew. Thereupon I asked him to play some folk-songs or something else, and he gave me a fantasia, interspersed with melancholy tones and trills. There was no distinction made between the major and minor modes; no regard paid to time; like a wild stream the tones rushed forth from his pipe. I was deeply moved, listening to those strange sounds which resembled so much the singing of a skylark, the only music that might be compared to them. I had heard a specimen of Bulgarian folk-music in the fullness of its beauty and naturalness. I asked the boy

who taught him to play or where he had ever heard like music. The young shepherd looked up, apparently surprised, and said that he had had no teacher, but learned to play all by himself while tending sheep and that he knew more pieces of that kind. He then played two more pieces for me, two melodies which resembled the former ones, though original in themselves. It would be sheer impossibility to arrange and harmonize such a primitive fantasia; some passages would have to undergo considerable alteration; yet I am sure that even then it would present an interesting specimen of folk-music.

However, let us again turn our attention to the national dance of Bulgaria. Nearly every village has its own peculiar music to accompany the *chora*. Many villages, it is true, employ the same tunes, though the latter may now and then be changed by variations which make it difficult, at times, to trace the original air. The *chora* music may be considered the basis of Bulgarian national music. It is usually composed by the village musician himself. Many of them are wholly unacquainted with musical notation, though they often invent fine motives. I am sure that musical composers would find here many original ideas, that they would be amazed by the riches of motives out-and-out original; some would take them for something more than music of the future, inasmuch as the frequent transitions from major to minor modes and *vice versa* and the regular passing or lowering of tones will always surprise a foreigner. A person will, however, get used to those irregularities so completely that they even become pleasant to the ear.

Almost in all Bulgaria vocal and dance music go hand in hand, that is, the people themselves sing their *chora* while dancing. It is usually plain motives without any variations or modulations; resembling a song. The text refers to the dance. The Bulgarian folksongs are really Yogo-Slavonic, that is, Serbo-Croatian; original Bulgarian songs are few, and these are of ancient origin. Their tunes are usually expressive of sorrow, they are the outcries of an oppressed nation. These are of ancient origin; an old man of ninety-three told me that his father too had known those

songs. The old man sang a number of those songs for me as he had learned them in his youth; his singing knew no measure, and was more in the fashion of a recitative. I found out that the melodies were the work of people unacquainted with music, though I was quite surprised by the correctness of declamation in some of them.

In the course of time these songs have undergone considerable changes. They gradually assumed the form of melodies of which this may have been the cause. When navigation was opened on the Danube, and a railroad began to be constructed, many foreigners and emigrants came to Bulgaria, bringing with them their national songs, and the Bulgarians began to imitate the melodic forms, though their ancient songs have not lost thereby their originality and peculiar characteristics.

The texts of their modern songs are taken from the poems of Bulgarian poets; they are exquisite bits of poetry, chiefly dating from the era of the liberation of Bulgaria. In this respect the Bulgarians are as rich as any other nation. The tunes of these songs are usually taken from foreign songs, chiefly Russian and Bohemian. I have heard the following Bohemian tunes sung here: "Where is my home?" "Hey, Slavonians!" "My sweetheart is a little maid," "Mountain, Mountain, thou art high," and many others which have doubtless been imported by our countrymen and countrywomen (harpers). I have also heard a Bulgarian song sung to the tune of the Austrian imperial hymn, which was, however, so substantially changed that it was difficult of recognition. All these songs are sung in a peculiar way, with colorature additions at the end of the measure. Bulgarian men and women both have a voice well developed for colorature; and without a colorature addition no Bulgarian song can be imagined.

Some songs are sung irrespective of any measure. I give below a modern specimen, arranged in measures. (on next page.)

This pretty motive moves in a double cadenza as do nearly all Bulgarian dance songs. Forcing the song into harmonic chords would certainly destroy its peculiar feat-

A WORD ON BULGARIAN DANCE AND SONG. 163

ures as a national song. It is really to be regretted that as yet no Bulgarian has mastered musical composition in such a way as to be able to create music for his nation; for here there is an almost inexhaustible treasure of original motives.

Allo Moderato.



The Bulgarians love song and music, and possess considerable musical talent. Let us hope that some time there will appear a Bulgarian composer who will give his country a national music.

Rustchuk, Bulgaria.

Translated from the Bohemian by

J. J. KRAL.

THE FIRST YEAR IN SCHOOL MUSIC.

(Concluded.)

(Music is the Language of the Soul.)

It must be noticed that in the teacher's work, she places the child in possession of whole words at once; that from words she proceeds to the sounds of letters, and by this means imparts the power to read that having imparted the power to read new words by the use of phonics, the oral presentation of whole words is dropped, and the pupil is forced to rely on his own powers.

It must also be noticed that in beginning her lessons only enough time was allowed, before the written presentation was made, to secure good talking power, and that when power over a few printed symbols was gained these symbols became the means of calling up new ideas, instead of only remaining the means of expressing that which was always known.

Also in the beginning the teacher recognized that it was the written word, and not the oral word that she was to teach, and that her real talk was to familiarize the pupil with the *sign*, not with the oral *word*.

If now we imagine the same teacher to undertake to instruct the same class in music reading, we shall find that she first tests their power to sing. If the voices are not in tune she delays all presentation of notes till they are so. She accomplishes the tuning of the voices by means of rote songs.* When the voices are together she teaches the scale as a melody, and when it is readily sung, she shows its complete representation upon the staff and causes the children to associate the tones with the notes which represent them. She shows them that the scale always begins and ends on any staff degree, and accustoms the pupils by practice to follow the tones of the scale from the proper representation in position.

* The study of rote songs as a means of voice training and early culture in music, will receive special attention in a later article.

We might say in any key, but we are not teaching keys in a technical sense, we are simply giving the child at the very outset a fundamental notion which lies at the foundation of all music reading.

The next step consists in giving the pupil practice upon the element just mastered, and forcing him to pay attention to the notes, by using part of the scale, taking a few notes down and up from the top of the scale, and up and down from the bottom.

Later the idea of accent is brought into the representation, (the sense of meter and rhythm having been carefully developed by rate singing) and when this has been mastered we proceed to consider the tones of the scale, each in turn, in its relation to the scale as a whole and to every other tone. To distinguish between this practice and another form of exercise that comes later, we call the first tone drill, and the latter interval drill.

In the tone drills we make use of the power to follow the tones of the scale from the representation on the staff. We rely at first entirely upon memory of the tone just taken to give the power to return to it from any other tone. Thus if the pupil be allowed to sing downward from the top of the scale, the first three tones, and is then told to begin again, he will not fail to return to the first tone, thus singing a minor third as naturally and easily as possible.

If the pupil start from any point in the scale and sing away from it, no matter how far, and be called upon to begin again, the return to the starting point is made with perfect precision. Taking advantage of this simple fact it is only necessary to consider each tone of the scale in turn as a starting point, and moving over the intervening tones to every other tone in turn, this causes the pupil to return to the first tone without the intervening steps and so every conceivable interval is mastered with ease and precision.

Now if each drill is given with the tonic on a different staff degree and be faithfully confined to the representation on the staff, we have the most perfect tone drill imaginable. Without loss of time and without excessive effort the pupils

gain the power to render from the staff any combination of notes that can be written. Major and minor effects are alike familiar and all keys are equally easy.

At the end of the first year in school, pupils by this simple means are able to read simple choral music, in all keys, from all clefs, in the major and the minor mode alike, at sight.

The first difference we note between the teaching of language and the teaching of music, is that when a single word has been presented it stands forever as an absolute and complete whole, the symbol of an idea, while in music the relation of tones is a necessary consideration, as a single tone stands for nothing musically. But our first presentation is of tones, not a tone, and of tones in relation in the scale. This relation we fix as an absolute thing.

Again the representation of an idea by a word is capable of being written as well as printed, so two presentations are necessary, but with the scale the representation varies in position.

That is, having presented the scale as a whole, represented by eight notes on eight consecutive staff degrees, all the tones of which are within the range of the childrens' voices, she naturally selects for the next position, a scale that presents all these conditions save that of position. That is a scale that is represented similarly to the first scale and one having all its tones within the range of the childrens' voices.

From this point forward the teaching proceeds on lines nearly parallel with the teaching of the primer.

The tones of the scale become familiar as individuals, first in relation to the whole scale, second in relation to each other. By degrees tone effect merges into interval effect, but the interval is the resultant of tone relation, and not tone relation the resultant of the interval.

That is the children sing from tone to tone, and by degrees become familiar with the effect that the different combinations produce.

In teaching music then we should remember that it is the representation that requires our most careful consideration.

For from the very first if a child only knows what tone

is desired he will give it, the use of preliminary work with new musical devices have little if any educational value that cannot be better secured by work from the staff.

By presenting the work in the order suggested, we come at once to the real work in hand *and no time is lost*. The importance of this point is very great. For music reading depends upon our familiarity with notes, and the brief time allowed for the study in our schools gives much too little practice from the representation.

Music is not like our printed language, ever before us; it does not enter in as a part of every other study in the course. It is a language by itself, and its characters can only become familiar by being constantly before the eye, and pedagogically speaking an appeal to more than one sense is always stronger than to one. Hence in involving the eye in our study from the first we gain a point of strength.

By using staff representation the child becomes familiar with what he will use, and his training is a training of the judgment from this point, that is he decides what each tone must be by an act of judgment.

The staff degrees represent tones, and the notes simply indicate which tones are to be sounded; by dealing with the subject in this way, the staff degrees take the place of numbers, syllables and other devices, and it is perfectly easy to proceed without any other aids.

If numbers or syllables be used, the justification arises from considerations which will appear when we consider the work of more advanced grades.

Yet as has already been mentioned, the variation in the power of association in different individuals calls for a careful consideration of ways and means for helping those who are slow, and under this head the numbers and syllables may be considered. Yet there will be little found in the philosophy of these devices which will justify their use for the purposes of elementary instruction.

Boston.

FREDRICK H. RIPLEY.

MUSICAL RESULTS OF THE STUDY OF ETHNOLOGY.

Dr. Richard Wallaschek. in *Globus*, vol. LXVIII, No. 7.

SINCE the study of Ethnology has overturned traditional opinions in so many branches and extended the horizon of research, music, too, has begun to re-examine the foundations of its system and the beginnings and range of its influence in the light of Ethnology. In this process it has had to pursue the two-fold task of extending on the one hand the history of music so as to include primitive peoples (not merely the Roman and Greeks or at best the Egyptians), and to recognize on the other hand the significance of music as a social factor and treat it as a part of the history of civilization. The music of primitive peoples is no longer looked down upon with contempt, and this change of attitude has long been foreshadowed. Ten years ago the foremost representative of musical science in Germany directed attention to the important bearing of the study of the melodies of uncivilized peoples on musical theory, on investigations in the psychology of aesthetics, and in anthropology.

In England, Portman made himself heard to the same effect. "What we need in England" says he in his monograph on the music of the Andamans, "is a complete and exhaustive exhibition of the musical instruments of Oriental and non-European nations; and this collection should be accompanied by such an amount of accurate information that all facts relating to the music of these nations should be offered to the student in complete and tangible shape."

Meanwhile some ethnological monographs have appeared. In Holland the labors of Land have opened up important facts on the music of the Arabians and of Java. In England Alexander Ellis, in his appendix to the translation of Helmholtz's *Lehre von der Tonempfindungen* adduced important ethnological material. In that country, too, Carl Engel, as one of the first, published numerous essays on musical eth-

nology, which owe much of their value to the exhibit of instruments in Kensington Museum. France, also, at the universal exposition of 1889, took occasion to give a comprehensive view of musical ethnology, the results of which were published in the *Ménestral* by Tiersot. Nor must we forget the investigations of Victor Loret on Egyptian music. Germany (aside from some lesser monographs) has remained almost wholly outside of this movement. The German Engel wrote in English and his works are hardly known in Germany. But the country that in recent years is giving renewed and increased attention to the ethnological treatment of music is America. Here musical investigations have been carried on for some years by the agency of magnificent ethnological museums and with the advantage of first hand material. The recent achievements of John Comfort Fillmore, Miss Alice Fletcher, Franz Boas, B. I. Gilman and the Browns can no longer be denied the consideration which they deserve, and it is my purpose to call attention to them briefly in the present paper.

Nowadays no ethnologist will deny that the harmonic sense is natural to primitive peoples. The examples that prove this are too numerous for me to repeat here. I wish only to emphasize one fact which proves decisively that our sense of harmony is natural and universal. Mr. Fillmore has published a most carefully edited collection of ninety-two songs of the Omaha Indians. He himself harmonized them. He has played them before the Indians in several versions, and they not only met with their universal and unqualified approval, but were even preferred in this harmonic dress.

How reluctant scholars still are among us to concede this harmonic sense to the primitive peoples, is shown by the following instance: When a reviewer of my work on the music of primitive peoples mentioned the examples of harmonic sense among the "savages," the editor at least added an interrogation point. Why? The examples are so numerous that such a sense can simply not be denied.

The harmony could not then have been so strange and new. Further observations rather favor the view that a dim harmonic perception underlies these songs from the very

start. To justify these assertions still farther, however, we must consider harmony in its relation to the principle of tonality in general. The fact that so much primitive music moves within the tones of the tonic triad, and perhaps also its nearest related triads, has led Fillmore to the theory that the principle of tonality is founded not merely on the fixing of key-note, but on the entire tonic triad (major or minor). In other words, primitive melody is often nothing but the successive tones of the tonic triad and this perception of the chord relation is at the basis of every melody from the beginning. Nor is this view opposed by the circumstance that the melody sometimes deviates from the melodic series of the first overtones. Such slight melodic deviations, which perhaps have grown up in the course of time, do not interfere with the original structure. Fillmore's theory, which gains in probability the more one studies these primitive songs, is thus the psychical analogue of the physical theory of Helmholtz. Just as the individual actual tone owes its characteristic *timbre* to the overtones that compose it and the lowest of which form a chord, so, conversely, this chord is the starting point, the implied basis of the several tones of the melody. In my opinion melody is not conceivable without this psychological reference to the chord. That is what gives unity to the entire series of tone and makes it a melody.

¶ The significance of this theory is discerned only by its consequences. I have already pointed out elsewhere the fatal weakness of Poole's view that the principle of tonality is of more recent origin. *No music without tonality.* But if it is true that this principle is the tonic triad, then the basis of all music is at once reduced to a physical natural principle, which, as physical law, is the same all over the world. From this follows the real unity of music as an art. There are not different kinds of music on this earth so that there might be one kind of music in one age and another in another. Yet this needs further elucidation, especially seeing the authority of Helmholtz is against it. The idea that our system of music is a spontaneous invention I have repeatedly disputed in various places. System is not invented at all. The art is invented without system, just as language is with-

out grammar, and then only follows the systemizing, which by its very nature always comes hobbling after. But creative activity in every art moves within the limits of physical and physiological necessity, which is everywhere the same. How then do we account for the quarter and third tones of so frequent occurrence in the music of primitive peoples? They are by no means established intonations, of fixed sequences, that admit of being systemized; they are merely wavering uncertain intonations; they are the uncertain groping and feeling about that turn upon the same harmonic center as the certain intonations, i. e., the tonic chord and those nearest related. The quarter tones are to be regarded exactly in the same light as the slight melodic deviations, from the strict series of harmonic overtones. They have absolutely no significance for the system. We should not forget that even our opera singers produce quarter or third tones, only we are in a much better position today to distinguish between effect of intention, and to establish the latter by our high development of instruments and notation. This is impossible in the primitive peoples, hence the uncertainty and the intermediate tones. Even the much discussed and disputed third tones of the Arabians were long ago proved by Land to be a European error. The Arabian flute player has, to be sure, two intervals on his instrument between C and D; they are not third tones, however, but only C sharp and D flat, and he plays them either in sharps or flats, but does not modulate from one to the other. Otherwise he plays just as we do. One who looks at the score of an orchestral piece from Java (such as Land has published), will think at the first glance that the people must have altogether different ideas of consonance and dissonance from us. But as a foil to that, let him try once to write down in score the tones of a modern organ piece just as they sound when all the registers are open; he would be no less astonished at the intervals that appear on paper than he was at the Javanese score. But nota bene, on paper; in fact it sounds quite differently on the organ, and we swallow harmonic monstrosities which we would not endure on the piano. To the Javanese as well, with his instruments, it sounds differently,

and he accepts the sequences of fifths and seconds just as we do on the organ. Nothing justifies us in speaking of Javanese music as something entirely different from ours, and as having another harmonic basis. Perhaps, again, the Chinese music will excite misgivings. Is not that wholly different from ours? Does it not sound to us like a noise, just as ours does to them? Very true, but what the Chinese call music is no product of the imagination; it is no emotional expression that springs from enthusiasm and in turn inspires it, it is no art at all, it is only a scholastic play-work that by accident takes the form of tones. The Chinese themselves regard it as science, and psychologically that is something so different from an art that it does not need to be considered here.

The music of the Chinese, such as it is, has nevertheless the same harmonic basis, the scale having five tones. Their melodies move with unvarying monotony, sometimes, in the tones of the tonic triad.

I have spoken above of the naturalness of our tone system. Despite all ethnological examples the simple fact may be raised in evidence against me that our music does not rest on physical law but on the tempered tuning. Is not that a spontaneous invention? In my opinion this tempered tuning is a necessity for instrumental technique which is fitted to the human hand and thus rests on a natural basis. I have already elucidated this in another place† and will recur to it again in a different connection.

I cannot leave this portion of Fillmore's theory of tonality without calling attention to the special works in which he has expounded it.‡

There are solid studies in musical ethnology which he published conjointly with Miss Alice Fletcher, Francis La Fleche and Dr. Franz Boas. They not only have the advantage of abundant material for observation, which is open to us Europeans at best only at second hand; but they also evince a thorough musical training and thus make these

† Primitive music. London, 1893, pp. 151-159.

‡ A study of Omaha Indian music by A. C. Fletcher, F. La Fleche, Dr. F. Boas, J. C. Fillmore; Peabody Museum vol. 1.5, Cambridge, Mass. June 1893—A Woman's Song of the Kwakitti Indians. J. G. Fillmore in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, 1893—Primitive Scales and Rhythms. J. C. Fillmore, *Memoirs Intern. Congr. Anthropol.*, Chicago, 1892.

special studies the most valuable contributions that have appeared in later years in the department of musical ethnology.

An apparent difficulty comes up in the application of the theory of tonality, i. e. the songs in minor, which are quite numerous among primitive peoples, as we know, and are by no means of later origin than major songs, as was often asserted formerly. That a man in a lower plane of civilization should in his songs conceive of the tones of the tonic triad in major is easily understood, since they are the natural physical overtones of the key note. But the minor triad is formed by undertones and pretty deep ones at that. The voice, by virtue of the physical laws of tone production, passes easily into the overtones (witness the natural tones of the triumph), but how about the minor undertones? It will depend on future experiments, which Fillmore would be in a position to perform, whether the following hypothesis is established, viz. that minor is simply a major intoned too low. This lower intonation of the third may have various grounds; the physical ground of a depressed mood, or a physical and organic cause seated in the strength of a larynx, just as an unpracticed performer, with lips of little power of tension, can blow minor tones even on the trumpet. He merely blows wrong. If we could so strictly separate between intention and effect among primitive peoples as among opera singers, we might say at once, the minor of primitive peoples is an intended major intoned too low by mistake. In fact these peoples grope a good deal after the third and there are plenty of neutral thirds. It is not impossible by practical investigations with the primitive musicians, to establish even experimentally whether this hypothesis meets the case.

There remain finally some remarks on the scale. Fillmore derives the diatonic scales harmonically. If the principle of tonality is based on the tonic triad, then the nearest modulations are those to dominant and sub-dominant. This gives us the following series of chords:

$$\underbrace{D-F-A-C-E-G-B-D}$$

This series does actually contain the tones of the diatonic

scale. This would suggest its natural harmonic origin. That the diatonic scale has a support in this harmony I freely admit, but against the view that it has actually grown out of it, I have two objections to raise. One. How comes it that, in spite of the universality of the principle tonality, there are nevertheless other seven-toned and five-toned scales? Two. How comes it, that, if this simple modulation produces a diatonic scale, complicated modulations do not lead to still other scales, which by following out the same principle would lead to much more complicated scales and finally to third and quarter tones? The series of intervals in the scale might be developed "infinitem" and would have been much further developed now than the mere diatonic scale.

As to the first: The different seven-toned and five-toned scales seem to me to be of instrumental origin. They have grown out of the technique of instruments. Their construction, too often purely ornamental, has quite accidentally produced the most various forms of scales. Hipkins, in his investigations on the scale (in *Philosophical Transactions*), has already shown that there are two kinds of scales, harmonic and melodic. The latter seems to me to be of purely instrumental nature, and this fact suggests that we must assume different origin for different scales. In fact there is one form of five-toned scale which corresponds to the natural tones of the trumpet, and even the diatonic series may explain by progression of fifths from the key note, which of course does not prove that they actually originated in that way. Primitive instrumental music in general deviates frequently from the series of harmonic overtones. Thus, for example, one who bores in a flute three holes corresponding to the tones C, D, E, (as is often the case in Egyptian flutes, v. Loret), must play on these three tones, regardless of the harmonic series of overtones. That of course does not limit the universality of Fillmore's principle of tonality, but in my opinion it argues against the possibility of deducing the scale itself from this principle.

As to the second: It is to instrumental technique, too, that the other facts are due: viz. that the diatonic scale has

not developed itself into third and quarter tones, that by enharmonic changes we arrive at a tempered tuning, and so call a halt on a further subdivision of intervals. On wind instruments we could not produce series or smaller intervals, nor can we play them readily on stringed instruments. After all, the chromatic modulation of the modern romantic school has been made possible only by radical changes in the construction of wind instruments. Whether then, the diatonic scales owes its origin to the instrument, as I believe, or whether it is of harmonic origin, as Fillmore holds, is hard to prove directly. But even should the latter be established, I must still ascribe to the instrument the office of setting a fixed limit to the diatonic series and of giving birth to the tempered tuning. The instrument condensed, so to speak, the infinite possibilities of intervals into a fixed form.

One further remark of Fillmore's on the scale I grant without reservation. It has been customary hitherto to judge systems of music from the scale. Fillmore is right in pointing out that the scale is really of subordinate importance for the system. The harmonic basis remains always and everywhere the same, no matter what scale is used. The scale alters the melody but does not interfere with tonality of the structure of chords; it is no obstacle in the way of the unity of music as an art.

One who examines the labors of the new American school cannot escape the impression that this ethnological method in the scientific treatment of our musical system accomplishes greater results than the speculative and literary method hitherto prevalent in Europe. Our musical science is dressed too much either in the abstruse phrases of an absurd philosophical system, or in the lighter garb of everyday criticism, which preponderates to such an extent that even the weighty labors of the school of Helmholtz failed to meet with deserved attention in wider musical circles. But the reaction must follow and prove the truth of a remark of James Sully years ago on the possibility of a scientific æsthetics; to the effect that a science of art must sub-divide into ethnology and psychology. In this way it will find the sure foundation which has always been wanting to the abstract method.

Translated by A. D. BISSELL.

RETROSPECT IN VIOLIN PLAYING.

IT is not my intention to write anything in the way of extended biographies of the artists, in an article of this kind. I merely desire to call attention to the great worth of the teachings as laid down by Correlli and Tartini and their disciples, and their subsequent influence on the violin playing of all nations.

Names we seldom hear, those of Farina, Quagliati, Torrelli, Fontana, Simonelli, Cazzati, Legrenzi and Allegri, (the first man to write a string quartette,) show that the Italians were very active in the development of violin music before Correlli's time. Arcangelo Corelli (1663-1713) is the first of a long line of famous virtuosos, and the real founder of the classical Italian school of violin playing. His music appears at this date certainly antiquated, but it has that aristocratic charm which denotes in the master a highly cultivated mind. Some of his Sonatas, Concertos and his Variations (*Folies d'espagne*) show a good knowledge of the instrument, and are still very interesting works. The accompaniments to these are arranged by modern writers (David, Alard, etc.), from the figured bass of the old copies. The fact that Sebastian Bach used some of Correlli's music as a model for himself shows plainly the musical worth of his compositions. Corelli received his instructions, according to the most reliable accounts from Simonelli, the pupil of Allegri. Laurenti and Bassani are also mentioned as his instructors. He was from 1683 under the patronage of Cardinal Ottoboni in Rome, in whose palace he conducted the music up to the time of his death. His playing was characterized by great refinement of taste, superior to any contemporary artist. His method of bowing excellent, and power of finger good in the passages that he undertook; although execution at that date seems childish to us now. Among his numerous pupils the most eminent

were Geminiani, Locatelli, Somis, Baptiste, and Castrucci.

Tomaso Vitali was one of the principal artists at this time. He was born in 1656 in Bologna. The manuscript of his celebrated chaconne was discovered in the royal library at Dresden by Ferd. David, who, after the figured bass, supplied it with a piano accompaniment. This composition impresses us yet with its dignity and breadth.

Corelli's pupil Francesco Geminiani was born probably about 1680 in Lucca, studying first with Luccati, then with Correlli. His tone is recorded as mellow and full of pathos. In 1714 he went to England where he was very popular. He also resided many years in Ireland, dying in Dublin in 1762.

Geminiani left many works for violin and other string instruments. The well known sonata in the "*Hohe Schule des Violin Spiels*" of David shows particularly well his style. The deep feeling of the Largo and quaint, lively movements following, together with the breadth of style, show in my opinion a decided advance over Corelli's writings. He was also the author probably, of the first violin school ever written.

Among the many names of those who contributed to classical music at this time, I shall only mention those of Porpora, Pergolesi, Albinoni, Mancini, Montenari and Ruggeri, none of whom are reputed to be equal to the before mentioned artists. Another pupil of Corelli was Pietro Locatelli, born at Bergamo in 1693. From Rome he went to Amsterdam where he seems to have passed his life, dying there in 1764. He was very original in his playing and composition, introducing many novel effects. His *Labyrinth of Harmony*, a caprice, was at that time well nigh unplayable by his brother artists, owing to the peculiar fingering in the positions. He wrote many works for string instruments.

Concerning Valentini of Florence, I will mention that Cesar Thomson, our present great artist, during his sojourn in Italy some years ago, was the fortunate discoverer of some of Valentini's Sonatas in manuscript of great value, which he has arranged. Castrucci wrote much and was held

in high esteem in England. Lorenzo Somis of Turin, the pupil of Corelli, held a high position among violinists of his time, and was the master of several great artists whom I will mention later. Francesco Maria Veracini, one of the world's greatest violinists studied principally with his uncle Antonio Veracini. His work is bold and original, and one recognizes the style which Tartini carried out to such perfection. His playing was described as excellent, superb, his bowing of a full tone.

The sonata in the "Hohe Schule" is a grand example of his work. In his other sonatas he is at times descriptive, but never vulgar in his descriptions,—always the artist. Veracini died at Pisa in 1750. One should speak of Guiseppe Tartini with the greatest reverence as the founder of violin playing as we know it now. That he followed the path laid out by Veracini no one denies, but that he enlarged upon it and developed a more singing style of playing is also evident. The Italians call him not inaptly the "Master of the Nations" from the number of pupils coming to him from all countries. His character was most admirable. He was entirely devoted to his art and his family. His playing is described as masterly; his bowing unrivaled. In fact Tartini has done more to bring bowing to a science than probably any artist who ever lived. His own training was most careful, and his example illustrious to all young musicians. His command of the finger board was far in advance of his predecessors, and all our great artists delight in playing his best compositions, which are full of noble effects. His best sonata is the so called Devil's Sonata, but some of the others are only a little inferior to it, of course being much milder in style. The one in G minor is excellent, and the Sonata in the "Hohe Schule" in D is one of the grandest writings extant, being, in my mind, of equal power to any of Handel's works for violin, and resembling them in breadth. A letter written to one of his pupils, giving advice on the art of bowing and fingering, was translated by Dr. Burney, and has done much good to young artists. Ole Bull attributed much of his command over the bow to reading and following out the advice contained in this letter.

Tartini was the first to discover that by vibration a third tone was produced by sounding chords of two tones. One of his valuable works is "*L'Arte dell'Arco*," fifty variations on a theme of Corelli's. He founded his school in Padua in 1728. Some of his principal pupils were Nardini, La Houssaye, Madame de Sirmin, Ferrari, etc. He died in 1770. Pietro Nardini born at Fibiiana, Tuscany in 1722, first studied with his parents, later becoming Tartini's pupil. He appeared in public at twenty-four years of age. His playing is spoken of as most soulful, moving his audience even to tears, by his beautiful tone and sympathy. It is said that he never attacked the tone like his master Tartini, but always played in a lighter manner. His Sonata (Alard and David) in D is a beautiful work, the *Larghetto* being yet considered one of the most charming ever written for violin. He died in 1793 in Pisa.

Gaetano Pugnani was a pupil of Somis, but was also under the influence of Tartini's playing. He was a finished artist and great teacher. He was born in Turin in 1727, was for a long time Concertmeister of the Italian Opera in London, afterwards became Concertmeister in Turin. He wrote much for string instruments. He formed the education of many eminent pupils, foremost among them being Viotte. Pugnani died in 1805.

Leclair also a pupil of Somis, exerted a great influence in France. He was an excellent master, and really founder of the French school. His Sonatas in the Hohe Schule of David's are fine examples of old writing. The first *Le Tombeau*, opens with a highly dramatic movement of really great musical worth. The other movements are well written. The second sonata in G is a broad noble work and the *Largo* full of dignity. The *Chaconna* is an elaborate, sensuous movement, but of course seems much inferior to the great *Chaconne* of Bach. Leclair was born in Lyons in 1697, and died in 1764.

Pierre La Houssaye the pupil of Tartini, also exercised a great influence in France. He was born in 1735, and was connected with the conservatory at Paris. He was very celebrated. Giovanni Battista Viotti is the man to whom

the French and German schools of today owe the most. He was born in Fontana (Piedmont). He became a pupil of Pugnani with whom he finished his studies. His broad style and clearness of technic were famous the world over. He appeared in Paris in 1782 making an extraordinary impression. In 1784, he settled in Paris, living quietly and spending his time teaching. In 1788 he directed the Italian Opera company, continuing until 1792 when the Reign of Terror began. Viotti quitted France for England, pecuniarily ruined. He made a great success in London, playing and conducting Italian Opera there, until he was suddenly ordered to leave Great Britain. The Anti-Gallic spirit was at that time raging in political circles in England. He went to a retired place near Hamburgh where he composed many good works, among them his duetts for two violins. In 1801, Viotti returned to London, it having been proved that he ought never to have been subjected to the treatment he received from the British government. He then embarked in the wine trade in which he subsequently failed. His last work was as one of the conductors of the Philharmonic Society. He died in 1824. His concertos are still played, the twenty second having the beautiful Adagio. Viotti's influence in France cannot be estimated too highly. His most celebrated pupil was Pierre Rode, a native of Bordeaux, born in 1774. He was attached to the conservatory, but was almost constantly traveling. His solo playing must have been the most finished. We read of his great influence on German violin playing through Spohr, who made Rode his model for phrasing and elegance of style. In Spohr's Autobiography we read his cordial testimony to the immense good done him by the Italian school of Rode. That the Germans have revered Spohr's style and labored to imitate it, is the surest sign of the healthful condition of violin music in Germany. Rode left many concertos and other works. His seventh concerto is the best known. Rode with Bailliot and Kreutzer wrote the well known Violin school. Rode died in 1830.

Pierre Bailliot born at Paris in 1771, was instructed principally by Pollidori, a pupil of Tartini's. His bowing

and general finish has been spoken of in the highest terms; he was a great player of chamber music, and probably one of the best teachers who ever lived. His method of bowing was a strict adherence to the old Italian School. His quartette did much to elevate a taste for chamber music in Paris, especially for the works of the great German Composers. He wrote many works instructive and otherwise. He died in 1842.

Rudolf Kreutzer whose position in Paris Conservatory did much to advance the reputation of the Italian School, was born in 1766 in Versailles. He was a pupil of Stamitz; he began playing and composing very young. He is known to us now principally by his forty *Etudes* and the "*Kreutzer Sonata*," which was dedicated to him by Beethoven. His concertos are not used much at the present time, but were formally considered excellent from an educational standpoint. Kreutzer was a great teacher. He died in 1831. Kreutzer and Rode were the principal teachers of Lafont, who was born at Paris in 1787. For beauty and breadth of tone Lafont was unexcelled, and he did much to increase the reputation of the school founded by his teachers. He also wrote much for violin. He was accidentally killed in 1834.

Nicolo Paganini (1784 1840) was the greatest virtuoso that ever lived. He was born in Genoa, and was taught by his father and Costa. Afterward going a short time to Rolla in Parma. He followed out the traditions of the Italian School in bowing, and added to it by the boldest means in every direction—left hand pizzicato, harmonics single and double. The most elaborate fingering double stopping, octave playing, tenths, etc. Above all he possessed a most passionate, musical temperament, playing with deep feeling and much variety of expression. The great influence of Paganini the world over, cannot be estimated too highly. His concertos and variations are full of novel effects. The *Caprices* are of great musical worth, also excellent for forming the perfection of the left hand.

Haboneck was one of the best teachers France has ever had, following out the direction of his teacher Bailliot; he

produced excellent results. He was for many years at the head of the Conservatory, and did the most to bring out Beethoven's Symphonies in Paris. He composed much. He died in 1849. Charles De Beriot was born in 1802. His first teacher was a pupil of Viotti. Then he entered the Paris Conservatory, he was also Bailliot's private pupil. His life was a series of triumphs. His best pupil was Vieuxtemps. De Beriot died in 1870. Bernhard Molique (1803-1869), the German artist, received his instruction from Rovelli, the pupil of Kreutzer of Paris. His influence in the German cities was very great.

Delphin Alard, born 1815 at Bayonne, ever stands as a true representative of the Parisian School. He was a pupil of Habeneck, and after Bailliot's death, he was given the Professorship in the Conservatory; he has written much for his instrument. His best pupil was Sarasate. Massart and Leonard in Liege and Brussels were both great masters. Leonard studied with Habeneck and Massart with Kreutzer. They have produced many celebrated artists. The conservatories of Belgium and Paris have produced Sauret, Sarasate, Marsick, Ysaye, Marteau and many others. Marsick is the present head of the Paris Conservatory violin department. Ysaye holds the same position in the Brussels Conservatory—and Thomson in the one at Liege. Schradieck was for several years head professor in the Leipsic Conservatory.

Chicago.

EARL DRAKE.

IN MEMORY OF EUGENE FIELD.

NOVEMBER 4, 1895, about 4.30 A. M., the well-known poet and litterateur, Eugene Field, died at his residence in Buena Park, Chicago, of heart failure. His son, who occupied the room with him, thinks that his father groaned once or twice, but when he had awakened sufficiently to ascertain what was the matter, his father was already dead. Thus peaceably passed away in the midst of his work, and at the zenith of his powers, a newspaper man and writer perhaps better known the country through than any other in this region.

Mr. Field's work was composite in character, and his reputation was disseminated among men with less regard to social and business distinctions than that of almost any other man. From a writer of occasional verse he gradually progressed to the state and mission of a poet; and from master of the art of funny paragraphs to work of more lasting kind. Personally he was one of the most simple and natural of men, a thorough good fellow, fond of children, and full of quaint wisdom. He was widely loved by many associates in the journalistic profession who had scarcely more than speaking acquaintance with him, if so much. I may take my own case as an instance. In 1883 I went upon the staff of the *Morning News*, and for two or three years met Field almost every day at the editorial meeting, for his status was that of an editorial writer. We had a speaking acquaintance, but as I did not happen to belong to any of the clubs or social circles which he frequented I never had a straight half hour alone with him in all our acquaintance—a fact perhaps more due to our hurry than to any uncongeniality between us; for whenever I had occasion to consult him, I always found him the same as he was to all, free-hearted and friendly.

As a writer of amusing verse he had few equals. Probably most readers will recall his "Little peach of emerald

buc" which Francis Wilson sang about ten times a week for more than three years as a duet with Marie Jansen.

He was equally good in other verse for music, as his quaint Dutch lullaby, "Sleep, little tulip, sleep," so well set by Ethelbert Nevin, illustrates.

I suppose Mr. Field's fame was a surprise to himself. When he published his "Little Volume of Western Verse," it was probably with misgivings; yet the royalties from that source amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars in the first six months.

In the course of his "Sharps and Flats" paragraphing about men and things, Field did many a kind turn to the guild of actors and singers, and some of them remembered it becomingly. I have in mind just now Francis Wilson's defraying the expense of a limited edition on India paper of Field's "Odes of Horace," I believe it was. He did this in the conviction that Mr. Field was more of a poet than general fame at that time had recognized.

It is generally considered in journalistic circles that Field's "Sharps and Flats" in the *Morning News* and *Record* have done more to make the name of that journal widely known and quoted than the work of any other writer upon it.

Mr. Field was very fortunate in his intimate friendships. Beginning with Mr. Melville E. Stone, there was the late James W. Scott, proprietor of the *Times-Herald*, Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, present proprietor of the same; Mr. Slason Thomson, managing editor of the *Evening Journal*, and many other representative men.

Mr. Joseph Medill, Dean of the editorial fraternity in the United States, and principal owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, came out in an interview after Mr. Field's death testifying to his own estimate of the sterling value of the dead writer; and he was one of the honorary pall-bearers at the funeral. Among the reputations which the paragraphs of Mr. Field assisted, may be mentioned those of his intimate friends, the late librarian Poole, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, and Dr. Frank Bristol. Many and many a laugh has the public had at Field's stories of the collecting rivalry of

these inveterate book-buyers. Dr. Gunsaulus presented his address at the funeral in verse, and Dr. Bristol paid a magnificent tribute to his departed friend. Below follows the poem of Dr. Gunsaulus, valuable not alone as tribute, but also for the reflections it gives of the many-hued relations of Field's work.

During the past summer Mr. Field had been rebuilding a house at Buena Park, and had occupied it only a few weeks before his death. Here, within view of the lake, he had a commodious and pleasant home, full of mementoes of the past and of hundreds of living friends as well. The addition he made consisted of a room about twenty feet square, two stories. The lower was the library; lighted from the east, south and west. The walls were ornamented with scores of rare autographs, neatly framed; and pieces of mediæval armor were employed for decorative purposes.

I have no doubt that the journalistic fraternity throughout the country contains some thousands of men who take the death of Mr. Field as a personal loss, although in his lifetime they may have rarely or never met him personally. Having seen much more of him than some of these, I am in condition to appreciate their feelings. The last time I saw Mr. Field was a few weeks ago when I called one Sunday morning to ask his advice regarding the proposed prizes for Christmas stories, and to secure his aid as reader and adjudicator. He was at work upon his "grist" for the next day, in the room over the kitchen—for he had already noted in his quaint articles upon "The House," (destined I suppose to make a book) that his working room had always been over the kitchen. He admitted me without hesitation and was as kind as could be, agreeing to undertake the reading along with other judges whom I proposed. Appreciating his working moment I quickly took my departure not knowing that it was the last time that I would hear his voice.

Taking him for all and in all the journalistic and literary world has to mourn the loss of one of its most sincere and valuable workers, whose great merit and claim to universal fame was his ability to discern the poetry, the wit and the wisdom of common life.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

EUGENE FIELD.

[Read at the Funeral Services of Eugene Field, Nov. 6, 1895].

'Midst the rustling of leaves in the rich autumn air,
At the hour when man's life is an unuttered prayer,
There came in the dusk, each with torch shining bright,
From far and from near, in their sorrow bedight,
The old earth's lone children, o'er land and o'er wave,
And gathered around their dear poet's loved grave.

With trumpet and drum, but in silence they came,
Their paths were illumined by the torches' mild flame,
Whose soft lambent streams by loves glory were lit;
And where fairy knights and bright elves used to flit,
Across the wan world when the lights quivered dim,
These watched at the grave and were mourning for him.

Sweet children were there, and of every degree,
Who had carolled his songs at a fond mother's knee,
And Wynken and Bynken and Nod—they were there
With the little white lady who sobbed in her prayer;
And on toward the starry blue ocean on high
Ascended the children's most pitiful cry.

"O children's own lover and minstrel," they said,
"At length thou hast found here thine old trundle-bed,
Where like unto ours at the closing of day
Your lips sing as sweet as they did in your play.
Dear Shepherd, who loveth so well all thy sheep,
Watch over our loved one who lies here asleep."

Lo, as they went wending o'er roadway and grass
I saw one familiar and sweet. Did he pass
Away from the troop as they journeyed along,
With drum-beat and dolls and with lullaby song?
Ah, nay; at their head marched with step ne'er so true
The poet's beloved one—his Little Boy Blue.

"O Little Boy Blue, how came you so far
From a land beyond ocean and cloud-bank and star?
Have you fared all this way for your babyhood toy?
Have you never forgotten our poet—and boy?"
He smiled as he moved with the children alone:
Then he waited and prayed o'er his loved and his own.

"'Tis not a great change," said the Little Boy Blue,
"From heaven to earth"—and he spake as he knew—
"There are children down here, who have learned by his song
That Christ is their shepherd both tender and strong;
In heaven there's nothing so sweet in our joys.
As this, that we sing what we learn here as boys."

O, faithless one striving to scatter thy fear,
 This bard was no doubter; through sunburst or tear
 He sang such a song that the babe at her breast
 Passed thence with his mother to God's deeper rest.
 Whoso lifts these songs in his worship of love
 May sing them again in the homeland above.

Then came older children, with gray locks and white,
 And near to that grave in the fading of light
 They thanked the dead singer that 'midst din and stress
 When childhood was fading, 'twas his gift to bless,
 And throughout all the clang and the dust cloud of time
 To utter again our lost childhood's loved rhyme.

And one came more near, who, once crowned with thorn,
 Enraged the damp night till it thrilled with life's morn;
 His own heart was burdened for you and for me,
 His own blood redeemeth the whole world and thee;
 He knew what true saving from sin's direst harms
 Has gathered the children within His strong arms.

O genius of heaven and earth, even here,
 In a world too much hurried for prayer or for tear,
 Thy voice once again o'er our tense-chorded strings
 Outbreathes as our poet immortally sings:
 "The kingdom of heaven is given alone
 To them who, like children, look up to God's throne."

Dear minstrel of faith, who through all thy years
 Found tears in our laughter, the smiles in our tears,
 Didst dream how the Christ, weeping sad o'er our days,
 Has spoken again in thine own gentle lays?
 Philosophers falter where, with thy whole trust,
 We bury our poet's melodious dust.

Full soon o'er God's acre the robins will sing
 In the birth of the dawn-light a-throb with the spring;
 Their notes will be sweeter than ever next June
 When they catch near thy grave new secrets of tune,
 And the meadow-lark's wings, when the wild flowers unfold,
 Will flutter above thee, with music untold.

Untold save to him, who, to harmony born,
 By birthright of poet, through midnight and morn,
 Hast found this old world of ours music still,
 And scorn not its emptiest pipe to fulfil.
 Till yonder, where bees, honey-burdened, will hum,
 The pilgrims through ages to Hybla will come.

What saidst thou to Horace when Charon's lone boat
 Came near unto landing and, with his old note,
 He spoke of the echoes that swept from thy farm
 And asked if thy heart was still pulsing and warm?
 Methinks thou hadst laughter with poet and friend—
 Fine laughter whose melody never may end.

Yet, far in the past, o'er the world Horace knew,
There lifted a tree, that the earth's forest grew,
And stretched on the cross, reigned the Christmas Day's King
Who teacheth new ages and voices to sing.
The lyre in thine heart was strung by His hands
Who leadeth all children to heavenly lands.

Our Christmas is coming; however shall we
Have hearts leaping up with the old Christmas glee
When we wait at the dawn for thy story and song?
O, that morn will be strange and the day will be long
And Santa Claus, maybe, will just stay away,
And forget all about us the next Christmas day.

Marshmallows like his won't grow on the trees,
Nor dinkey birds sing over wonderful seas.
When thou liest so still, and each waits for his gown
To set out on the train for the dear Shut-Eye town;
But thy Christ child will come, and some time after night,
We'll meet thee at morning with Christmas delight.

F. W. GONSAULUS.

ST. CAECILIA OF MEDORA.

DURING recent repairs to the ancient cathedral of Medora made necessary by the shock of earthquake which visited that section several years ago, there came to light a strong box of very substantial and rare workmanship which, on being opened with much difficulty, revealed a number of rolls and documents, a collection of various chronicles in the history of the ancient dukedom of Medora. Accounts of war, diplomatic intrigue, scandal, assassination and cruel revenge abound in this pile of musty old parchments, many of which are now in process of translation at the hands of distinguished authorities preparatory to publication. A number of the documents found in the chest, however, have been discarded by the learned professors as treating of subjects too trivial to be of use in the manufacture of history and therefore as having no especial interest for the student.

Among these there is a brief manuscript evidently of some forgotten old court scribe with a fondness for the study of music. Although of no particular importance to erudite historians this roll furnishes a quantity of musical gossip of those times that may be of interest to lovers of an art to which great attention has been given by the dukes of Medora for centuries. In preparing the following translation care has been taken to retain as nearly as possible the language of the chronicles, with the omission only of such expressions as might be shocking to the refined sensibilities of modern readers, for the tone of society in those days was one of great freedom.

I.

The story of the sainted Caecilia, Countess of Mariola, and her love for Gabriel of Kolenso, one time Chief Master of Music to His Serene Highness the Grand Duke Roderick of Medora.

In the reign of His Highness the Grand Duke Roderick, there arrived at Medora about the time of the great Christ-

mas. festivities, the musician Gabriel, the same who in after years became so celebrated at the Emperor's court. To no one did he disclose ought as to his country or his family, perhaps not being himself aware of his origin. To the duke's question one day as to his birthplace he replied that he knew not, whether truthfully or not no one can say. But having last come from the city of Kolenso (where he had suddenly quitted the King's service because of the contempt with which musicians were treated at that court) he came to be called Gabriel of Kolenso or by some simply Master Kolenso.

He was at once employed by the duke (who as all know was much given to gorgeous musical displays) to assist in the great festivities then approaching, and so striking was the evidence of his skill that His Highness was charmed with the talent of the man and took him for good into his household. Of tall and commanding figure was this Master Gabriel, handsome of form and face; proud, calm and reserved, except when he stood before the large choir of the duke's chapel or directed the singers and the musicians at some great court function. Then it was that his manner changed to a lofty fervor and the beauty of his glance together with his noble bearing made him appear to us as a ruling spirit from some higher sphere. Majestic chants too he wrote, and fugues for many voices, which were not only strictly after the form of the great contrapuntists of Flanders but which captivated as well the unlearned in music by the seduction of their graceful melodies. Being much engrossed in his studies and his tasks, he appeared seldom at the ordinary gatherings of the court, and when he did, so great was the pride of his demeanor, that those who were unable through lack of knowledge to judge of his great worth and accomplishments were wont to resent his claims to distinction, their vanity being hurt by his coldness and reserve. So for example the old chancellor Fiercolante (who had served the ducal house for many years in war and council but who knew no more of the arts than a scullion) having once vented his ill-humor in speech against what he termed "the court fiddlers" was ever after met by Gabriel with haughty and unconcealed contempt. This might have worked

Gabriel great injury (for Fiercolante was a powerful and a vindictive man) had it not pleased heaven soon after to end the days of the old chancellor in a fit of apoplexy.

The work which fell to him at the funeral ceremonies (for which he was made chief master of music by the duke) and his performance of it, will show somewhat the manner and great skill of this Kolenso.

Fiercolante the chancellor having died and his body embalmed, preparations were made for consigning him to the tomb with great pomp and Gabriel Kolenso had in the short space of a fortnight written and prepared the performance of a magnificent funeral hymn of strange but beautiful music, in which not only the singers, boys and men, as well as the players on the various instruments took part to the number of six hundred in all, but also a large number of women in chorus with the rest, something not heard of before that day. So overpowering was the effect of all these persons singing and playing together at the same time and so noble and elevating the spirit of the beautiful work of Kolenso, that it seemed the angels themselves must needs be moved to descend to earth and bear aloft to the blessed realm of Paradise the soul even of one so hardened as the old chancellor Fiercolante, than whom perhaps no man in all the history of Medora had so much sin laid up against him.

Indeed many men of rare talent were then collecting at our court, but with none did Gabriel of Kolenso form close friendship save only with Adelbert of Augsburg, for long years violinist at the court and an able and earnest man; by him many of the things here set down were at first recorded. But of the history of his early days Master Gabriel spoke not even to Adelbert, nor of what nature that sadness which was ever upon him and was even greater than his pride. The good Bishop Alphonse might perhaps have comforted him, but Gabriel went not to confession, for which he was called by many an infidel; but surely this could not be, seeing the many sublime works he has written for the Holy Church.

It was observed by us during the Christmas tide that Kolenso received naught in the way of gifts from abroad.

All during the days of the Advent chests and bales and parcels had reached the castle from far and near; but for him of Kolenso there was not as much as a trinket or a scrap of parchment. It was then that we concluded this proud Master Gabriel Kolenso, whom all respected if all did not love him, was of obscure origin and a wanderer among men. Lonely indeed he was amid scenes of rejoicing.

II.

Our good duke Roderick though a man of great mental power and understanding, had been in his youth a wild and reckless soldier, not caring much for the gentle arts until later years, his duty required his frequent presence in the field. One son, Theodore, was borne to him and then our duchess died, duke Roderick the while lying wounded in a far land.

(The detailed accounts of these wars may be found recorded by the learned librarian Fra Cristofore; they do not concern us here.)

Dark days were these for our beloved land of Medora.

But after the great truce of Martella, which kept us at peace with the world for many years, our duke returned home; but not alone. He brought with him a beautiful woman, whom he made Countess of Mariolo but *not* Duchess of Medora; for reasons of state acting herein on the advice of the chancellor Fiercolante. Their joy was short. Caccia was born to them but the young mother died within that year.

The grief of the duke seemed beyond the balm of consolation and all through his long life thereafter no woman again found favor in his sight. The young duke, Theodor, growing up was sent to the Emperor's court to require that knowledge of government and knightly behavior so useful to him in later years. Duke Roderick therefore, our country being now at peace, had sufficient leisure to bestow his every care on the beloved Caccia.

Now she, being as a child much pampered and caressed became (if the truth be told) a source of great trouble and torment to her instructors, so that in time her wilfulness exceeded all bounds; yet so great was the natural aptitude of

her mind that she learned with ease all things that were taught her. But her caprices were many and sore distracting to those intrusted with her care, as the example here related will serve to show.

In the midst of a grave discourse by the holy friar Alphonse (afterwards Bishop of Medora) on the nature and sublimity of religious exercises, the girl would suddenly fly from the room with a merry laugh, and being followed by her gentlewoman mayhap would (to elude her pursuers) climb the battlements and walk on the giddy heights of the southern wing of the castle, to the horror of the entire court, which having precipitately assembled from all quarters would stand in momentary fear of seeing her dashed to certain death below.

In the great convent of St. Wiborada of Arcolo, after rendering the life of the holy sisters wretched for the space of two months, she stole away during the night with the assistance of the gardener, riding a horse those many miles to the fathers' castle; where arriving fresh as the dew of the morning she demanded of the duke henceforth to be placed under the tuition of men. Such the like mad pranks she frequently played to the great dismay of her attendants.

Her body, however, grew strong and her mind stronger, and the older she grew in years the more bent she was on having all things. The best masters were brought to Medora from far and near and no subject was so abstruse, no knowledge so profound but she must gain an insight into its mysteries. In the study of music she had made great progress from her early childhood, thanks to the excellent instruction of the distinguished Adlebert who, however, had great difficulty with her, for she would learn all the various instruments in turn, being never content.

When Caecilia had grown to womanhood the duke, though loath of parting with her, consented to send her to the Emperor's court; indeed he would have let her go to the far Indies if she had willed it, so complete and dominating had her sway become. Now the duke by reason of his great fondness for his beloved daughter had settled on her large estates and incomes in her own right. This becoming heralded

abroad as such things will, she was soon beset by suitors at the Emperor's court; indeed there was a score of fortune hunters lying in wait for her even before she had been formerly received by their sublime Majesties.

This caused her to look on every suitor with dread and suspicion lest he cherish designs upon her possessions, and she vowed that when it so pleased her she would choose a husband for herself.

Her figure was at that time beautiful and stately beyond a fault, but her features bore some of the austerity of her father's. Yet could she vie with all the beauties of the court, being possessed in a high degree of all those qualities which attract superior and intellectual men. Now if any of the young nobles of that brilliant imperial court was looked on by Caecilia with more favor than the rest, it was Count Gregory (the magnificent nephew of the terrible Cyar) who at that time was attached to the Embassy and who, besides being a man of many graces of mind and body, was the heir to enormous and princely domains. He was, however, beset like so many other rich noblemen of his day, with the demon of infinite indolence, for the which Caecilia one day soundly berated him in open court, scornfully bidding him go forth in the world and render accounts of his talents.

Of the life at the imperial court many tales of evil have been recorded, sadly reflecting on the good repute of great dames and maids of honor; intrigues and open scandals, tales even of liasons of noble ladies with the Emperor himself, and others even of her gracious majesty the Empress, of which it behoves us not to speak further. Much truth may there have been in such reports but on the name of Caecilia of Mariola there blew not even the breath of suspicion. Her mind was too strong and her heart too pure for wickedness and no one believed of her ought that was evil.

And yet after three years she returned to us at Medora and was joyfully welcomed with great ado, she was no longer the Caecilia of old. The frivolities of that licentious court appeared to have swept the bloom from her eager and joyful mind, and she came back to us with a feverish thirst for fetes and great spectacular displays. The duke in his joy at

her return was even more indulgent than before; and so it came that the treasury was drained to humor her whim, and feather-brained Frankish fops together with hosts of layaders overran our peaceful land, people who smiled and danced without ceasing, such intellect as they had seeming to have all been shaken down into their heels.

III.

About this time it was that Gabriel of Kolenso had come to Medora. Much did he grieve with Adlebert and Bishop Alphonse and some other few of us who were sore distressed to see the duke's substance thus wasted on upstart monte-banks and gew-gaw trifles, to the neglect of our noble studies.

Among those who had followed our perverted Countess of Mariola from the Emperor's court was the Count Gregory. Him, being possessed of a fine presence and much talent, Kolenso won over to our side by teaching him the better to use his sonorous bass voice; and other things as well he taught him, for this Kolenso was a man of great and varied knowledge the like of which Medora shall not see again within her walls. So came it that Gregory grew to love this excellent man, confided to him his great passion for Caecilia, and Gabriel bade him cultivate his mind and voice, be of good cheer and bide his time.

Now when Caecilia first saw Master Gabriel she was then three and twenty and he perhaps some five and thirty years of age; and she at once conceived a strong sympathy for the proud sad man. Yet thinking she had learnt all things sufficiently at the great Emperor's court she made but little of him in the beginning. Through Adlebert, however, her attention was soon called to the superiority of this man's work, and one day (being in that part of the palace) she went into the great room of the old tower that overlooks the sea, which had been set apart for Kolenso and in which he labored all the day and much into the night. The room opened into a small bed chamber and this chamber again by means of a draped doorway into the room of Adlebert; for these two had become firm friends and labored much together.

She found Gabriel seated at an instrument unknown to

her, (on instrument like to a long low chest placed upon a table,) from which he drew the most ravishing harmonies with the pressure of his fingers on a row of strips of wood, using six and even eight fingers at a time and thus causing many tones to resound at once.

"What new instrument is this that gives forth such sweet harmony, Master Kolonso?" She asked.

"It is one, gracious Countess," he replied "which I have made from a dulcimer, how does it please your Highness?"

So pleased was Caccilia at this new invention of our Master Gabriel that he needs must play again and yet again, and before she went her way that day he had played many hours and had sung for her songs unknown to her in spite of all her knowledge, and of a beauty surpassing anything that she had ever heard before even at the court of the Emperor.

Then was she much amazed and her heart was strangely moved towards this lonely man, and from that day she often went to him, he teaching her the beautiful songs that she had heard him sing and others much more beautiful. Moreover, many gracious airs he wrote for her and taught her many things of which she knew not. Thus came they much together and in time she got to love him more and more.

Of in these visits she had wondered at his sadness which did not leave him even when he smiled, and once she asked him why musicians were most-times so sad. Kolonso mused a while, then speaking as if to himself said: "To some men life is but a jest, to all it is a mystery, but for all earnest men it should be fraught with lofty purpose." Then led he this conversation so that it touched the great man in his art, not wishing as it seemed to speak of his own life.

"Bethinks you, gracious Countess" said he "that all the greatest works of greatest men, though born in the fierce joy of creative power, are written with their heart's blood, through sorrow and through suffering, and he who would then highly understand must first himself have known somewhat of sorrow and of suffering."

And still evading what she wished to know he said: "But what, my noble Countess, boots it all, the varied music that

we make in this yon castle, if it be not placed before the people so that they may feel and know.'"

Then was she much abashed, nor did she further probe the secret of his heart. But that night in the silence of her chamber she recalled his words and many other such like things that he had said to her from time to time, and ere she fell asleep a new joy filled her heart so that it seemed that hitherto she had but dwelt upon the threshold of his life. She woke before the dawn and Gabriels name was on her lips.

IV.

The joyous season of Advent had come again and with it the preparations for the yearly festival, and Gabriel had been at our court two years.

Now as the time drew near for the rejoicings a great purpose slowly formed itself in the mind of our Countess Caecilia. The strength of her passion increased from day to day with thinking ever on Master Gabriel and his sad handsome face; walking and sleeping there was no escaping his image and the melody of his voice was in her heart always.

Then did she resolve to scorn the ancient custom of court, to go to him upon the day of the greatest joy in all the year and tell him of her love. The Emperor would make him Count if she but asked it of him, and all her vast estates and all her wealth, all, all she had, her gold, herself, her endless love should all belong to Gabriel. The cloud of sadness would be vanished from his face and rooted from his heart; and all this should come to him in the happy Christmas tide, to him who had gone giftless all the Christmas eve when others had been blessed with happy tokens from afar.

(This herself did she confess to Adlebert and much that has been here set down in later years before she came to die, bidding him record it among the archives of the great cathedral.)

Unprecedented was the splendor of the great festival of the year, as the historian, Fra Cristoforo relates. The many details concern us not in this narrative. Sufficient for us to know that on that Christmas eve while the wassail and the

merriment went round within the castle halls, Caecilia sought out Gabriel in his study, whither he had gone to refresh himself after his duties. She found him playing on the strange instrument he had made from the dulcimer. He started as he felt her hand upon his shoulder and from her looks divined the import of her words before she spoke.

“Master Kolenso—Gabriel” she said softly. “Wilt thou not speak; know’st thou not I love thee? Thou who art great and good—the greatest and the best among all men that I have seen. Wilt thou not make me happy and—thyself?”

He turned toward her with a look of pain, such as she had not seen upon his face before.

“This it is” he said slowly “that I have feared, now must I leave this castle and Medora, my work and—thee, and wander forth again to other lands.”

“Oh Gabriel” she cried “be not so proud. My birth is as obscure as thine. I know it though they would have kept it from me. The Emperor shall make thee Count and thou shalt take my lands and fortune. Who is there worthier than thyself to take them? Oh, I would give it all, the wealth, the titles and the lands,—all—all, and trudge a beggar with thee through the realm, so that we were but one. All that is best in me is but thy doing. I know thou lov’st me. Oh, Gabriel, wilt thou not hear me in thy pride and I so humble?”

Then sank her face into her palms and long she wept for very love and misery.

He took her head between his hands and kissed her upturned brow, speaking to her gently in this wise.

“Sweet pupil—oh, superb Caecilia! It is not pride that prompts me. If there be one in all the world that I would be supremely glad to call mine own, that one art thou. But this—this cannot be. Once did I love,—I must not tell thee and thou must not ask. But this—it cannot be.”

Then standing up before her he spoke on: “Count Gregory loves thee and he is far more worthy, aye and fit to be thy husband than myself. With him beside thee the great noble work which Adelbert and I have planned for thee, and

other things of moment to the people of Medora may come to be in time. For me through ten long years there has been nothing but my art, and nothing more remains for me but that."

She, hearing him speak thus, sat silent for a space. Then rose she up before him, laid on his shoulders each a hand and gazing on him proudly, said:

"Kolenso, dost thou love me?"

"Aye," he said, "and with a great and holy love."

Then did he kiss her on the brow once more, and then she left him; the clangor of the Christmas bells resounded from the chapel as she went.

That night when Adelbert the German reached his bed he saw a torch still flaming in the chamber of Kolenso, although the joyous Christmas morn had dawned; and slightly parting back the curtains, saw Kolenso kneeling before a picture, while strewn about were withered flowers and scraps of parchment. It was a woman's counterfeit,—a woman of great and gentle beauty; fine and full and radiant, of the type that blooms in Northern climes.

This did Adelbert of Augsburg see by the flickering torch-light, and heard the voice of Master Gabriel low murmuring with crucifix held clasped between his hands: "*De profundis, clamavi ad te—, clamavi ad te—,*" and hearing, turned away, wishing to hear no more.

Before the New Year came, Kolenso had departed; but whither no one knew excepting Adelbert.

V.

From that day forth our city of Medora grew apace in all most worthy undertakings, for Caecilia willed it so, and what she willed must be.

In course of time she married Gregory and he helped her build those structures in our land wherein the children of the lowly now are taught so that they may not as before grow up like cattle in the land. Houses for maimed and sick they built and many such and greater things, the like of which had not until that time been thought of in the whole of our great empire. And so in time Medora came to be the envy of all cities far and wide.

The gorgeous temple on the plaza where music and the arts are taught and which shall stand while ages wane, is all her work and Gregory's, likewise the much praised statue of Gabriel Kolenso that stands proudly on its pedestal before the great gateway.

Kolenso came not back himself to see the work that he had planned, but at the Emperor's court in later years he rated among the greatest.

And Adelbert was made chief master of the music, which post he held with honor through many useful years.

For a long time after his abrupt departure from Medora there come no tidings of Kolenso to our court, yet when our noble temple to the music was in time complete for rites of dedication, Gabriel through his friend, the German Adelbert, sent to Count Gregory's wife to be performed at the ceremonies, a composition of great power and beauty (still kept amid our sacred archives) bearing these words by way of title:

"To St. Caecilia of Medora."

Thus did it happen that when Medora's fame grew great and spread abroad in all the world, bards and musicians even in far distant lands spake of our Countess Mariola as "*Saint Caecilia of Medora.*"

And all these things that have been here set down are true as happening in the reign of the good duke Roderick of Medora, and in the reign of his successor, Theodor, who was his son.

CHAS. A. FISHER.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

MR. Otto Floersheim, in the *Musical Courier*, mentions a discussion at Dresden, before the International and Artistic Association, upon a proposition to protect musical works from performance except upon acquiring a right to do so direct from the owner of the copyright. This principle, as is well known, already prevails in the case of dramatic works, and our own laws protect it under the clause "All rights reserved," added to the copyright notice. It is now sought to extend this principle to orchestral works, and probably to songs and compositions for solo instruments, in short to all varieties of music which anybody might desire to perform. In favor of this provision Mr. Hugo Bock, head of the firm of Bote & Bock, made a rather strong speech, and he was seconded by others. Mr. Hermann Wolf, the celebrated Berlin manager, also advocated extending this principle at least to the concert stage, preventing the public performance of works from borrowed or manuscript copies, except those of the author's own providing.

The discussion is a curious one, and in queer unlikeness to the English custom of paying singers a royalty to introduce new songs upon the public platform. To pay the audience to hear them seems as yet not to have been suggested. Perhaps this is another case of "the public bed—d." And in America a provision of this kind could have no other than an abstract and Platonic interest, since our vocal societies never give new works (see the programme of the Apollo Club this year, on another page) nor do we have new operas offered us. Even upon the orchestral platform we very rarely hear absolutely new works, and then only by direct connivance between the author and the conductor.

But as to the general desirability of forbidding the concert performance of sonatas and important works except upon payment of an author's royalty, this would result in a

still more conservative and back number policy than the one now existing.

However, the project had at least a temporary quietus at the hands of Dr. Oscar von Hase, head of the great and world-celebrated house of Breitkopf and Hartel. He made a strong presentation of the subject, showing that at this point the interests of the publisher, and the author as well, turn upon the widest possible public success of his music, for which purpose frequent performance is necessary, and in fact the one indispensable condition. Such presentations, he says, are the real foundation of the commercial success of the publication, and so to the joint interest of author and publisher alike. Elsewhere I give in full Mr. Otto Floersheim's translation of this speech.

* * *

The concert of Mme. Fannie-Bloomfield Zeisler took place in Steinway hall according to announcement. The new pieces by Moszkowsky and Schuet were very pleasing, particularly the first one of the former's, which was well re-demanded. It was "Danse Fantastique, opus 54." The artist enjoyed a great number of recalls and in every way made a profound impression upon the large and intelligent audience present. Her best work was in two little pieces by Beethoven, the Menuet in E flat major, and the Bagatelle, opus 119, No. 2. These she gave with lovely tonal quality and very delicate perception of the singing possibilities of the instrument. Had her virtuoso-like performance of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques been carried out in this vein it would have been one of the greatest upon record. But it was not, in many cases the powerful and unsympathetic tonal qualities of virtuoso touch obscuring the more delicate intentions of the work. I differ decidedly in conception of the first variation, which although marked pianissimo Mme. Zeisler took forte. To me it is a sort of "stocking feet" effect, the imitative motives chasing each other over the keys in noiseless slippers, only in a very few moments rising even to a *mezzo* degree of force. On the other hand, Mme. Zeisler made a splendid performance of the great second variation, where her triplet motion and the rhythm,

no less than the discriminating tonal values, were wisely and artistically maintained. The *presto* variation, again, I have heard done much faster, and like it better. The finale is not a very good piece anyway, and no matter how it is played it makes comparatively a common-place impression. The truth is that Schumann had a sort of specialty in composition, being peculiarly apt in short pieces of strongly marked individuality. The natural limit of the variation form restricted him better than a managing editor's blue pencil, and he is throughout concise and happy until the unfortunate moment when he cuts loose to create a great finale. At this point he had matter for two variations more; but he runs it to some eight pages, without much working out or variety. Mme. Zeisler was not to blame for this, and she played the finale admirably. Her concluding number, the Liszt-Schubert "Erl King" was given with great bravoura, and she was recalled over and over. I give elsewhere what that well known writer and pianist, Miss Amy Fay, says of her New York recital.

* * *

I am a great admirer of Mme. Zeisler's ability. She is one of the very first piano virtuosi living. I think, however, that it is absurd to compare her to Rubinstein, not that she does not play as well, but because her temperament is different and she represents something entirely different in art. Rubinstein was a great-hearted, princely man, capable of playing whole handfulls of wrong notes, yet so full of the expression of his tone-poetry that he always carried the hearer, and in music requiring an unusual amount of sympathetic feeling in the performance, like that of Schumann, he played wonderfully. His mere *tours de force* were overwhelming, but the greatest Rubinstein was he who played the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques, Phantasie in C, and Carnival. To have heard this was something to remember as long as one lived.

* * *

Mme. Zeisler is perhaps capable of technic as completely as Rubinstein; and if somebody were to tell me that her technic is better than Rubinstein's ever was, I should not try to contradict, because I do not know. It may be. But the

object of recital, of piano music is to afford tonal delight; to recreate in public great moments of tone-poetry. And here it is a question of sympathy, delicate feeling, sensitive tone quality, no less than the commanding execution which belongs to the virtuoso. Mme. Zeisler is a very nervous, wiry, intense woman. She plays like it. She has practiced diligently, like a fiend, with mighty drive and ambition. When she comes in public she makes a success. But there is still room for more of the sympathetic element in her performance. And that she should do so wonderfully well in those two little pieces by Beethoven is the promise that sooner or later she will do the like in the greatest works of her extraordinary repertory.

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At present writing five programs have been given by the Chicago orchestra. The fourth and fifth follow:

POPULAR PROGRAM, November 15 and 16, 1895.

Overture, "Nature,"	DVORAK
Pictures from the Orient,	SCHUMANN
Dream Music from "Hansel and Gretel" (first time),	HUMPERDINCK
Rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel,"	R. STRAUSS
(New Waggeries by Till Eulenspiegel.)	
Polonaise, Opus 53. in A flat,	CHOPIN
[For grand orchestra by MR. THEODORE THOMAS].	
Fantasia, for Violoncello,	DAVIDOFF
Soloist, MR. BRUNO STEINDEL.	
Ballet Music from "Thais" (new),	J. MASSENET

SYMPHONY PROGRAM, November 29 and 30.

Symphony, No. 1, in B flat. Opus 38.	SCHUMANN
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Opus 53.	DVORAK
Soloist, MR. FRANZ ONDRICEK.	
Character picture, "Gretchen,"	LISZT
(After Goethe.)	
Hungarian Airs.	ERNST
Overture, "Tannhaeuser,"	WAGNER

A very gratifying feature of these programs is the number of novelties, for the great art of living a long time in the world is to do so without becoming case-hardened and insensible to novel impressions. I have several times before adverted to the case of the late John S. Dwight, who for about thirty years rendered great service to the public appreciation of the higher art of music in America. From his college days in 1835 down to the close of the *Journal of*

Musio, about 1880, he had been an enthusiastic advocate of the composers of the classical and new romantic school. But the habit of admiring the works of these composers grew upon him, and every new thing was measured by these older ones, generally to the detriment of the new. When Dudley Buck went to live in Boston this conservatism of Dwight struck him very forcibly, and he wrote once "Dwight's position, so far as I can make it out, appears to be this: 'Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin. Oh Lord, it is enough.' Now lettest thy servant depart in piece." I confess that I have not yet been able to find any one new work, which on the whole seems to me likely to last and to remain fresh and beautiful, like the symphonies of Schubert and Beethoven. But in the nature of the case there must be such works already composed, or being composed. For in a time when the art of music has reached its present state, and when orchestral effect has been so very much enlarged and enriched, through the methods of Wagner and Berlioz, and when these methods and effects have been made intelligible to so large a public through their use in opera, where the scene explains everything—at such a time, I say, it is absurd to suppose that music for music's own sake is not somewhere being written in the world. I have no doubt that Brahms is destined to be ranked with the great composers; and I have a kindly feeling for the brilliant Russian, Tschaikowsky, who was one of the greatest of recent masters of musical structure, and by no means not wanting in ideas. Very possibly some of the other Russians may have something in them. At any rate here is Brahms, who has written in all six symphonies, it is said, two not yet being given to the public, and a variety of other works, all beautiful and pure, and all for music itself.

Besides Brahms there must be others. It is quite certain. The world has not noticed their accents as yet, but a few years more may reveal to us some other composer as commanding in his talents as Tschaikowsky. Mr. Otto Floersheim writes, in his interesting letters to the *Musical Courier*, that in Berlin the works of Tschaikowsky and

Dvorak have been ignored until this season. Now Dvorak is certainly a tone-poet of unquestionable mastery. He is one of those plain men who can take the simplest theme and out of it spin a pleasing and not insignificant poem in tones. This is the art of Bach, Hadyn, Mozart, Beethoven; it is the art which lives and wears.

* * *

The only chance of our knowing these geniuses of the first order when they *do* come, is to have kept step with the world's procession of music, to the end that our ears being accustomed to the novel combinations will be able to discern in the new works the part which is new by reason of tonal combination, and the part which is new by reason of a new spirit come to expression.

In Berlin, for example, and at Leipsic, the symphony programs have been such lately as to have delighted the Dwight spirit. At Boston during two seasons past I understand the record has been very conservative. Mr. Thomas feels that considering his record in earlier years, when he played everything, he is under even greater obligations now to present plenty of the new, and to play everything that ought to be played.

* * *

Among the novelties were Smetana's symphonic poem of "Sarka," which turned out to be a piece of program music, apropos to a story furnished with the score. It is a strong piece and gave pleasure. The Tschaikowsky suite *Mozartiana* consists of several little piano pieces by Mozart, scored for full orchestra, and a delightful work it was. This has been played here before twice, I believe.

Richard Strauss has been twice represented, by his prelude to the first act of "Guntram" and by his "New Waggeries of Till Eulenspiegel." Mr. Strauss, it will be remembered, is a young conductor formerly of Weimar, later of Munich, Meiningen, etc., who was last year called to Berlin to undertake the Bulow symphony concerts; but without success so that he was sent back to Munich, where he still is. He was brought up in the orchestra, his father being a wald horn player, and his works have an astonishing

mastery of orchestral coloring. The prelude to the "Guntram" is a little in the style of the "Lohengrin" prelude, but less conclusive. It is written with many voice-parts, and the scoring is rich without being anywhere blatant or overdone. The other work is a rondo, of which the first and second subjects might have been employed by Mozart; but when the development begins, then we meet many things which Mozart would have considered impossible. In short the orchestra seems to go upon a spree, the wood-wind especially carrying on a very carnival of mischief-making pranks. It is difficult indeed, and is extremely funny, and it shows uncommon talent in the composer. Whether later we shall some day take this work seriously and affix any kind of a halo to it, I would not undertake to say; stranger things have happened. The world does move. There is a demand for new impressions. The old books are too slow. A college boy was assigned an essay to write upon "Tristram Shandy." He honestly tried to read it but went to sleep twice as soon he was fairly started. He gave it up and presented this fact as his criticism upon the work. Some young women of my acquaintance with the American desire to do something risky, got Byron's "Don Juan" and undertook to read it to each other. The one who listened presently went asleep; and when they changed places the other went asleep. Byron as a medium of exciting adventure did not prove a success with them. There are people who go to sleep when they hear Mozart. I have come very near it twice lately. People will not go to sleep over Richard Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel" for some years at least.

* * *

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Eolides" is a work which one might go to sleep over. It is very quiet, very elusive, and I have more than once suspected the admirers of the work being upon a false trail. The name "Les Eolides" is not alone a name for the sons of Eolus, but also the name of a family of jelly fishes, protoplasmic creatures of the sea—and as I hear these elusive motives squirming their way along I am never quite above a suspi-

cion that *this* is what Franck was trying to give us. Tone-poetry is a trifle uncertain when it begins to get definite.

* * *

A most astonishing effect was made by the Tschaikowsky pathetic symphony in the third concert. This is in many ways a master work. It may be, as Mr. Thomas thinks, too sensational for symphony, but it is great work.

* * *

It happened to me not long ago to enter the rehearsal of the orchestra when they were playing something which I did not recognize. I tried to think whose it was. It was a rather quiet piece, without much brass, very little in fact. I said Mozart, but at that moment the thought took a turn which was certainly not Mozart; Beethoven? No. There was the Beethoven earnestness, but the part writing was too rich. It could not be any later writer, there was too much repose. All at once it occurred to me—Brahms. Of course. And what a beautiful work it is: the Serenade, opus 11. In six short movements Brahms made a delightful work, full of true musical writing—a real tone-poem by a master.

* * *

The orchestra this year is beginning to play very well indeed. I do not know enough about the playing of other great orchestras, especially the Boston orchestra, to know whether it is visibly better than this. Or as good. Enough that both are giving great interpretations.

* * *

The *Musical Visitor* has the following:

The editor of the *Visitor*, in presenting to his readers the following account of a trial of strength, if not of skill, recalls a series of musical tournaments which took place at various points in Illinois, while he was editor of the *Song Messenger of the Northwest*. Probably even the participants have forgotten the occurrence long ere this, but they were no less personages than W. S. B. Mathews, the now famous teacher, lecturer, editor and musical philosopher; and Mr. H. B. Roney, now chorus master of the celebrated boy choir of Grace Church, Chicago. We do not remember the exact terms of the contest, or the programs played, but the object was to see which of the two pianists could play the most notes in a given time. In some way they circumvented the town and state officers, as Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons failed to do in Texas recently, and the

"mill" came off according to arrangements. But whether it was a draw or a fight to a finish, or which of the two musical gladiators, if either, won, is more than we can recollect at this time. We therefore call upon the distinguished editor of MUSIC to enlighten us upon this matter, and for the present leave it. But, like the Battle of Blenheim, "it was a famous victory," though we do not know what it was all about.

Concerning which I beg to say that the memory of the visitor is at fault. The contest mentioned took place between Mr. Roney and some one else, a local pianist, somewhere in the eastern part of Iowa, near Clinton, and curiously enough among the pieces for contest was Gottschalk's "Last Hope." I do not remember whether speed alone settled the prize. At any rate Mr. Roney was victor. Mr. Murray connects me with it, probably because I wrote it up at the time, and Mr. Roney had been a pupil of mine.

* * *

Speaking of contests, I occasionally go into a bank not a thousand miles from the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets, where at the vice-president's desk there sits a fine looking gentleman in gray, with a rather thin covering of hair upon his head. He is a solid business man now, but the first time I met him was in 1855 at Leroy, New York, where he and I played the pianos of competitive piano makers at the county fair. We occupied adjacent booths and played turn and turn about pretty much all day, there being no other contestants. As my principal had the best piano we got the premium. I have often wondered whether George takes more pleasure in cutting off coupons than he did in holding up his end of the contest on the day or days, for I have forgotten whether the contest lasted two days. It is my impression that he played more elegantly, and I more brilliantly. He was always a little cautious in making investments, in small matters like sixteenth notes no less than in greater ones.

* * *

Freund's Musical Weekly has the following not unjust notice of the late eminent English musical man:

Sir Charles Hallé, the noted pianist and conductor, died in Manchester, October 25.

Charles Hallé was borne in Hagen, Westphalia, in 1819. At three he knew his notes, and at an early age he appeared at a concert in

his native town. At the age of seven Spohr arranged for his appearance at a concert under his direction. For the next ten years young Halle gave no more exhibitions, but studied music incessantly.

Then he went to Paris, where he acquired a great reputation for his style of interpreting classic compositions. Notwithstanding his prospects for a brilliant future, Sir Charles, together with many other musicians in the French capital at the time, came to the end of his Parisian career with the revolution of 1848. Halle sailed for England and made his first appearance there in Covent Garden Theatre with Beethoven's E flat concerto.

He has been established at Manchester for many years as director of the Musical Institution there. Sir Charles Hallé was knighted in 1888, and the same year married Mme. Norman Neruda, the celebrated violiniste. Although looked upon as England's greatest pianist, his touch was dry, precise and unsympathetic.

* * *

Apropos to a late concert of the Manuscript Society of New York. Mr. Reignald De Koven, in the *American Art Journal* pays the following compliment to Mr. Silas G. Pratt:

I can honestly congratulate Mr. Silas G. Pratt on his Symphonic Suite—suggested by characters from "The Tempest"—which was the "piece de resistance," and made the success of the evening. It is a work of real merit and beauty, and one of which any composer might be proud. In three movements—adagio, pastoral and finale—Mr. Pratt has pictured the melancholy Prospero, the loves of Miranda and Ferdinand, the uncouth Caliban and the airy sprite Ariel with happy fancy, poetic and pictorial feeling and marked technical skill. Mr. Pratt has something to say and has said it well, if somewhat diffusely and the work is too long. His melodic ideas are facile and interesting, his treatment of them thoroughly artistic, and his orchestration full of piquancy, color and variety. Mr. Pratt was called out to bow his thanks at the close of the number, and well deserved the compliment, for he has written something that is a credit to American music.

* * *

The paper last month from that brilliant man, Mr. H. W. Greene, of the Metropolitan College of Music of New York, contains certain implications regarding the old school of voice culture in Italy, which I take this opportunity of correcting, or of putting myself in the way to be corrected if I am wrong. The so-called "old school of Italian singing" is very modern, historically considered. According to the best I have been able to find out, the following are the facts. When Jacopo Peri composed the first opera, in 1600, there was no singing in Italy in the sense in which we

now understand the term. There was no *cantilena*, no melody to sing. Everything was contrapuntal. The immediate occasion of this first opera was the absurd music sung at a wedding in Venice, which was worse than the famous mistake of the preacher, who followed the reading of marriage bans with the hymn "Mistaken souls who dream of heaven." For in this instance the music consisted of five voice madrigals, in minor keys.

Melody for the voice, *cantilena*, was not written until towards the end of the 1600's. I think it was Arcangelo Corelli who pointed the way. His famous pieces for violin were written towards the last quarter of the century, being published, after 1680. The operas composed between 1600 and 1700 show a progressive development of melody, but it was not until towards the latter part of the century that the major mode definitely predominates. Earlier everything was minor. Of real *cantilena*, requiring legato, sostenuto, and artistic singing, we scarcely find any before the works of Alessandro Scarlatti. And in my opinion Scarlatti was the discoverer of the manner of training the voice to perform *cantilena* after the model only then just learned from that king of melodists, the violin. The coloratur singing came in later, under the ministration of a pupil of Scarlatti, Nicolo Porpora. Two causes combined in bringing it to distinction:—First the fact that Porpora had not the same amount of musical things to say as Scarlatti had; but mainly the appearance of the castrati singers. The date of this is not quite certain, but there are no celebrated names of this class of singers until we reach the pupils of Porpora, or at least of Scarlatti. These men having exceptionally fine voices, which with the quality of a boy's voice combined the breath capacity of the man, and much of the man's capacity for passion, had no other career than that of singing. Hence arose rivalry and competition for greater and greater virtuosity. This took at first the direction of *cantilena*, a fine sostenuto and phrasing; and later ran into all sorts of coloratur and purely virtuoso uses of the voices. It was the castrati and the castrati alone who were able to perform the harmonic feats mentioned by Mr. Greene. I do not

think that any woman, even down to our own times, has shown the capacity to improvise musicianly cadenzas. Had that gifted creature, Teresa Carreno followed the career of a singer, she might have done all these things over again. But none of our present prima donnas are equal to such demands.

Now the fact is, I believe without doubt, that we are to look for the so-called "old Italian school of singing" no farther back than the time of Handel. Voice training consists essentially of tone quality, *sostenuto*, compass, and last of all agility. It is quite possible that the Greeks may have mastered tone-quality sufficiently for the purposes of their language, and the large spaces in which their orators addressed audiences. But it is not in the least probable (I had better say that it is in the highest improbable,) that they attempted to do much in compass, or in *sostenuto*. I base the former denial upon the fact (of which I do not think there is any reasonable doubt) that the compass of their instruments never surpassed an octave and a half; and generally in classical times was less than an octave.

The old Italian school of singing was very fine. But it was not so very old; and it lasted perhaps a century, or a little more, its dates falling between say 1700 and 1800.

* * *

The series of chamber concerts in central music hall, under the auspices of the Clayton F. Summy Company have continued since last notice, three local quartettes having appeared. The first was the Spiering, the second, the Bendix, in the Schumann quartette. Third, the Listerman. Of the playing of the several quartettes it may be said that it was generally smooth and well considered.

* * *

An incident of these three concerts was the appearance of three pianists previously unknown to our stage. First came Mr. Jonas, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a pianist with fine technic, but with comparatively little expression. The second was the veteran artist from New York, Mr. Richard Hoffman, well known as a leading teacher and concert pianist for forty years past. A more detailed notice of Mr.

Hoffman is deferred until next time. He has at least one great merit, which many of the young players would do well to make a note of, namely: He knows how to make the piano sound well. The third pianist was Mr. Ernst Perabo of Boston.

* *

Mr. Perabo, who is now about fifty years old, has been located in Boston for about twenty-five years, and during the earlier part of it he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the late Mr. Dwight and his coterie, and was persistently advocated as an interpreter of high class music wholly superior to most others. Outside of Boston Mr. Perabo has had little currency. He belongs to an older generation of pianists than the present, and never having been a virtuoso his playing has become less effective than desirable in a solo artist. Upon the present occasion there was little to note of originality in the interpretations. The conclusion is unavoidable that either he must have lost some of his former fire, or conditions must have changed to such a degree that the appearance of an artist of this calibre in any of our leading cities, even in Boston where the standard is perhaps lower than elsewhere, would no longer attract attention.

* * *

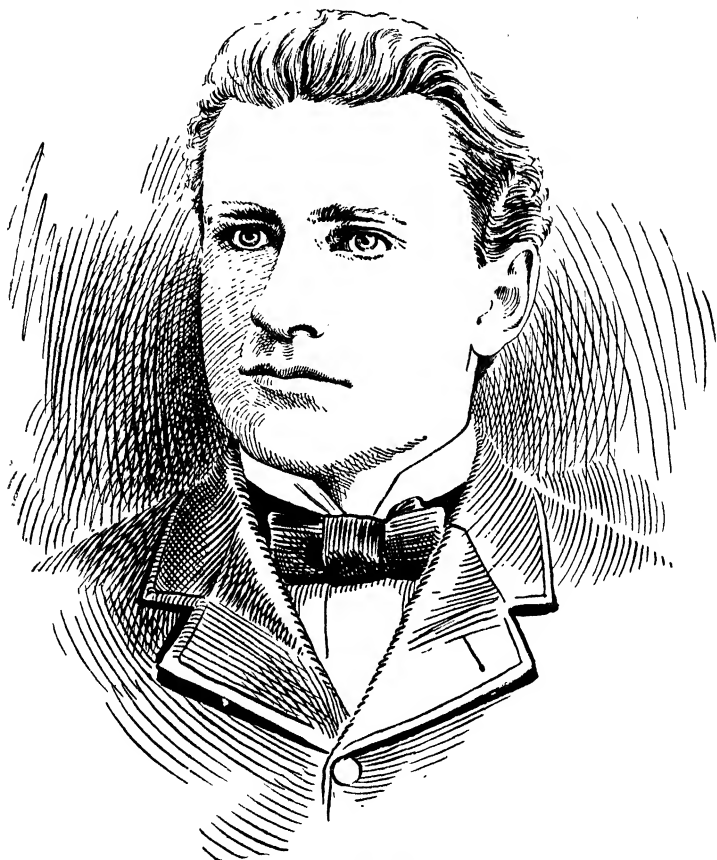
Paderewski is back and playing better than ever. Dr. Mason writes me from New York that the receipts of the first recital in Carnegie hall reached the imposing total of \$5,930, and ceased there because the police stopped the sale of tickets. "The shouting and screaming by way of applause were terrific. Indeed the enthusiasm seems to gain additional force and headway every day."

Personally, I believe that Paderewski is the most charming pianist who has ever appeared, his art being more refined at the same time that it is brilliant and powerful, and more universal, than that of the greatest of his predecessors. I also think his melody in G flat a more poetic piece than any of the Chopin nocturnes.

W. S. B. M.

THE DAMROSCH GERMAN OPERA.

THE Damrosch German Opera Company opened in the Auditorium, November 18, the repertory of the first week being "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walkuere," "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin."



WALTER DAMROSCH.

During the second week "Der Freyschuetz" and "Gottendaemerung" are promised in addition, but too late for mention in this issue. The principal artists of the troupe turn out to be very fine indeed, Mme. Klafsky being the most re-

finest and musical Wagnerian singer who has been heard here. She is a magnificent appearing woman, and her work as Isolde is noticed farther on. The opening in "Tristan and Isolde" showed that the company was upon a very high plane musically. Orchestra and principals were magnificent, and the stage settings were of the most superior order, better in fact than seen here before.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" belongs to the list of acquired tastes, but I know of no other similar acquisition



MME. KLAFSKY AS ISOLDE.

which repays better for the education involved. I think the work itself is a phenomenon. Think of Wagner, writing at Zurich or Lucerne, unable to hear any of his music—not from his own deafness but by reason of the deafness of the world. He had written the *Rheingold*, *Valkyrie* and the first two acts of *Siegfried*. He recognized the fact that in these colossal creations he had gone too far, and had passed beyond the point where it seemed to him possible to

come into touch with the theater of his own day. He resolved to stop and write two operas, one serious, one comic, of a really practical character, just such works as could be played upon the stage of any first rate theatre. The two pot-boilers thus created were the *Meistersinger* and "Tristan and Isolde." Hans Von Bülow as director of the opera at Munich undertook in 1865 to bring out these two great works. The "Mastersingers" they brought to dress rehearsal after about sixty-eight rehearsals. "Tristan and Isolde" they gave up after an incredible number of rehearsals, the singers forgetting one day what they learned the day before.

Yet this opera today is in the repertory of every first class German opera house, and is given often when there happens to be a personnel capable of the four leading parts, and particularly the two central figures. The desiderata in these two roles are voice, youth, intense dramatic capacity, and thorough musicianship. The roles are impossible without the latter, and unattractive without all of them.



MR. DEMETR POPOVICI.

I fancy Dudley Buck must have heard one of the first European performances of this work, for when I first knew him, in 1869, he was a diligent student of the score, and several times assured me that it was the greatest opera ever written. He also considered the "Mastersingers" the greatest comic opera, and thought that Bach's "Passion Music according to St. Matthew" was likely to assume a more popular position than Handel's Messiah." I mention these

opinions because they show that Mr. Buck belonged to the advanced guard in musical progress.

* * *

From a dramatic point of view nothing happens in "Tristan and Isolde." The need of dramatic genius in the singers arises out of the scarcity of dramatic incident unfolded, together with the intensely dramatic and inner



MISS JOHANNA GADSKI.

character of the music. In the first act nothing happens. There is a ship, a handsome princess, her maid, and a good deal of heavy waiting for something to turn up. During these spells of waiting the princess unfolds her grievance, Tristan is introduced, the sailors sing several incoherent rhapsodies, apropos of something which we take on hearsay; and at the end the central figures take the love potion, and begin to experience its working. About the time they are

clasped in the first embrace of love, the portiere divides and the love-making people are parted by the ship's officers in full sight of the crew.

In the second act nothing takes place. Isolde watches outside her palace, where a beacon-burns for the absent lover. About half the act is spent in heavy posturing and peering into the woods, and in signalling him the minute his horn is heard. Why he sounds a horn upon such an occa-



MISS LOUISE MULDER.

sion as that of calling upon another man's wife surreptitiously, is a detail which need not concern us. Perhaps it was for the sake of the press. Then when Tristan comes in, there is a very long "spoon" upon a bench; a duet a trifle intermittent, as duets in such circumstances are apt to be, and now and then a grand climax of passion. At the end King Mark, the husband, comes home, and then another

ten minutes from him, solemn, personal, and crushing. At the end of all Tristan receives his death wound.

In the third act nothing happens. Tristan is about dead of his wound, and his faithful attendant, who has sent for Isolde, awaits his master's speedy death. Tristan arouses, learns that Isolde is coming, goes into occasional ecstasies thereupon, and finally dies at the moment of her entrance. Then it is Isolde's turn, who sinks upon the body of her lover and there is found by King Mark and his crew, who apprehend an elopement. Then Isolde sings her death song,

and King Mark comes out as a good fellow, too late to be of any use. Whatever there is in the four hours, four hours of opera after heroic cuts have been made, — everything else is purely accessory to intensifying these situations. The music violates every principle of opera construction as taught in Wagner's day. It lacks variety, it has no arias, no choruses, it is a continuous melody, now stronger, now weaker, now pulsing with delirious passion, now melting into heavenly rapture, now sweet, now pathetic, som-



ALVARY AS SIEGFRIED.

bre, tumultuous as the waves of the sea—in short it is one vast musical protoplasm, at first view all very much alike, yet all and in all the highest triumph musical expression has yet reached in human feeling. The voice is merely one of the instruments, and not always the most important; or rather, the instruments are accessories to the voice, not so much accompanying it in the usual sense as assisting it, supplementing it, saying and throbbing the inmost meanings of

the singing soul. There is no other such music. Brunhilde's death song in the *Götterdaemering* comes nearest to it, but does not reach the same level. Besides, there is in Brunhilde always an element which is above woman, pure and simple. Isolde is woman, woman in her utmost abandon of love—thinking, dreaming, seeking one thought and one only—her beloved. It is the abandon of one of Shakespeare's women intensified a hundred fold, and brought to expression in action and music with a fullness which no poet had previously conceived.

Tristan does nothing. He merely loves Isolde and dies for it.

I do not wonder that the crowd fights shy of this work. Nevertheless it is a work which no person can sit through and hear, without being profoundly moved. And in proportion to the degree of his musical responsiveness will be the depth of his emotion. It will overwhelm him. Isolde's death song will appear to him inspired. Tears will come, and his whole being will be moved to its depths. He need not follow leading motives or worry about any kind of external. There is nothing but this pair of hearts. However they came, here there are, and we feel and are moved with them.

* * *

The continuous arioso appals the new-comer. I remember once sitting upon the same bench in a Theodore Thomas summer concert with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Mr. John Comfort Fillmore, and a lady who knew by heart some scores of great pieces for pianoforte, a circumstance bearing upon what I have to add. The number was the Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" followed by "Isolde's Death Song." Between the two Mr. Thomas paused a measure or so, and then went on. Not one of us recognized the moment where the transition took place from the Prelude to the Finale. And yet as I hear it today I wonder how I could have missed it. For while the motives are the same, the treatment is different, and the entire spirit.

* * *

The performance of this colossal work by the Damrosch company was one to remember for a long time. The

orchestra was excellent, the chorus with its little to do good enough; and the principals, the Tristan of Mr. Gruening, the Isolde of Mrs. Klafsky, and the Kurnival of Mr. Popovici, and the King Mark of Conrad Behrens were very strong vocally. The waiting maid was funny. She had taken the part at insufficient notice, it is said, and the quality of her delsarte was worth going miles to see. Mrs. Klafsky is a great artist, I think on the whole the best Wagnerian soprano I have ever heard. If not the best, then the best along with Materna and Lehmann. Anyway a fine voice, sufficiently near youth for tunefulness and good looks, and with a beautiful art of the posturing and gesture which Wagner shares with the ancient Greek tragedians. When there is really nothing doing it is a great art to conceal the fact without making a fool of yourself as well as of your audience. Mrs. Klafsky is adequate to this demand.

The tenor, also, is good, a good presence, and comparative youth. He is an acquisition.

* * *

The later representations of the first week more than maintained the high standard indicated for this splendid opening. The company is strong, well equipped, and conducted with artistic musicianship. In addition to his work with the opera Mr. Walter Damrosch has given several lectures upon Wagnerian topics, before the ladies of the amateur musical club. These have been received in society circles with admiration, and have materially added to the comprehension of his ideals. Next month there will be more to say, for two weeks of opera of this kind awaken many artistic questions as well as a large fund of current admiration. Meanwhile it remains merely to compliment Mr. Walter Damrosch upon the work he is doing for art, and to hope that art will do in return quite as well for him. I will add by way of postscript, that the *Meistersinger* performance was beautifully smooth.

W. S. B. M

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

YSAYE'S STORY OF ERNST'S ELEGIE.

THIS is the famous history of the *Elegie d'Ernst*, said Ysaye to the *Call*, of San Francisco, and I can assure you that it is authentic, for it was given me by Wieniawski himself—all except the end, and Rubinstein told me that.

When Wieniawski was in Paris—twenty years ago or more—the people there were wildly enthusiastic over him, and as well as crowding his concerts they continually begged him to play at soirées. One Baroness in particular, belonging to the highest aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, would take no refusal. Wieniawski did not care much about the visit, but he yielded at last, and went with his accompanist. The Baroness, who was receiving her visitors at the head of the grand staircase, welcomed him with effusion, enchanted, delighted to receive such a distinguished guest and she begged him to be seated in the salon till the other visitors had arrived.

After a few minutes, when a few people were present, the Baroness, snatching a few moments from her duties of receiving, asked Wieniawski to favor them by playing something. He glanced around, the Baroness had gone back to the head of the staircase, and there were present a few shriveled up old gentlemen and three or four young girls. “Bah!” he said to his accompanist, shrugging his shoulders. “Let us play Ernst’s *Elegie*.” Now, you know that Ernst’s *Elegie* is of all compositions the most dull and uninteresting. It is tedious enough to drive a hearer to commit suicide.

They played Ernst’s *Elegie*, and the Baroness, who had been out of hearing during the performance, came beaming into the room soon after.

“Ah! monsieur, how beautiful! I cannot thank you enough, but might I dare to ask you to play once again? Yes?” and she hastened away to welcome more guests.

“What shall we play?” asked the accompanist. Wieniawski looked around. The company was becoming more numerous, but no more interesting than at the beginning. “Let’s play Ernst’s *Elegie* again,” he said.

Absolutely no one listened, but a little later in the evening the Baroness entered the room, more ecstatic in her admiration than ever.

“Bravo! M. Wieniawski, better and better!” she said. “You surpassed even yourself in that piece. But would you—dare I ask you to be complaisant enough to play once again?” and she flitted away.

“If these people don’t understand Ernst’s *Elegie* they must hear it till they do:” Wieniawski said to his accompanist when she had

gone, so he played the *Elegie* for the third time, and the Baroness, who came back just as the last few bars were being sounded, went into extravagances. "Monsieur, the powers of the French language fail to express the beauty of that last work. Each of your selections is more exquisite than the one that preceded it. What! going so soon? My secretary will call at your house tomorrow. Adieu monsieur, and a thousand thanks for the delicious treat that you have given us.

That was the story as Wieniawski gave it to me, and I was telling it one day in Paris when Rubinstein, who was present, said: "Ah! but you have omitted the last part," and this is how he ended it. "As Wieniawski was leaving the Baroness' house, one of the guests, a little shriveled old gentleman, who had been present from the beginning of the soirée, came up to the violinist, 'Monsieur Wieniawski,' he piped, 'I have felt the most profound admiration for your playing tonight. Indeed I have never missed a concert that you have given in Paris.' Wieniawski bowed and the old gentleman continued:

"There is one piece in your repertory that once made the most profound impression on me and I desire ardently to hear it again. Come with your violin, to my house tomorrow or the day after, and name your own terms, for before I die I must hear you play Ernst's *Elegie*."

Rubinstein told me that Wieniawski did not stop to make the appointment; he rushed out of the house too much overcome to say whether he would gratify the old gentleman's last wish, and that is one of the most enthusiastic musical histories that was ever penned, for Rubinstein and Wieniawski both vouched for it.

A WELCOME TO PROF. FILLMORE.

PROF. FILLMORE was so warmly welcomed to Southern California, and Pomona College was so prompt to express its pride in him, and students and friends have been so early in speaking their gratification at his taking the direction of the School of Music, that *Student Life* has felt itself too late in the field to attempt to greet him again.

But there are welcomes and welcomes. And the formal ones that Professor Fillmore has so far received have been extended to "Mr. John Comfort Fillmore, late director of the Milwaukee School of Music." They have been extended to the author of "Folk Music," and to the author of "A History of Pianoforte Music." That is to say, we have been simply able to greet very cordially and very proudly a man who is esteemed in the musical world, and who has an enviable reputation as an original investigator.

But we have by this time become somewhat acquainted with him, and we have found that the reputation is the least part of him, and we want very much to welcome him, now, in a different and more satisfactory way. We want to welcome Mr. Fillmore, the genial man, the man who has force and is a factor in our life, the

man whom we should like to count as our friend, the man, who, most of all, is unassuming. We sympathize with him in his getting used to dust and sage brush. We wish him just as little privation as possible. And we hope he may not think too fondly of the beery city on the lake, which he has left. We should like to hope he may grow somewhat fond of the village on a hill to which he has come.

Those who have been able to enter the Thursday afternoon class have been very much pleased with the work, and that there has been a good deal of enthusiasm over the opportunity for this training of the ear is shown by a regular attendance of fifty.

Professor Fillmore's lecture last Monday evening was listened to with a great deal of interest. Most of the audience probably had their respect wonderfully increased for a man who could reduce to systematic music such a series of Navajo howls as came from the horn of the graphophone.—*Pomona Student Life*.

FANNIE BLOOMFILD-ZEISLER.

IT was certainly inspiring to hear this great artist play in Carnegie hall on Wednesday evening, and I for one was heartily glad to welcome her back again. Pianists of the softer sex have been almost vanished from the stage of late years, since such giants as Paderewski, Joseffy and d'Albert have entered the field, and it seems as if the critics could not bear to hear a woman any more. This ought not to be, since women possess distinctive qualities of their own, which should not be undervalued or set aside. If they have not the enormous tone which men have, they compensate for it by sentiment and grace. They do things in a womanly way instead of a manly one. Voilà tout! Shall one say it is without charm?

In the case of Mme. Zeisler, the audience gave its verdict in the most decided manner. Four recalls after the Schumann concerto, eight recalls after the Litolff one, and finally after the Rubinstein concerto, applause until the artist responded with the Erlking as an encore. In the face of such enthusiasm it is idle to say that Mme. Zeisler does not "move an audience." The audience moved anyhow, and that is more to the point.

In my humble opinion, this artist has every quality, and her performance is a complete one. She has warmth, passion, abandon, delicacy, power, sentiment and colossal virtuosity. That she occasionally misses a note does not count for anything. Where is the artist who does not, and who would be a technical machine? But in passages which demand technic Mme. Zeisler always comes right up to the mark. Witness the frightfully difficult ones in the last movement of the Rubinstein concerto, for instance, which she played like lightning and with absolute perfection of execution. It was only to be compared to Patti's colorature in singing. The movement from the Litolff concerto was simply a marvel of technic of the most limpid and crystalline purity. (What a charming thing the composition is!) As for the Schumann concerto, Mme. Zeisler

went through the intricate and rhythmically difficult passages in the last movement of it as easily and surely as she did anything else, and the adagio was played with the deepest feeling. The adagio, one of the tenderest things Schumann ever wrote, can so easily be overdone! It is one of these things where, as the French say, you must "bite the peach without injuring the skin."

An artist plays himself, always. If an artist has a warm heart he will play with heart, but if not, he will play with art. Mme. Zeisler has a good, warm heart, and consequently it would be impossible for her to play otherwise than with feeling.

An artist always knows he will be torn to pieces by certain critics, no matter whether he plays well or ill, hence his best course is to go on undismayed, and play to please himself. Mendelssohn hit the nail on the head when he penned the following lines:

If an artist gravely writes,
To sleep it will beguile.
If the artist gaily writes,
It is a vulgar style.
If the artist writes at length
How sad his hearers' lot!
If the artist briefly writes
No man cares one jot.
If the artist simply writes,
A fool he's said to be.
If an artist deeply writes,
He's mad; 'tis plain to see.
In whatsoever way he writes
He can't please every man;
Therefore let an artist write
How he likes and can.

33 West Thirty-first street, New York.

AMY FAY.

MME. COSIMA WAGNER.

In 1858 Mme. Ludmilla Assing wrote her friend, Gottfried Kellar, the poet, the following concerning the newly married couple, Hans von Bulow and Cosima Liszt:

"The young Bülow's are probably still at Zurich. We were present at their marriage; on this occasion Liszt came to pass a day in Berlin to fulfill his duties, certainly exceptional for him, of father of the marriage. I wish both them a great deal of happiness in their uncertain career. Of musical talent both have plenty; Cosima in my opinion plays the piano even better than Hans von Bülow. She is lively and amiable and I was very glad to make her acquaintance."

La Guide Musicale, Oct. 27.

THE ROSY LIFE OF A CRITIC.

THE life of a musical critic is not always a rosy one, though, in the consciousness of his great power, he may occasionally assert himself with great emphasis. Still he ought to remember that there are certain limits even to his liberty of criticism. A recent case in Germany furnishes a striking illustration of the perils

of musical criticism. The musical critic of the *Hamburger Echo* was arrested on a charge of 'lese Majesté' (insult to the Emperor). The unfortunate man had criticized William the Second's "Song of Aegir," he pronounced impartial judgment on its merits, and that was his crime. He criticized a would-be composer and hit an Emperor instead. An Emperor's vanity is much more dangerous, however.

"THE GREATEST AMERICAN COMPOSER."

MAY I say a word to you about the "Greatest American Composer?" I really think comparisons among ourselves do positive harm, besides causing heart burnings galore. Why compare us one to another, when there is all Europe for comparison? No one can be more American or patriotic than I am, and it is just for that reason that I object (and always have objected) to "American" concerts, etc. I want to see us competing with Europe and not squabbling for precedence at home. Pardon my frankness and believe me

Yours sincerely,

E. A. MACDOWELL.

SCHOOL CONCERTS.

As an example of the kind of programs which are being offered pupils in the Chicago music schools, take this of the Metropolitan Conservatory, all from Liszt:

Air du Stabat Mater, (Rossini-Liszt).	Piano
Georgea W. Kelsey.	
"Thou art like a flower."	Vocal
Edith Heloise Brooks.	
Ave Maria d'Arcadelt	Organ
Schummerlied, (Weber-Liszt)	{ Piano
Serenade, (Schubert-Liszt)	
Solree de Vienne No. 6, d'apres Schubert	
Georgea W. Kelsey.	
Consolation, No. 5	Flute
Anton Pederson.	
Festvorspiel	Two Pianos
Georgea W. Kelsey and Sarah Zimmerman.	

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE STRUCTURE OF MUSIC. By Geo C. Gow. An Elementary Text-book on Notation and Harmony, with full illustrations and abundant exercises for use in the class room and for self instruction. New York, G. Schirmer. \$1.25.

Professor Gow, of Vassar College, has here done an admirable and very valuable work. In general the subject is treated clearly and with good regard to the distinction properly existing between the kind of things which the ear perceives, and those which are perceived by the eye. He is not always successful in adhering to this classification, however, as for instance, when he says that "scales of seven tones which occupy the successive degrees of the staff are called diatonic." According to the implications of this definition it would be necessary for Mr. Gow to *see* the scales written before knowing whether he was listening to a diatonic scale or some other. There are ways, however, of distinguishing these two kinds of scale by ear, and it would have been more to the point to have indicated them. Another very bad little slip is where he says that twelve different sounds comprise the whole material of music"—a statement which appears to us rather hampering to the composer of the future, should he chance to undertake to do business by it. This error is of the same kind as that of the late Nathan Richardson, who began his Modern School for pianoforte with the statement that "only seven notes were used in music." The Book was shown Dr. Lowell Mason with the request that he give it a testimonial, inasmuch as it was plainly an improvement upon any elementary text book for piano at that time existing. He declined upon the ground that he did not understand this statement and did not see how it could be true.

Another definition which comes very near without touching the center is that of rhythm, which the author says is "the division of the time into regular successions of time-periods by the constant occurrence of identical or similar phenomena." It is perhaps nearer the truth to say that rhythm is the recurrence of similar phenomena—time-periods being understood, since all the phenomena of life take place in time, and some of them also in space.

These little reservations, however, are infinitesimal to what any of the older books in music required. When Dr. Lowell Mason began his work of simplifying and making definite musical terminology, he found a state of things confusing to the last degree. Burrough's Thorough Bass and Pianoforte Primers illustrate the confusion which existed. Eye, ear and hearsay were inextricably mixed, and music itself was "not in it," to use the language of modern thought.

Among the encouraging matters in this work might be noted Prof. Gow's very proper dissent from Christiani's proposition to

place the bars in certain of the works of Chopin and Schumann in their proper places, against the improper location of them by the composers. It is perhaps superfluous to say to this audience that either of these great masters knew more about rhythm and bars in a very few minutes than a whole room full of school masters in their entire natural existences.

Mr. Gow has here a large succession of exercises in harmony and musical form, requiring considerable original work, and to this extent his work is a very gratifying advance upon most others. As said at the outset, it is an admirable and very important book.

SELECTED STUDIES OF STEPHEN HELLER. Edited by Theodore Bohlmann. Three books, each \$1.50. John Church Company.

This elegantly printed edition embraces selections from the opus 16, 46, 45 and 47 of Heller. The arrangement is curiously unprogressive, and this appears to the present reviewer the chief objection to the work. In fact in the present judgment the first book contains some of the most difficult studies in the whole list. The most attractive for ordinary use is the third book, made up indeed, of pieces from all the books, several charming things from the opus 45 lending it especial attraction. It is also a question whether the methods employed in re-noting certain ones of the etudes have made them much clearer, or even left them as clear as the usual notation. Perhaps the re-writing of number 46 is a gain, since it leaves the melody clearer to the eye. Number 48, on the contrary, is not so clear in the present form as in the original; at least so it seems to the writer. These selections from Heller are available in connection with the graded Materials, vol. 2. They mainly belong within the third and fourth grades. A few selections demand something a little higher. The value of Heller, of course, lies in the poetic quality of his pieces, and for this reason several are included in each grade of the Materials. The difficulty of the original is that studies proposing technical ends are not well done, and the books are arranged in a most hap-hazard way. It will be a long time before this writer can be spared from the teaching repertory. Hence so many new editions, of which the present is the most attractive.

GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF MUSICAL HISTORY AND CRITICISM. By Edward Dickinson, A. M., Professor of Musical History in Oberlin College. Oberlin, Pearce and Randolph. Cloth, 12mo, Pp 95. \$1.00.

The first impression of the writer upon examining the advance sheets of this work were that a compact musical history would be more useful and safer for the average student. And so it would. But what Prof. Dickinson here aims at is provision for those students who desire to master some one province of musical history and desire everything important bearing upon that province—matter which may be distributed through a dozen or more works. It is an extremely well done piece of work, and while the references cover a fairly wide range, it is no wider than every college and

most city public libraries ought to cover. The entire list amounts perhaps to two hundred volumes. As an example of the compass of the work note the subject "Robert Schumann." Seventeen topics are mentioned covering the whole range of Schumann's influence and character, and references are made to the works covering the ground. The work will be invaluable to all those (and a great army it seems to be getting!) who have occasion to prepare original essays upon the place and work of the composers. It is a valuable addition to any library, and should be in the possession of every student.

LESSONS IN HARMONY BY JOHN ROBERT GRAY. Bloomington Ill. 1892. pp. 212.

The harmony book by the late Prof. John R. Gray of Wesleyan College at Bloomington, Ill., is, after the style of Richter and Jadassohn, with a few additional exercises, or perhaps many additional exercises, fewer examples and explanations than Jadassohn, and better English than the former if not the latter. The work therefore is along the old lines, and will be welcomed by all those who still believe that this method is a direct road to a practical mastery of the subject. The book seems clearly written, and no doubt will prove useful in the class room.

THE BEGINNER IN PHRASING. An Elementary Course of Lessons in Figures, Periods, Thematic Development and Transpositions, for the development of Musical Intelligence and Taste, and the Foundation of Musical Phrasing. By W. S. B. Mathews. (Companion to Volume II of "Graded Materials,") Pp. 45, sheet music, \$1.00.

The intention of this collection of material, its arrangement and the explanations which accompany it, may be summed up in the title as completely as in any way. It aims at awakening a perception of the structure of music, and a feeling for that something in music which lies farthest away from the less musical students, and is too often neglected until their native bias for the melodious and the pleasing has been encouraged to such a degree that every sort of serious and well developed piece of music is unintelligible to them. Musical intelligence and musical feeling are the two ends sought to be promoted. The method here employed is new, and appears to deserve attention from teachers.

CECILIA DOCTA. A COLLECTION OF SONGS FROM WOMEN'S COLLEGES. Compiled and edited by Elva Hulburd Young, Wellesley, '95. New Haven. Thos. G. Shepard. 1895.

The young woman is a dear creature, and naturally most dearest of all when in the formative stage. In place of the brutal foot-ball and midnight carousals of her masculine relatives, she puts on a few waterproofs and shawls to conceal the light and holds a midnight revel in her own room, the ingredients being a little canned salmon, a quart of pickles, some cake, and perhaps a little lemonade or cold tea. The participators, in unconventional costume, are all quiet and well behaved, and aside from a give-

away giggle now and then there is nothing which might not have been made part of the commencement exercises. Considered as dissipation this has an absurd effect to masculine eyes. But a few years from now when the young woman walks over the life-course free from bad habits and expensive tendencies, the young man will begin to wonder yet again whether woman has not pointed to him a more excellent way. Being a musical and a tuneful person, it is but natural that young women should have her college songs as well as the boys; and it is eminently fitting that they should properly represent her gentle and refined if desperate tastes. A collection of such songs is at hand. It embraces, the preface says, many which have not before been known outside the college where they originated. Many of them are adapted to popular melodies, others are set to original music, too often by the college professor, the uncongenial man, whose heart cannot be expected to move in unison with the poetic sentiments involved. Here is where the weakness of the young woman appears. Had they taken their harmony and theory with their piano, as they ought and as their teachers desired, they would not have been independent of masculine help and could have written with orchestral accompaniment.

Anyway it is a pleasant little book that lies before us, and it will no doubt be the precursor of many others.

LEGATO OCTAVE STUDIES FOR PIANO. Fay Foster. Opus 10, Kelso School.

These octave studies are of about the fourth grade of difficulty, and illustrate Mr. Kelso's method of treating this subject, upon which as in most others he has a way of his own. The author explains concerning them as follows:

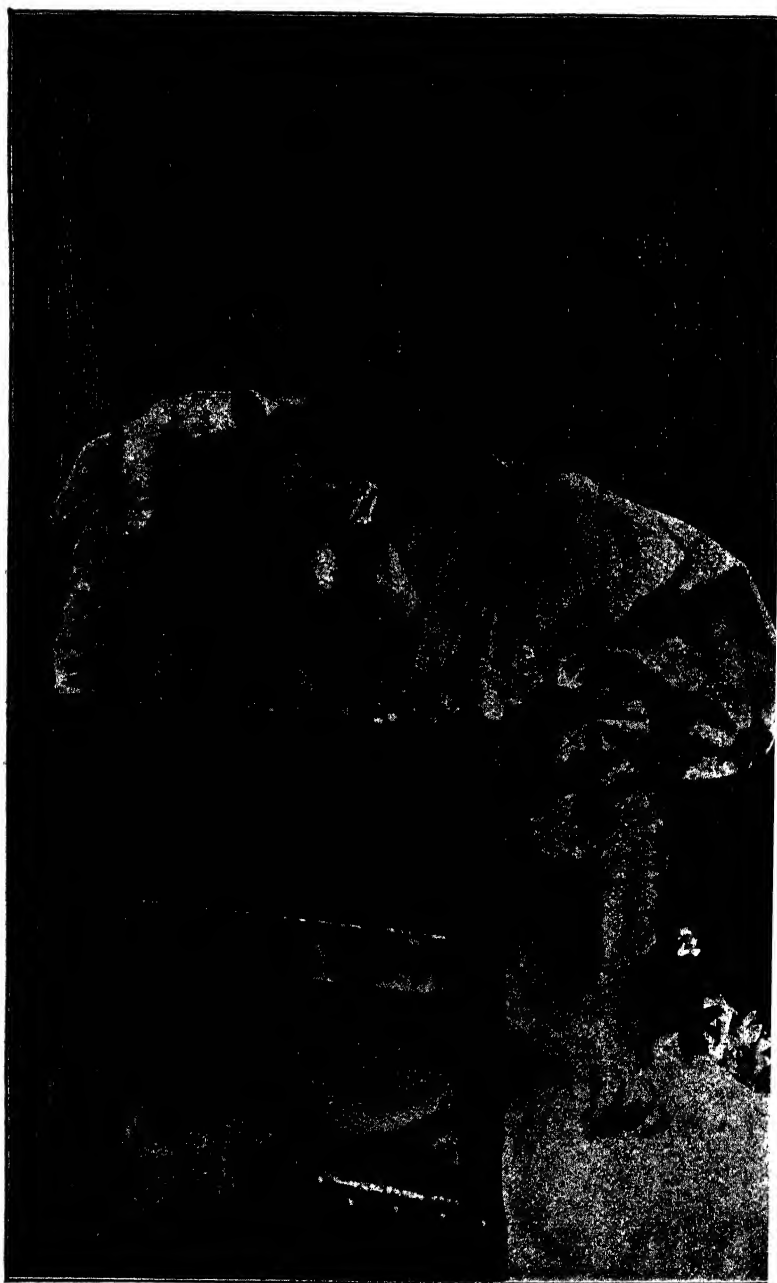
There are many scientific reasons why the development of wrist technic should precede that of the fingers. There are about thirty muscles whose tendons pass through or attached to or very near the bones of the wrist.

When any of these muscles not directly employed, become tense a rigid wrist is likely to result, in consequence of which freedom of movement of wrist and fingers is impeded.

It is apparent that legato octave practice principally concentrates all the movements of the wrist.

The anatomy of the arm, besides all scientific reasons, favors the development of wrist technic before that of the fingers. Therefore it is advisable to give legato octave work before scales, trills, arpeggios or any work requiring a predominance of finger action.

A separate conscious control of the wrist muscles from those of the fingers and the development of the great principal of the *Wrist directing the Hand* are more easily accomplished by legato octave practice than any other single development of piano technics.



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW

MUSIC

JANUARY, 1896.

QUEENS OF SONG, PAST AND PRESENT.

TO paraphrase slightly a trite maxim; the singer is born not made. This is a concise way of stating that while art may do much to foster and develop, yet from out great Nature's well stored laboratory must come the plastic material which, carefully wrought, shall furnish a medium adequate to convey to the world the most subtle soul-stirring harmonies.

The two most exalted, powerful and ennobling modes of human utterance are oratory and song. In the former, men excel; in the higher and diviner realm of song the supremacy of woman is ungrudgingly acknowledged. Therein she reigns alone with no one to dispute her way, her title Queen of song. Many there are that seek the distinction, but to few does the great world accord the right to bear the coveted honor.

The present century has been marvelous in almost every phase of human industry, not the least so in demonstrating the wondrous charm of the living voice as expressed in musical strains. From 1800 to the present time what a glorious procession passes before us. The firmament of song has been studded with stars of the first magnitude. Many have passed forever from view, but their fame is secure; others still shine with well-nigh unabated brilliance, while just above the horizon may be discerned lesser lights steadily gaining intensity of brightness.

To the earlier part of the period mentioned, belong such great artists as Pisoni, Pasta, Schröder-Devrient, Milder, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Novello, Pauline Viardot, Pér-

siani, Alboni, Jenny Lind, each crowned with the laurels of victory as the reward of her special contribution to art.

Who has not heard of the Swedish Nightingale? The story of her life though oft told will never lose its romantic interest. To Americans especially her name recalls scenes and events that to participants therein will ever be memorable. When she appeared in New York in 1850, people literally fought for the chance to hear her. Under the sway of her marvelous melody they were carried away



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

by a veritable frenzy of enthusiasm. Her voice is described as being strong and pure in the upper register, but this was united to the lower and middle tones with such artistic dexterity as to produce a perfectly balanced whole. Her ornamentation was original and brilliant, but always judicious. She composed all her own cadenzas while her pianissimo tones were so fined down as almost to produce the effect of ventriloquism, so exquisitely were they attenuated; and yet they never lost their peculiar musical quality. The bird song in Haydn's "Creation," and the Sanctus of

angels in Mendelssohn's "Elijah," were perhaps her most remarkable exhibitions of vocalism during a two years tour in the United states. Moreover the grace, tenderness and sympathy that pervaded her every gesture and note won all hearts.

Another daughter of the North, a native of the Modern Athens, was heard on this side of the Atlantic five years after the Swedish singer's departure. Madame Parepa-Rosa," was a great vocalist; though lacking in the intense dramatic quality that constitutes the complete and rounded personations of the prima donna. In opera, oratorio and the ballad school, her art manifested itself, and all of these it adorned, while the beauty and dignity of her woman's character but enhanced the admiration and esteem entertained for her by the whole world. Her voice was of extensive range, embracing two and a half octaves, to D in alt, and united power with sweetness. The death of this beautiful singer in 1874, was almost universally regarded as a personal loss.

Meanwhile under the genial skies of Southern Europe was being nurtured a fair maiden, in whose veins coursed the blood of Italian and Spanish ancestors, and into whose every fiber song seemed to be inbred from her earliest years. The American people have always had a warm place in their hearts for Adelina Patti, and the reason is not far to seek. Was it not here that she first appeared and has she not at brief intervals, for more than three decades, been casting over us the spell of her bewitching personality. In spite of repeated farewells and having past the half century mark in her life's journey, the name of Patti, pretty, petite, peerless, is still one to conjure with. What a dazzling array of roles she has impersonated—Lucia, Violetta, Zerlina, Martha, Rosina, Ninetta, Norina, Adina, Margherita, Juliet—in fact all the heroines of old-time Italian opera. Her voice and manner were well fitted for the portrayal of passionate tenderness, and the lighter moods of comedy. The compass of her voice—from G below to F in alt—added to its resonant, dramatic and clear warmly-toned quality made the magnetism of her presence on the stage irresistible. Yet

this fascinating Diva, during the plenitude of her powers, was forced to share with another the plaudits, yea, even the riches that our people have been ready to bestow on genius. Whether singing sweet and simple melodies at the village fetes and fairs of her native land, or brilliantly impersonating the mad Ophelia in grand opera at Paris, or in one of our western prairie towns moving her rough but



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

warm hearted listeners to tears with the strains of "Suwanee River," Christine Nilsson's chaste, pathetic changeable voice and noble attractive presence made her a worthy rival of her Italian contemporary. The range of her tones embraced two and a half octaves and within the compass it was of more than usual power, but with all, it suggested the beautiful and the romantic. Her three visits to our shores

in 1880, 1873 and 1882 were the delight of music lovers.

So far we have spoken only of European singers; but if all signs do not fail, the time has come when American women may take their rightful place as interpreters of the immortal masterpieces of Grieg, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas, and other great composers. It has been said and justly, that nowhere, not even in Italy is there a greater harvest of fine voices than in America. There must needs be, however, persevering study, patient endurance, and rare intelligence to make these voices the vehicle of genuine lyric power.

That the women of this country have already realized the fact is attested by the long list of beautiful and even brilliant singers who have already achieved fame in both the old and new worlds. Emma Albani, Minnie Hauck, Marie Litta, Antoinetta Sterling, Emma Osgood, Anne Louise Cary, Emma Nevada and in later days, Eames, Nordica, Sanderson and Yaw have upheld the traditions of the operatic and concert stage.

Any mention of present day singers would be incomplete without more detailed and specific reference to the transcendent merit, phenomenal achievement and matchless vocal equipment of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw. In vain we search the annals of history to find a voice comparable to hers in the predominating characteristics of range combined with such purity of tone and peculiarly fascinating timbre. It almost seems as if nature had exhausted her force in the endowment of this young Californian girl.

Miss Yaw, as we have said, hails from California, and possesses a most unique personality. She is slender, graceful, a decided blonde, with a classic face and clear blue eyes. There is something singularly spirituelle in both her appearance and her voice. The greater part of her musical training was received from that excellent teacher Mme. Theo. Bjorksten of New York. The latter realizing the wonderful possibilities of her pupil's voice, took Miss Yaw with her to Paris, where Miss Yaw profited greatly by instructions in repertoire with Delle Sedie and Bax. Ere long the extraordinary talents of the young singer were noised abroad in the salons of the French capital and eulo-

gistic comments were heard on every side. We quote the following from the *Paris Galignani*, '93.

"A newcomer, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a young pupil of Mme. Theo. Bjorksten, who owns a powerfully high and extraordinarily crystalline soprano, astonished every listener with her wonderful bird-like notes, that rose and fell with a precision and "rondeur" that French people characteristically compare to "falling pearls." Miss Yaw sang a Swiss echo song with considerable skill and execution. Her vocalization is extremely easy and not the slightest effort is visible, even when she takes the E flat above the upper C, a phenomenal achievement that surprises not a little. This young lady, who is a typical American, has just arrived in Paris to continue her studies with the eminent Professor Delle Sedie."

The critics marvelled and raved about her, and even the great Nilsson was astounded. The prima donna, before whom Miss Yaw sang, could not credit the evidence of her senses. It seemed scarcely possible that a human voice could reach such an altitude as E above high E, but the piano confirmed the fact. Americans were quick to learn and proudly congratulate one another that the most remarkable soprano voice known to history was possessed by their gifted country-woman,—extending from G below the treble staff to E in the altissimo, a range of nearly four octaves. The subjoined illustration will give a better idea of the altitude thereby implied than words can convey:



Yaw's highest note as compared with Patti's and Nilsson's.

The *New York Herald* was perhaps the first American newspaper to appreciate the significance attached to the above phenomenon in vocalization. It was unstinted in its encomiums and made the following comparisons:

"A soprano who can sing high C and sustain the note well is supposed to have a good vocal range, but Miss Ellen

Beach Yaw, of California, can sing E above high E. Christine Nilsson used to drive her audience into the seventh heaven of enthusiasm by singing high F sharp in Mozart's "Magic Flute." Miss Yaw sings F sharp without an effort, and sustains the note with the sweetest quality. The highest vocal range of a singer recorded by history was that of Lucrezia Ajuġari. Mozart says that in 1770 he heard this soprano range from A below middle C to C above the high C. It was a range of twenty-four notes. Ajuġari could execute trills on the high D. This is noted in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as the only known instance of the kind. Miss Yaw can sing lower than Ajuġari and three notes higher in the upper register.

One of the most singular things about Miss Yaw's singing, indeed the thing that has attracted the most attention, is that a singer who possesses such a high range should be able to sing in her lower register with the breadth of a contralto. A throat specialist who examined Miss Yaw's larynx recently said that her vocal cords were finer than any he had ever seen or heard of. While she sang her highest cadenzas the tones were of beautiful quality. She sang higher F sharp and held it for eight seconds, then running up the scale to C. The scientific explanation of this tremendous vocal altitude is that Miss Yaw's inferior thyroarytenoid or true vocal cord had made 2,048 vibrations each second.

It would be a mistake to conclude that Miss Yaw is merely a phenomenon—seeking to dazzle and amaze by sending a note to the upper sky, and trilling it there till all enjoyment of sound is lost in admiration of the ingenuity of the exploit. Eschewing all vocal pirouettes the object and aim of her art is to interpret and express, nobly, naturally and appreciatively, the works of the great masters, to take the score and translate it into tones that shall touch every human heart and awaken noblest aspirations. The harsh and technical verbiage of the singing master cannot describe or analyze the subtle charm of a voice so gifted and so consecrated to true art, it defies analysis even as the perfume of violets, or the song of birds. In Miss Yaw's voice as in

that of every great singer, there is something intangible, evanescent, indefinable that constitutes its secret yet none the less potent element. The ear can detect it, the inner consciousness can discern it, but no words can characterize its peculiar quality.

It is no extravagant panegyric to assert that Miss Yaw is today the most promising concert singer before the public. A grand voice, the grand style that comes of fine and highly cultivated musical intelligence, an attractive person and a pleasing manner, if these be the principal qualifications of a prima donna or concert singer of the first rank, then the subject of this sketch has already every assurance of success, and an ample reward. Her career so far has more than fulfilled the expectations of those who discerned her extraordinary talent a few years ago.

To whom shall we compare this new star? As well ask the student and lover of Nature to compare the rose and the lily. History repeats itself, but nature contains no two things exactly alike. It is enough to say of Yaw that she is unique, or to adapt a figure of speech, she is a century plant that blooms but once in a generation.

This young singer is now in London, we believe, studying with Randegger, and adding to her repertoire. The latter as may be imagined is an extensive one. What new surprises she shall bring us for her approaching American tour we cannot say, but there is no doubt that the thousands of friends and admirers on this side of the Atlantic will await her return with joyous anticipation. Nay, they will be content if she but repeat Murio-Celli's, L'Echo, Alabeff's "Russian Nightingale," Proch's "Theme and Variations," the mad scene from "Hamlet," Auber's "Laughing Song," Dell Acqua's "Villanelle," or the "Last Rose of Summer."

A. S

CONCERNING EAR TRAINING.

IT is evident, I think, that there is a large and increasing number of piano teachers who are becoming alive to the fact that the study of the piano, as usually conducted, fails to develop the pupil's perception of the fundamental things in music.

Tonality, harmony, these are the tone relations which lie at the very foundation of all musical intelligence; yet probably very few pupils who have been trained in music only at the piano have any clear, definite perception of either the scale or chord relationship of the tone they hear. "Having ears they hear not, neither do they understand," simply because they have not been trained to understand. They have not been taught *how* to perceive nor *what* to perceive.

The first essential of all musical intelligence is the perception of *the relation of tones in key*. This seems a very simple matter, and so it is. Even untaught savages have a dim perception of a key-note and of its predominance over all the other tones of a song. But it is amazing to see how slight is the advance in clearness and definiteness of perception, as regards this point, on the part of pupils who have been trained exclusively at the piano, over the aboriginal makers of folk-music.

How shall we remedy this defect? Those of us who enjoyed the benefit of the teaching of Dr. Lowell Mason or of his pupils a generation ago know how that problem was solved in the old-fashioned New England Singing School. There was never any difficulty about it. The classes were made to listen to scale intervals, then to sing them, then to recognize and sing them from the staff notation, and this process was kept up until the pupils imagined the sound easily from the printed characters. To one thoroughly trained in this way, diatonic melody and even chromatic melody, within certain limits, presented no difficulties. He could sit

down in a corner by himself with his book and sing tunes at sight *ad libitum*, within the ordinary limits of melodic writing.

There is no reason why we should not do, nowadays, exactly what was done for us a generation ago, provided only that we can make our pupils perceive the necessity of undergoing this kind of training. There is no earthly use in setting a harmony pupil at part-writing who cannot imagine clearly the sounds of the chord and scale-intervals when he sees them, or who does not recognize them when he hears them. Nor can there be any real understanding on the part of a pianist of the simplest music he plays without this power of imagination. If students will take this needed training we can give it, and give it in just such singing classes as we attended thirty years ago. This is essentially the same kind of work as the Tonic-Sol-Fa men are doing, and as provided for in the National Music Course by Luther Whiting Mason, and in other books.

But I am of the opinion that this kind of training of the ear and of the musical perception ought to be carried much farther than is provided for in the ordinary school course before the study of written exercises in harmony is begun. He who is about to write harmony exercises ought not only to be able to recognize by ear and to write down from hearing them diatonic and chromatic scale intervals and the intervals of the major and minor chords; he ought to recognize chords and their relations; Tonic and Dominant, Tonic and Subdominant, Tonic and Relative Minor, etc. I would insist on the necessity of thorough training in the naming of chords and of chord-relations when heard and also in writing them down from dictation. It may be wise, perhaps to combine the more advanced stages of this work with Part-writing. But such ear-training and dictation exercises will be found invaluable as a preparation and introduction to Harmony and Part-writing, and it can hardly be carried too far.

Unfortunately there has been little published thus far to lighten the labors of the teacher. Prof. F. L. Ritter's book of Exercises in Dictation is the only one of its kind I know of, and it will prove helpful to many teachers. One can get

valuable suggestions from it without following it too slavishly. If my good friend Calvin B. Cady would put into print the results of his experience in this kind of work, he would do a great service to thousands of teachers and pupils. But at present, teachers will have to invent their own methods, with such suggestions as they can get from the more experienced.

After all, perhaps this is less of a misfortune than it appears. If a young teacher has anything in him, it will be the making of him to throw him on his own resources. Let him perceive clearly the problem to be solved, the difficulty to be overcome; let him get suggestions from such sources as may be available; then let him set manfully to work to *study his pupils* rather than books and never give up until he has found out how to help them on to the same firm ground which he himself occupies. This is infinitely better, both for teacher and pupil, than grinding laboriously and slavishly through anybody's text-book. When teachers and pupils are *alive*, text-books serve as hints, or stimuli or perhaps as guides. They are infallible *authorities* only to those who are too weak or too lazy to stand on their own feet and so must lean on crutches or on the arms of those who are stronger. But perhaps one ought to provide for these also. On all accounts it is to be hoped, that, before long, somebody may publish a text-book which shall be profitable for musical doctrine, reproof and instruction in ear training and dictation. There is no more crying need in the musical world at present.

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

THE TRANSITION TO MODERN SINGING.

THAT public singing is different from what it formerly was, must be admitted. The opera of yesterday, infused with the sentimentality of Italy, influenced all public singing and even had much to do with drawing-room entertainment. The change of taste in opera has altered singing, both public and private. When we decry what appears to be decay in vocal music we lose sight of the fact that new existence has dawned. Instead of being a death and ending of all, there has been evolution or passing into new life. It is the transition from the worm to the butterfly. Unfortunately, nature has not planned so smooth conditions of transitions for us as she has in the animal kingdom. However, for just such times is man supplied with mind. He must help in the transition.

There are comparatively few good singers, either lyrical or dramatic in the world today. The introduction of dramatic operas excited those who had good voices and could sing lighter works, and ambition led them to attempt greater operas. The normal result followed; failure and inability to sing the old works. This is especially true of sopranos and tenors. Only to name a few as examples: Gerster, Lehmann, Ravelli and Campanini. Why have these, all of them comparatively young, gone down, while Patti, Sterling and Sims Reeves, all older, are still in fine vigor? Partly because the latter have not attempted what was vocally beyond them, or else because of superior training which has sustained them through what broke down the others. They have not attempted careers as dramatic opera artists, but probably the way of caring for the body and of using the voice contains the reason of their preservation. Were this not the case there would be little hope of producing dramatic works with the human voice.

In the last ten years an enormous army of singers has appeared and disappeared. Comparatively few survivors

remain. The few furnish the lesson to those who are ambitious to make the stage career. The evident lesson is that the human body must be trained to endure everything and the human intellect must have abnormal development. One not ready and willing to undergo heroic treatment, may as well abandon all thought of professional success at once. The inevitable result of a less vigorous course will be failure and ruin. Some good may come from less work but it will not be professional success. The parlor, church and light concert field can be enriched in its music by those who lack the mental and physical natural gifts and determination necessary to make great professionals.

Three things in foundation study are essentials: physical drill, vocalization and repertoire. Well, what impression on your mind, readers, has "physical drill" made? You have caught a view of graceful posing, Delsarte twisting and bending, or stage dancing, have you not? It includes these but it goes below and before them. It starts in the breathing, the assimilation of food, the walks, runs, rides and gymnastics. What the college man must go through in order to play foot ball you must do in order to sing professionally. Are you ready? However gentle practice may be at first it must eventually become very powerful. The puny body of 120 pounds must be built up to 180. The organs which can hardly digest milk-toast without causing a headache must be trained to dispose of quantities of the most substantial food. The mincing steps of the sweet Miss must be changed to the stride of apparent strength. No lying on the couch in the loose wrapper, but almost "booted and spurred" out on the highway. The novel must be changed for Beethoven, Wagner, Helmholtz and Kant. Our singing teachers are remiss in duty when they hesitate to pave the way for voice production through physical drill. They are absorbed in the study of the language when they ought to be at work developing back and legs; in the placing of tone in the front of the mouth instead of sending it through the whole body; in limitations rather than expansions. On this point the majority of vocal teachers are failures. What would I recommend, ask you? *Under personal supervision of the*

teacher, dumb-bells, clubs, lifting weights, bicycles and exercises. Anything which an individual can have without setting up a whole gymnasium. But it should be insisted upon that the physical practice should be directed by the vocal teacher. He is shaping it for voice production; the other trainer has some other purpose in mind, a good one perhaps, but it may not help the voice. For instance, most trainers so misuse the breathing organs in physical culture that they injure the voice. Do not forget that in the manipulation of the organs of breath fully one-half of all vocal training occurs.

Vocalization extends the training of the singer. Were physical drill all, what beautiful singers our college men would be! But they are not. Vocalization has not been applied. This *must* be directed by the vocal teacher. No one can, by himself, train his voice for public use. A sick man can doctor himself but recovery is hastened and made more certain by the hints of the physician. More true still is it that the singer must be in charge of the vocal teacher for vocalization. There are no secrets possessed by a teacher. He who claims to have them is a humbug. The teacher by experience and common sense knows how to get his pupil to do that which by himself he could not do or which would take a long time. Instruction in vocalization consists in showing how to use physical organs in delivering tone. Tone is a substance ever present in the atmosphere and every where present. As much as the mind is capable of conceiving can be imbibed, or charged, into the body. Vocalization consists of applying, moulding and shaping such vocal tone that it may be properly delivered to the audience. The important things in it are attack and continuance of tone and the application of these to all degrees of pitch, and the development of speech in tone. In fact, what more is there? Talk about "registers," "placing tone" and the hundred other things sagely advanced by vocal teachers is the veriest nonsense, so far as making singers is concerned. (These may have their place in musical education. That is another matter.) In vocalization the voice is applied. It must be done through exercises, but it matters little whose or what

those are so long as they are rightly applied. It is the manner of application which is important. It is evident, then, that vocalization stands between mind and body, between intellectual conception and physical manifestation.

How many singers who aspire to professional life have a substantial repertoire? Have you, reader? If not, you may be sure that others have not. A few songs are learned, or half learned, and with those the managerial office is assaulted. Learning such songs does little for education. Having a repertoire means having definitely learned and fixed in one's mind the proper roles from six to ten operas. Nor can one safely study the operas of today with their exactions until he has prepared the foundation through study works (in oratorio and opera) by Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini and others, to the number of ten or fifteen. When the old, smooth, lyrical operas have served their purpose (they need not be committed to memory for this purpose) the works which may possibly obtain presentation must be learned and learned thoroughly. They form the repertoire. The demands upon the modern singer are truly great. Is it a wonder that in the change from old conditions to new, so many get discouraged? Why, every year there are from two to three thousand American girls in Europe studying for the career; how many great singers are created a year? All hail then to Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Eames and a score of others who have made themselves great and hold themselves great in spite of such requirements and against the thousands of new comers! The profession has as large a company of grand heroes as can be found anywhere on earth.

So much for physical drill, vocalization and repertoire. The treatment of the tenor singer, judging from the very few who are in public, must be an unusually delicate matter. The pure tenor is one who should keep away from dramatic music. Exactly where to draw the line is hard to decide. More and more operas with heroic roles will appear in the near future, but for these, here a prediction is hazarded, the pure tenor will not sing his part. Baritones, forced out of their natural compass, will sing then. Jean de Reszke is a

good example of what we will have. He sang baritone music until but a few years ago. The question comes to mind if this can be done safely. Yes, of course. For the purpose of the opera, yes. Probably such unnatural use of the voice will shorten the years of the voice and injure it for other singing. Whenever we interfere with nature's intent we must pay the penalty. If any are willing to pay such penalty there is no reason why they should not be allowed to. There are very many who are willing and there always will be. It is perfectly feasible. Any man can train himself to sing *A flat* or *A*, and these notes are as high as tenor roles of the new operas generally run. He can change the color of his voice and give it the appearance of tenor quality. He can, through physical drill become strong enough to use the upper rather than the lower half of the voice. There you have a tenor made out of a baritone. It is possible in many cases, to develop even the high *C* in the baritone voice. You may remember that such men are not tenors. They never can be tenors. They are forever what nature built them to be. They can, however, take the place of tenors for a few years.

The true tenor is a delicate creature. He is of fine fibre, delicate frame and sensitive nerves. His larynx is small and stands deep back in the neck (so that the Adam's Apple can hardly be seen) and high. The pharynx is small and very pliable. Such conditions lend themselves to the quick reception of nervous tension, and that wears the voice quickly. If one tries to develop this kind of man into portliness or great physique, the creation is generally "flabby" and unsubstantial. Under force and excitement the voice of such a man will be all right (except in quality) but at other times will lack all essentials of good singing. (Tamagno, a real tenor, sings "Otello" superbly in the last act, when he has worked himself up, but during the rest of the opera, never touches the key once.) Training the tenor must be the *coaxing* of the voice into a delicate frame. When that is done properly the voice is the most delicious thing in singing. Let it stand by itself. It has its place and work. That may be in a position less gratifying to vanity, but yet is of

much good to music and to the world. The lighter operas have the best places for him. The oratorio, church and concert are the proper places for his public work. The pure tenor voice cannot stand ten years of regular engagements in dramatic roles. Herein the vocal teacher of the day has been wrong. Not in America so often as in Europe because we have no grand operas as yet. The teacher has advised pure tenors to change to dramatic ones. It is too wasteful. It has killed off tenors. Then we complain of the dearth of tenors and the decay of vocal art. The teachers have very much to answer for. In nine cases out of ten they are to blame, and in most of these cases they are the direct cause of the destruction of the tenors.

Does the study and singing of dramatic music like that of the Wagner operas, destroy voices? Yes, untrained ones. The musical idea which the mind can grasp urges the singer into most vigorous efforts, and voices which are not sure in foundation must certainly be destroyed by over work demanded. Because people who ought not to try to sing Wagner have been ruined from his dramatic work, the cry has gone up against him. Unfortunately singers are ignorant of their own limitations and use little judgment when dealing with themselves. To sing dramatic music more training is needed on three lines: attack, legato and reverberation. To vocalists I would put the question "What have you done to obtain perfect and pure attack of tone?" It is an individual question, put to each one. Perhaps the answer from most would come in the form of a question, "What do you mean by attack of tone?" Two things are included in it; first making the start of tone at the vocal bands, and second, expressing accent to establish rhythm. No practice in voice culture is more useful than making "repeated beginnings." Mr. Shakespeare calls them "starts," and remarks if one should make millions of them and finally succeed in establishing perfect tone production, it would be profitable practice. This word "millions" scares singers, but probably millions of such "starts" must be made before attack of tone can be perfectly established. One should begin the practice on a note in the lower part of the voice and sing three or four

tones (with the vowel sound "ah") on that note in the same breath. Be as gentle as possible. No push, no struggle, no "click" of the glottis. It is well to repeat such practice on that same note several times. Then take the next higher. Work upward slowly. Time is of little account as compared with what may be gained. Time would not be wasted if one practiced a half hour on three or four notes. Other vowels can be used, too. At no time in the singer's life can study of attack of tone be abandoned.

Some years ago, teachers employed the "shock" of the glottis for obtaining attack of tone. Happily, the error of this course was discovered and the practice was generally abandoned. Some still use it, but, let it be impressed, that "click" is death to good tone and will take off the "bloom" or velvety natural beauty which belongs to all voices, and which, once lost, is so hard to regain.

Stress or accent, which is part of the subject of attack of tone, is given in two ways: by slightly increased pressure of the respiratory organs (demanding just so much increased resistance at the vocal bands) and by firmer nervous impact at the larynx. The singer does not need to give direct study to either of these ways. While studying colorature exercises it is well to note avoidance of strain. The care for it in such practice is sufficient. This leads to the remark that most singers who essay dramatic music make the mistake of omitting colorature practice. It seems beneath their notice. It is, however, the very essential of preparation for dramatic work, without which no voice can be well prepared for Wagner or other dramatic music. No one can proceed at once with safety to heavy music. It must be led up to through attack of tone and its application.

Legato singing is but the drawing out through sustained tones and long phrases that which has been secured through attack. It can best be attained by the study of words. (That statement is to be noted because most teachers think they get it on vocalizes like those of Concone, Panofka and others.) *Legare* means "to tie," and *legato* is the past participle of that verb. The obstructions in singing are not the vowels but the consonants. On vowels the tone can flow

easily, and the voice, provided tension is removed from the throat, will tie tones together. When it comes to the use of words with their consonants, the case is different. The slightest tension at the larynx or in the root of the tongue will make most consonants shut off tone for an instant. A quick ear detects this, and any ear can perceive that something is the matter with tone quality. To tie words together during a long sentence without having the slightest detachment of tone (except on the gutturals *ch*, *k* and *g*) is so rare even among good singers as to be worthy of remark. Obtaining ability to do this gives the true *legato* to the voice and it also permits the most beautiful quality which is native to any individual. How long will it take to do this, ask you? No matter. Without it, *no* dramatic singing should be attempted. What if it takes a year? One year is not so very long when the salvation of the voice is concerned.

Study of reverberation, the third essential in the foundation of dramatic singing, opens the subject of the production of all loud tone. Untrained voices get loud notes by force. This is the cause of their destruction. Singers who wish the full, round, orotund voice, and who does not wish such? must learn that there is a better way than by using physical force. All vocal tone for singing originates at the vocal bands and good vocal tone will be made only as there is absence of pressure upon the bands. Force applied to them will make more voice but at the expense of quality and lasting properties.* Full voice can be attained by increasing the amplitude of vibration at and around the vocal bands and larynx and thus allowing such ample vibration to reverberate through the entire physical frame. This is the only safe way of obtaining the large voice. When that is used the quality is good and there is no possible chance of destruction of voice except in old age. There is no reason why singers should not retain their vocal powers and yet sing the most dramatic music, provided that their individual gifts are adopted to such music, until the age of seventy is reached. Then the hardening of cartilages (i.e., changing to bone) will cause gradual deterioration of voice. It will take ten years to complete such a change and but few people expect to live long past eighty years.

What seems so simple (allowing the full tone to be made through reverberation rather than through force) is only really so as one can bring his intellectual command of his body into play. It is absurd to say that singers intentionally do wrong in voice production. They do what they think is right. If, in doing so, they make a mistake they must pay the penalty. Nature never excuses ignorance. Even when the better way is shown them singers often cannot so command themselves that they can use it, and they say it was a mistake. The way is wrong. The trouble with such is that they have not learned the first lesson in mental control. That lesson is that the body, in order to obtain full tone, must be free from tension. Our manner of life keeps all of us under excitement and strain. We work like steam engines. Under such excitement the muscles strain. That tension prevents reverberation for full tone, as a strip of felt placed between hammers and strings in the piano deadens the sound. Reference to the piano recalls that the pianist has learned to use the supple and relaxed members before the singer has. This is complimentary to the pianist. The singer must command its use, and in greater degree than does the pianist, before he can safely train his voice for dramatic singing.

In broadly meeting the questions of physical and mental control lies the surety of preparation for the music of the future. It must not be done narrowly or meagrely. The day of contraction in ideas has passed; expansion in conception and execution is upon and before us. We are in the transition period in vocal music and we must meet the requirements of the situation by broad action. The day of small things has passed away and the grand era of music and the voice is opening.

FRANK H. TUBBS.

RECENT GLIMPSES OF SAINT-SAENS.

PARIS, NOV. 8, 1895.

THE most interesting concert so far, that we have heard here this season, was the one given last Sunday afternoon at the Chatelet Theatre.

It was the fourth of the subscription concerts by Mr. Ed. Colonne, in which he was assisted by Camille Saint-Saens, the second act of whose *Proserpine* he personally conducted. This occupied nearly all the second part of the program, the last number being three selections from *Romeo and Juliet* by Berlioz. Mr. Colonne conducted this number as well as the first half of the program which was as follows:

OUVERTURE DE FRITHIOF. Th. Dubois

QUATRIEME SYMPHONIE (en si bemol) Beethoven

I. *Introduction et allegro.* II. *Adagio.*

III. *Scherzo.* IV. *Finale.*

VAUX DE VIRE. poesies du xv siecle (2 AUDITION) Audre Gedalge
Les chansons d'Olivier Basselin, publiees en 1610 sous le nom de
Vaux de Vire, sont l'origine du mot vaudeville.

I. *La sante portee.*

II. *C'est a ce joly mois de Mai.*

III. *Les perils de Mer.*

M. GANDUBERT et les chœurs.

CONTE D'AVRIL (Suite d'orchestre) Ch. M. Widor.

Musique pour la Comedie d'Auguste Dorchain.

I. *Nocturne.*

Flute: M. CANTIE.

II. *Serenade Illyrienne.*

III. *Clair de Lune* (Aubade).

Violon: M. G. REMY.

The overture possessed a peculiar charm for us inasmuch as it was the first work of a purely orchestral nature we had heard by the famous organist of *La Madeleine*, whose organ compositions are so familiar and popular in America. The same graceful but melodious character and unconventional harmonies were also here in evidence. Beethoven's Symphony in B flat received an exceedingly careful interpretation, especially in the *Adagio* and *Scherzo*, but the first and last

movements suffered considerably for want of a precise attack, particular in the strings. There was apparently no unity in the method of bowing, for each man played according to his own notion. Nothing, however, could be more tender and loving than the performance of the beautiful Suite by Widor, and it was especially grateful to the ear in coming directly after the bizarre compositions of Gedalge. This young man entered the Paris Conservatoire eleven years ago, and seems to have carried off several prizes. I shall be glad to hear something more from his pen before pronouncing a final verdict.

But at the very beginning of the Suite of Widor we exclaimed *this is music!* The Nocturne was so exquisite and delicious that a repetition was spontaneously demanded. Both the other movements also revealed that high type of musical expression for which the great organist of *St. Sulpice* is now so famous. Widor has been called the Schumann of France, presumably on account of his romantic style and freedom of elaboration, but he possesses at the same time marked individuality, and is developing wonderful versatility as instanced by his ballet-music *La Korrigane*, which is being given here frequently this season at the Opera. While listening to that work recently, I could scarcely credit the fact that it had emanated from the same brain which produced those eight extraordinary organ Symphonies, although the same clearness and intelligence, and I might say, musical perspicuity were apparent. In writing the first of those remarkable Symphonies Widor chose this for his motto: "Soar above," and he has steadfastly clung to his lofty idea.

During the intermission benches were placed upon the stage in front of the orchestra and a chorus of about eight singers took their places. The ladies wore dark, and in most cases black dresses, whilst the men, including those of the orchestra, the soloists and conductors, contrary to our custom at a matinee, all wore evening dress. The moment Saint-Saëns appeared there was the wildest scene of enthusiasm, the artists upon the stage and the audience which completely filled the theatre seeming to vie with each other in welcoming the distinguished composer. It was several

minutes before Saint-Saens could collect his forces, and I may perhaps say *himself*, but quiet finally reigned and then the peaceful strains introducing the second act of the lyric drama, *Proserpine* were heard. We sat in the parquet quite near the stage, so that we could observe every move and naturally took special notice of the conductor. His beat is always positive and remarkably steady. With the left hand he indicated the required expression but without any unnecessary flourishes. Throughout the entire performance the influence of a master-mind was clearly and unmistakably felt, and at its close the audience manifested their admiration, delight, and I may say, just pride, in frequently recalling the great composer. It was an ovation which he must have deeply appreciated, for after repeated shouts of "bis Final" from all parts of the house the entire Finale was repeated, and even then Saint-Saens was compelled to bow his acknowledgments many more times. On our way out of the theatre we met Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sherwood who have been in Paris now about a month, and who will remain here until the last of December, when they return to Chicago. Their summer vacation was spent in Geneva, where we saw them just as we were leaving for Paris. Mr. Sherwood and I recently had a charming interview with Alexandre Guilmant at his studio here, during which my American confrere played the *Sonata Appassionata* of Beethoven. Mr. Guilmant was enthusiastic in his compliments to Mr. Sherwood, and remarked especially upon his wonderful variety of touch. The following Sunday Sherwood and I went to hear Mr. Guilmant play at the church of *La Trinité*, and had the pleasure of remaining during the entire service in the organ gallery. The famous organist was in the best of spirits and played with his usual elegance and fascinating manner. Mr. Sherwood was quite taken off his feet by the *Postlude* which was an improvisation in the strict style. We remarked afterwards upon the simple yet characteristic theme which Guilmant employed with such masterly skill and splendid effects, but he replied that it was only a peg upon which to hang his thoughts. Armed with a cordial letter of introduction from this eminent artist and most

amiable gentleman, Mr. Sherwood and I called this morning upon Camille Saint-Saens at his appartments in the *Faubourg St. Honoré* not far from *La Madeleine* where he was organist when I first came to Paris twenty-four years ago. He received us with the utmost cordiality and we spent a most delightful half hour in conversation upon musical subjects. We expressed the pleasure we had in hearing his *Proserpine* last Sunday, but he said it was only an excerpt which he had arranged for a concert performance and that it was to him very unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it lacked the necessary scenery and dramatic action. The entire work he told us will be given here next October at the *Opera Comique*.

"Why do you not go to America?" we asked, "there is no country where your music is played more frequently or is more appreciated."

"Ah!" said he "I would so much like to do so, but it seems impossible for want of time. I do not fear the distance nor the long journey, but my time is so much occupied here at the *Opera* and the *Opera Comique* that I really cannot get away. I may run over to London next summer, but fear I shall never go to America. The only time I could possibly get away is in June and July, and then your concert season is over I suppose. I dread the winters here and am obliged to go South where the climate is warmer."

"Have you composed anything recently for the piano?" Mr. Sherwood asked. "Very little" he answered, "since my time is so much taken up with operatic and orchestral subjects. I get almost no time whatever for practicing and so have sadly neglected the piano. About the only thing I have published lately for that instrument is a little piece I wrote while in Egypt last winter. Here it is, and you will see it is not at all pretentious."

We glanced through the seven or eight pages and found the music of an Oriental character which I have no doubt Mr. Sherwood will incorporate at once into his extensive repertoire. He told of hearing *Samson and Delilah* given by the Apollo club in Chicago last season, whereupon Saint-Saens said: "And were the soloists good?"

“Yes” said Mr. Sherwood, “they were quite equal to their associates.” As I was out in California at the time I could not vouch for this assertion. I was glad, however, to speak of hearing two capital performances of this grand opera given *tout a fait* as the French say, at *Aix les Bains* this summer, when upon both occasions the part of *Delilah* was taken by that splendid artiste Madame Deschamps-Jehiu, who created the role.

“Yes” said Saint-Saens “she is a grand artist and I believe has never been heard in your country. She ought to go, for I am sure she would have tremendous success.”

Of this I am myself quite convinced, for her singing alone of the two famous arias in that opera was a revelation, while the intensity and finish of her acting are far in advance of what is usually seen upon the operatic stage.

We shook hands with the great French musician who had received us so kindly, and he invited us to come again.

Notwithstanding his doubt concerning a visit to the United States, I am of the opinion that sufficient inducements might be brought to bear to cause him to undertake such a tour. In the capacity of composer, conductor, organist and pianist what a powerful magnet he would become! What an extraordinary series of concerts might be arranged! And what a lively stimulus to the cause of music such a unique tour would arouse!

Next Sunday the third Symphony of Saint-Saens will be played at the Lamoureux orchestral concert. This calls for an organ, and quite recently one has been placed by Cavaille-Coll in the *Cirque des Champs-Elysee*, where the Lamoureux concerts are given. It is a fair sized organ of two manuals and pedale, but hardly suitable for solo work.

The present season of concerts under the direction of Charles Lamoureux is divided into two series of ten concerts each, which take place every Sunday afternoon. They began on the 20th of October and will continue until the 22nd of March. The orchestra consists of 120 players, and the programs are always of high order.

Commencing with the first Sunday in December a new series of afternoon concerts will be given in the National

Opera House, at the second of which a new Symphony for orchestra and organ by Widor will be performed. Aside from these are the weekly orchestral concerts of d'Harcourt as well as the usual series of subscription concerts by the *Conservatoire*. So you see that Paris is not suffering from a lack of orchestral performances.

Personally we are taking not a little satisfaction just now in the fact that our very pleasant apartments which we have secured for the winter, were occupied only a year ago by the great Saint-Saëns, and in imagination we are living in an atmosphere laden with echoes from *Samson and Delilah*, *Proserpine*, the *Christmas Oratorio*, *Organ Rhapsodies*, *Nuptial Benedictions*, *Elevations*, *Communions*, *Preludes* and *Fugues*, and even the *Danse Macabre*.

CLARENCE EDDY.

ADOLF JENSEN IN HIS LETTERS.

IT is not a large community that worships at the shrine of Adolf Jensen. The delicacy of his poetic sentiment will forever debar him from popularity. Save a few songs, some echoes for the piano and his "wedding music" for piano, four hands, few of his works are known to the general public. But the limited number of those who are familiar with his important compositions, have reason to ensign to him a more prominent place among the composers of this century those he has hitherto occupied, and the lamentably few who know something of the life of this musician have reason to admire with equal fervor his character as man. He was one who could apply to himself the words of Heine.

*" Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleinen Lieder."*

For his works from Op 40, to the setting of the Frithiof of Saga, which remained a fragment, were conceived in a period of physical martyrdom, which was to terminate only by death. If "calamity is man's true touch-stone," the misfortune of a gradual waste of strength, and a slow but sure decay of health, must reveal a man's innermost being, must furnish a true test of his moral power. The letters which Jensen addressed to a friend during the interval of ten years, beginning July 1868, and terminating December 1878, reflect as in a mirror, the great, the noble soul of this tone-poet. They show us a mind most extraordinary in its unbiased appreciation of the work of fellow-composers, living or dead, a character admirable for its consistency and fortitude, and most amiable for the exquisite purity and sincerity of its sentiments. Adolf Jensen, the man, must have been most lovable, and his loss was surely no less deplored by the limited circle of intimate friends, than by the admirers of his music.

He was born, January 12, 1837, in Königsberg. He received a liberal musical education, being instructed in

composition by L. Ehlert, and at the age of nineteen went to Brest in Russia, as music teacher in a nobleman's family. His longing for Germany soon caused him to return, and he was successfully employed as kapellmeister in the theaters of Posen and Glogan. Two years later we find him in the German opera in Copenhagen; then he returned to his native city as director of the musical academy, and married. In 1866 he was called to Berlin to teach in Tausig's Conservatory; but in 1868 resigned his position, and left the capital, to enter upon the ten years of pilgrimage to which the pulmonary trouble, which had declared itself, forced him. The tempting prospects for his future,—Sondershausen wanted him as Kapellmeister, Basel as director of the new conservatory, had to be ignored. He wandered about pitching his tent wherever the climate promised to alleviate his sufferings. Munich, Dresden, Graz, Meran and Venice were successfully visited, until the martyrdom and the pilgrimage both found their sad *finale* in Baden-Baden on the 23d of January, 1879.

In reviewing the work of any composer of the present, it has become a custom to ask, What was his attitude towards Wagner? Jensen's letters fully demonstrate his relation to the master of Bayreuth. In the very first, dated Munich, July 8, 1868, he says of the "Meistersinger:" "I have had the rare fortune of hearing the work, but I will not undertake to describe the impression it made upon me; it is indescribable." A few months later he wrote from Dresden: "Whatever was within my weak power, I have done for the Meistersinger. The friends that I have, the number is not great, but comprises both sexes—I invited, and for them I played and howled the work, which I know almost by heart, from beginning to end. My anticipation was correct, that with the intelligent people who associate with me, this process would have a decided success." April 6th, 1869, he refers to Wagner's pamphlet about "Judaism in Music:" The courage with which he, the only honest one, dares to disclose the hollow nothingness of Meyerbeer's—and often also of Mendelssohn's work—and the decidedly baneful influence of both, inspires me with unlimited ado-

ration for this martyr. I am deeply convinced that sacred zeal in the cause of art is Wagner's only motive." Two years later he writes: "The Kaisemarsch is overwhelmingly powerful and fine. Berlin and Vienna critics may pour out the vials of their venom upon Wagner, his body was bathed in dragon's blood, and his soul is invulnerable." But it is in June, 1876, that Jensen's adoration of Wagner's genius reached its climax: "What awaits you in Bayreuth is the musical culmination point of your life, and the greatest event since the creation of the world. I too would think of it with rapture, if I were not ill. But as I can hardly read a Wagner score without being overcome by the most intense and dangerous excitement, I have become accustomed to resign and renounce." In the course of this correspondence, however, Jensen proves that his high esteem for Wagner, does not exclude Liszt and Tausig from their first share of admiration. In June 1871 he says: "It is manna in the desert to spend a few days with a man like Liszt." He regrets, however, that Liszt is always surrounded by a rather motley crowd, and says: "The majority of the aristocracy willingly bows before Liszt and his brilliant personality, but they are incapable of grasping his eminent intellectual importance, his depth." At the news of Tausig's death he writes: "The loss for art is inseparable. Alas! how insistent is fate! Why had this man to go in full possession of his powers, when scamps seem to be immortal. May he rest in peace! He has not lived in vain. While we had to accept from the man so many a peculiarity, love and gratitude will keep the artist's memory forever green." Jensen's ardent partizanship for modern music made him by no means blind toward its deficiencies. At one time he writes: "You are looking over novelties. I fear without success. I can only look back into the past now; Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner!" He justifies his attitude by saying in another letter with especial reference to a little-known Austrian composer: "Herzogenberg suffers from the defects of the present; passing by unavoidable preliminary stages, he strikes out for a very distant aim, which he reaches only apparently,

he seeks grandeur not in the idea but in the form, which outwardly bulges out abnormally, while within a mess of anassimilated materials ferment." His reverence for Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and others of the classical school is sincere. He speaks of the most exalted terms of Cherubini's music and in the same letter adds: "Friedemann Bach I know and esteem since a long time—the name Bach always moves me to tears. Certainly Friedermann's Fugues are charming clear, transparent, easy to comprehend and full of expression—but they are also *tiny*, and do not reach the standard of the great old Sebastian."

Jensen's attitude towards the general intellectual drift of the times was one of thorough earnestness. He writes from Graz, November, 1873: "I hardly could point out an epoch of the past similar to this in absolute poverty of ideas and superficial, frivolous and *blazé* judgement. This opinion is not the result of my self-chosen solitude, as I am convinced that every thinker will agree with me, who, having found his real sphere in solitude, intellectually builds on, while he looks back upon the great deeds of our ancestors. The present is the period of matter, which overgrows form, filling space devoid of thoughts. To give way to the demands of a public without judgment, is to be *zeitgemäss*. In music, as in other arts and in the sciences, we have such victims of our time, and the saddest thing is that there are some among them who were once our pride. Fortunately there are always exceptions, and we may deem ourselves happy, if in the endless sandheaps we may find a few forlorn grains of gold. Be content that your taste is not that of the large crowd; you will have less enjoyment, but it will be more intense." Half a year later he replies to his friend: "Your ideas about worldly meanness, intellectual decay, superficiality, emptiness, the egotism and calm enthusiasm, etc., have almost become an echo of my own, which fact I highly appreciate. Though there is occasion enough to adopt such ideas theoretically, since the writings of great men contain them in every possible version, our love of mankind prompts us not to give up our belief until we have made experiences which can not be contradicted,

and which though always painful are highly conducive to our progress, since without them we not could rise above meanest mediocrity." Jensen's love for his art was so genuine, so deep, that even conversation upon musical topics became a source of physical suffering; yet he enjoyed no other but animated discussion, and at one time writes: "Your almost combative Nibelungen enthusiasm, I enjoy with all my heart; for my sake, because I cannot bear *Fischblut Naturen*, for my sake, because only such inspired overwhelming ardor can raise us above life's misery and poverty. Besides every enthusiasm gradually wears off and gives way to a pure, a refined judgment of the work, which is generally a decided gain, as then its beauties become fully apparent."

Jensen's productiveness during these last ten years of his life was astonishing considering his condition. Of his most important works composed during this period may be mentioned: the songs from Scheffels-Gaudeamus, Op. 41, a chef-d'œuvre of refined musical humor. Romances and Ballads by Robert Namerling, his Idylls for Piano, Op. 43; the Wedding music for piano four hands, Seven Songs by Robert Burns, Scènes carnavalesques, Suite of Eighteen Pieces, Op. 56, Seven Songs by Thomas Moore and some others. Besides this respectable amount of original work and his playing, which of course he had to abandon in his last years, he read incessantly, and his reading covered the widest range possible: Korner, Lucian, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Buckle, Grabbe, Immermann, Gutzkow and Namerling, with whom he had become acquainted at Graz. The mental activity of this man, whose vital spark was flickering lower and lower was amazing. Composing was to him a source of intense nervous excitement, his Gaudeamus having caused him many a sleepless night. Sometimes he had to cease work from sheer nervousness. The moments when he could work grew rare and rarer. Eight years before his death he says: "My creative power is paralyzed, and I must look upon every favorable moment as upon a great heavenly blessing," and six years later: "I beg only one thing from Heaven; a little breath, so I could

work, and in the enjoyment of my work forget all this petty earthly misery." At another occasion he exclaims: "Work with all its consequences, is one of the most exalted pleasures!" In spite of the most mortifying disappointments Jensen loved life, and the letters show again and again that the patient, struggling and suffering invalid hoped for recovery until almost the end. For the distress of others he always had warm words of consolation. When the friend to whom these letters were addressed and to whom the "Wedding music" had been dedicated, had the misfortune of losing two children, Jensen's letters contained not one hackneyed phrase, not one conventional term of condolence, but was the expression of spontaneous sympathy.

Referring to some celebrity of the day, Jensen once said: "I always keep the man and the artist apart, and I would rather know only the latter." In our day, when the most intimate details from an artist's private life are dragged into the columns of the newspaper, details that we would rather ignore, this is the only policy to be pursued. But the character of Adolf Jensen was unimpeachable. In him the man deserves as much admiration from an ethical point of view, as the artist from the highest artistic standpoint.

A. VON ENDE.

MUSICAL CREATIVE WORK AMONG WOMEN.

FIRST PAPER: THE UNITED STATES.

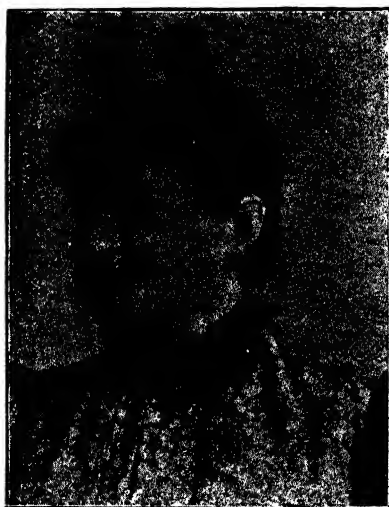
BY common consent, in the past, woman has been considered wanting in musical creative power. This belief is not now universal. A thoughtful man recently said that the best things, the ideal thoughts, that come to the human race are sometimes contained in women, sometimes in men, but in either case they represent God-given power and should be allowed free utterance.

Here and there are to be found those who candidly agree with Mr. J. Spencer Curwen of England, who says: "My own view is, that given equal chances, women may do everything in musical composition that men have done." Certain it is, as an English writer, Mrs. William Sharp, expresses it: "Women have had many serious hindrances to contend against, defective education, lack of broad experience in life, absence of freedom in which to make full use of natural abilities, and the force of public and private opinion, both of which have been prone to prejudge her work unfavorably, or at best, apologetically."

But this much vexed question, "Shall woman—*can* women compose," is perhaps best answered by the facts of the case, which must speak here, as elsewhere, for themselves. The writer believes that music is music, and that all expressions of it should be judged without reference to sex. She hesitates to appear as consenting, by the above title and introduction, to sex classification. The following is, therefore, simply an impersonal effort toward an investigation of a field hitherto thought barren, with the hope of discovering some of the forces at work throughout our land, which are tending slowly but surely, to make of us a more musical nation.

Let us glance for a moment at the Kindergarten,—the earliest favorable environment perhaps, for the expanding of musical talent aside from those particularly fortunate

conditions which now and then exist in the home. In this school we find the way already opened to a fuller realization of musical truth. There is a growing demand for literature which is not only adapted to the comprehension of the little people, but will develop their imagination and establish a delicate perception of the real use and meaning of music. The first lesson to future audiences is also here given, the lesson of the "listening ear." Responsiveness to the message is a step in the right direction. Many Kindergartners are also realizing the necessity of presenting truthful interpretations, beautiful tone, and carefully selected material to the plastic minds committed to their care. Some children



MISS ELEANOR SMITH.

ven learn to reverence the piano, a thoughtful attitude not too common in this unpoetical age, and one to be greatly encouraged. The greatness which outranks many other claims to greatness, "the ability to write songs of such charming simplicity that children can sing them," as instanced in the compositions of Reinecke, has led many earnest workers to express themselves not only for Art's sake, but for the children's sake.

There have been various contributions to the literature for Kindergartens, and foremost among these writers we must place Miss Eleanor Smith of Chicago, who has done much towards purifying and elevating the tone of this material. Several years ago she was pressed into service as teacher of classes in music in Cook County Normal, Hull House, and two Kindergarten Colleges, but has found time to send forth two books of songs for little people, that have been most favorably received and constantly used. Private teaching developed other conditions to be met with

creative thought. For instance, a class of twelve boys pined for street songs—the ephemeral “Annie Rooney,” or “Ta-ra-ra” appealing to their tastes to a fascinating degree. To write each boy a song suited to his mind, and yet preserve the high ideal this composer ever has before her, was a nice appreciation of conditions. “Twelve songs for twelve boys” is the outgrowth of this demand. As boys do not always take kindly to the finer arts during their early years of uncertainty, it is refreshing to know that they have a champion in thorough sympathy with them, and one who moreover would direct their minds toward a true standard.

The constant pressure of teaching, leaves little leisure for composition, but some thoughts have demanded a hearing, so we have most charming creations in other veins. A Christmas Carol, the words by that rare soul, Christina Rosseti, is treated very happily with its medieval setting, from its chant in measured counterpoint to the joyous conclusion. The dearth of material suitable for weddings make the “Wedding Music” in choral form for eight voices, solo soprano, with piano and organ accompaniment, which was produced at the wedding of a friend several years ago, especially welcome. As “All the world loves a lover,” it is to be hoped that Miss Smith will soon prepare this work for the publisher who is urging her to do so, an uncommon inversion, as publishers are not wont to urge. That lovely contralto solo “The Quest” has made its way to many hearts and is perhaps as well known as any of Miss Smith’s creations. She has also chosen eight of Robert Louis Stevenson’s poems, and wedded them most happily to most expressive music, which has delighted critic and public alike. Ever since the time when as a girl in Hershey Music College she produced and conducted her own cantata, “The Golden Asp,” it has been known that Miss Smith possessed talent of an uncommon order.

In Louisville, Kentucky, some musical work is being done in the free Kindergartens which is worthy of mention. Here are gathered very young children, and many of these little ones have not had chances for development in the home. For this class, as well as to help those of more

fortunate environment, some experiments have been made. Miss Mildred Hill has written simple but beautiful melodies as the setting for the poems of her sister, Miss Patty Hill. Together they have studied upon the meaning and purpose of this material, which appeared some time ago in a little volume called "Song Stories for the Kindergarten." If the motive of this book be rightly interpreted, it is entitled to earnest consideration, for as the authors state in the preface it is "an honest endeavor to produce harmonious conditions for growth in the child garden." Miss Mildred Hill has given most of her time to music as it touches upon



MISS MILDRED HILL.

child nature, but has found a very fascinating by-path in the study of negro melodies. In preserving some of these fugitive motifs, now nearly extinct, she has rendered a loyal service to the cause of art. Her mother made these old slave songs her own, in years gone by, and has given them to this daughter, whose delicate perception of the curious scale formation has made it possible to capture and put them into notation, though

some escape the bounds of the "well tempered scale." These fleeting memories of days gone by correspond to the "types" so vividly portrayed by the short-story writer of today, and have a historic as well as an artistic value. This brief account of two instances of what is being done in the Kindergarten is not intended as a resumé, but shows the trend of the times at the important point, the beginning.

In the colleges and music schools we find a new departure in the interest taken in composition classes. In one of the commencement summaries of a Western college of music of '94 we notice songs, melody for piano and violin, double

fugue, and other numbers for piano written by the young lady members of the graduating class. As this school referred to does good work for the cause of Art, it is to be presumed that these compositions were given a hearing because they were worthy, and not to exploit the fact that young ladies had written them. The "Musical Year Book," a publication now no longer in existence, gave evidence for several years of the remarkable work being done by the students of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. The director Mr. Ager Hamerik, says, "I wish you could see, hear and judge the activity of our young women students, and the high degree of proficiency they have attained in composing in forms of highest standard, as string quartets, overtures, piano-concertos and opera series. There are at present six who will write you fugues in eight parts for two choirs." These young ladies are from Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Maryland, the later state claiming four of the group. Each member of this class has written fugues, sonatas, string quartets and orchestral works. Miss Margaret Williams of Tennessee, has composed a concert overture which has had a public performance at the Peabody Symphony concerts, and a recent work of good proportions is both text and music to an opera in five acts, "Columbus." Extracts from this work were announced for a public performance in 1893. This is a strong piece of writing and much riper than the previous creation. All of these young women have given from six to nine years to composition, as well as carrying on their special studies in music.

Dr. Dvorak has not only advised Americans to choose their native melodies for themes, but has tried his own hand upon them, as instanced in the much discussed and suggestive symphony "From the New World." This advice has evidently not been needed by one of Baltimore's daughters, Miss Eliza Woods, who some time ago, composed a charming set of variations around that much-loved old song, "Way down upon the Suanee River." She has not only had the common sense to select a well-known text, but also the courage to send it forth in variation form, a form so much abused in days gone by, that the name does not always

convey its real import. The imitation of the genuine variation have come so thick and fast that the real article was almost washed out of existence. When the old masters of the classic school have said anything around their themes, it has always added to the meaning of the motif. That the modern writers are not disdaining this form, we have as proof the Grieg Ballade, the Saint-Saens treatment of one of the Beethoven themes, and that rare "Variations on a Norwegian Air" by Hermann Scholtz. Their "comments," as some one has aptly expressed it, do not grow flat and unprofitable, but show a great command of resources. Miss



MISS ELIZA MCCALMONT WOODS.

Woods has invested her chosen melody with not a little novelty of treatment and inventive thought, and the theme grows more beautiful upon her harmonic basis. Of these "Variations" Miss Woods says, "They were written at all times and all places, just when the mood struck me, and form rather a heterogeneous whole, but I suppose for that very reason they are more characteristic." Miss Woods' compositions include a fugue

for two choirs, several songs, a sonata for piano, a grand opera finale, and an overture score for full orchestra.

These instances are only two of many examples that might follow to prove how genuine is the interest in this too long neglected branch of true musical culture.

It is needless to refer to the Women's Amateur Clubs which are a permanent force in almost every community; of their influence, educational and artistic. Every one knows of this beneficent work and artists agree that their most delightful audiences are found in these organizations of cultured, earnest workers. Here and there talent is discov-

ered that otherwise would never be awakened. Not a few programs bring to light some original fancies, as the result of this musical quickening.

Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang, daughter of B. J. Lang of Boston (who has taught so many embryo composers the art of musical expression), is one of our promising young composers. Her environment has been most helpful to artistic growth, for the Lang home is the rendezvous for gifted people and the informal "at homes" very stimulating to higher thought and purpose. When a child of twelve, Miss Lang used

to play ensemble with two friends who came in for this delightful phase of musical work.

It occurred to her to write something for this group, so she launched forth her craft. She humorously relates how her father helped her to "paw out" the consecutive fifths and other startling intruders in well ordered composition. But he wisely saw that her thought was of more value than its

expression, a far seeing

vision which belongs to what is termed the "new education," but which, new or old, is *truth*. So the study of musical form was at once enjoined. The steady diet of harmony and counterpoint was fairly loathed by this young girl who, however, daily walked into her Sahara, believing that she would gain a certain facility by this exercise. She had from a child, studied piano and violin. During a sojourn abroad she continued composition and after her return to this country entered an orchestration class.

In order to devote herself entirely to composition, Miss



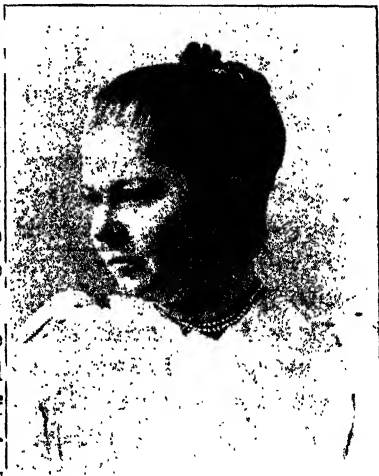
MISS MARGARET R. LANG.

Lang tried a "den" at home, but found her domain frequently invaded. So she hit upon the clever plan of securing a room in the neighborhood, the location of which is known to but one or two members of her family. Here she works several hours each day unmolested. In this room is a shelf which is a repository. She naively confesses to not knowing what she would do without it. There slumber many manuscripts which have served their purpose admirably as "lessons." Some of these possess commendable qualities, but lack proportions, and are, therefore, laid aside. Miss Lang is not writing in order to print the music, nor yet for fame, but for the love of it for its own sake. In her study of the resources of the orchestra she has had an illustrative talk with each member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the possibilities of his instrument, that she may work to better advantage when writing in this form. Her larger works are a Dramatic Overture, Opus 12, No. 4, which the Symphony Orchestra gave under Nikisch in '93; the Overture, "Wichitis" produced by Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bendix during the Columbian Year; two Arias; Sapph's Prayer to Aphrodite, for alto voice; and Phoebus's Denunciation of the Furies at his Delphian Shrine, for baritone, both with orchestral accompaniment. The compositions in published form are "The Jumblies," and a "Boatman's Hymn," which have been presented by the Apollo Club of Boston, a chorus for ladies voices, "Love plumes his wings," given by the Cecelias of that city, part songs, piano suite "Petit Roman," and many songs. This latter form of musical expression Miss Lang regards as rather to be evaded by one who wishes to climb to higher altitudes, for the reason that poems appeal so strongly to some composers that the songs come almost of themselves to wed the sentiment, and therefore it is not so much credit to the musician since he is met more than half way by his text. This is an open question. Certain it is that many writers try their wings with this form and sometimes realize their highest conceptions in the simple "lieder."

Of women in America, who have made a thorough study of composition, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, (née Amy Marcy

Cheney,) of Boston, ranks as the most scholarly and finished. Her first and greatest teacher was Mother Nature. Nature is grave and gay, sweet and tender, even whimsical at times. The majestic tones, "The solemn undersong, for shipwrecker's sake," must have also brought the mystery of the Infinite into the child's soul. What an education in itself! Some day this power will be even more strongly emphasized by the believers in the new education.

Her mother, Mrs. Cheney, was known in England as a conscientious singer and pianist, and naturally she began to study the unfolding talent of the little girl who gave unmistakable evidence of the divine gift of music before she was a year old, by singing a large number of tunes accurately. She was also extremely critical and desired the melodies given in strict truthfulness, when lullabys were crooned. Her analysis of tone and color furnish an interesting study to those who believe this to be an undiscovered science. The endowment of "absolute pitch" helped her to copy the notes of the birds as they caroled, and old Boreas whispered many a



MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

message down the chimney to this child, who could not only hear as do other mortals, but was vouchsafed the rare gift of a responsive "inner ear." Fidelity to tone-truths made it quite impossible for her to violate this fine sense of hearing, so we find her transposing her little melodies where the piano did not agree with her conception of the original keys, in order to restore them to the correct pitch.

At six, real study began, and her musical development continued uninterruptedly for a dozen years, her teachers being Ernst Perabo, Carl Baermann and Junius Hill. She

appeared as soloist under Mr. Neuendorff's direction, with the Boston Symphony under Gericke, Nikisch, and the Thomas Orchestra.

After school days came the leisure to devote to composition. During this period came her marriage to Dr. H. H. A. Beach, who is very much in sympathy with her work. As a student in composition, she has been zealous and untiring and has essayed various forms of writing that most people are content to gaze at far off. For instance, the Mass in E flat, which held her attention for three years was produced by that conservative organization, the Handel and Haydn Society, who devoted several months to its preparation. The same society have also extended recognition to her "Mary Stuart." This work was given by the New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

Mrs. Beach is versatile, her works ranging from children's carnival music to the Symphonic form, and a glance at the catalogue shows a varied list of publications.

It will readily be seen that this article is by no means exhaustive. In that case many names should be included. This is intended to call attention to the signs of the times. The question of immortal works of Beethovenish proportions is unnecessary at this point of progress in woman's contribution to the art of composition. The idea, as before stated, is *music*. If it *is* music, it will live, as a force, and its influence will help towards higher ideals and attainments.

MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

A SEASON OF VIOLINISTS.

WITH the advent of Paderewski the musical season may be said to have been fairly inaugurated. The spell of the tawny-haired sorcerer is once more upon us; and the more one tries to analyze the power which he wields over his hearers the more is one convinced that it is in no small part psychological; great though his musical effects may be they have a direct aim and a personal meaning. To see him take a restless audience into his arms, as it were, lull it to quietness with some dreamy prelude and then rouse it to share his own emotions, forgetful of its past state; or, changing the figure, to watch him prepare it like a sensitized plate to receive the impressions he is about to make upon it, is alone enough to convince one that he is master of soul as well as of sound. The effusive delight at his playing, the showered violets, the thronging insistent admirers about his platform, elicit many gracious responses in the way of encores after already fatiguing programs, but they seem never to inspire that sense of elation at his own power which shows in the wizard of Weimar through all his veil of satire. If his were the gracious and approachable personality by which, as well as by his artistic work, Liszt endeared himself to the public, one might predict an even nearer approach to the great Abbe's popularity. This cast-iron system of management which fetters an artists spontaneity and restrains all impulsive actions which might bring him into closer touch with those around him, is destined to hide the true and often the better nature of the man and will cost us many an interesting bit of biography. Suppose the older composers and performers had submitted to such a handicap for gain. But then who can fancy *any one* managing Beethoven when good Frau Annett failed?

The dusty little cast venders who appear suddenly from the East Side, just as the sun is scattering the morning mists,

and spread their snowy wares in front of the Höffman annex or the art school up town, pander to the popular taste and display busts and medallions of Paderewski. My own particular Giovanni has a way of caressing the plaster locks with fond pride and declaring "mi fadder make zoze wiz ze fingers." If one begins negotiations with a "*quanto cesi*," the delighted young merchant will very likely throw in a head of Dante or Mme. Recamier, and once, in a burst of confidence, he offered me his whole basketfull for a dollar and a half. As his stock consisted of two or three Venuses, some bronze lions and Cherubs, galore, I have since felt that I lost the chance of a lifetime. Strange that people will throng "bargain counters" of cheap and trashy bric-a-brac when such charming reproductions of good things are passed with an indifference born of ignorance.

Paderewski's picture on Schuberth's counter is flanked by a little pile of black-lettered, parchment-bound booklets, the latest work of Henry D. Fink, "Paderewski and His Art." It is a most interesting, and, as one might expect, discriminating estimate of his work, with biography enough for the necessary frame work. Its perusal is sure to put one in a mood to better appreciate Paderewski's playing.

From the present outlook this is likely to be a violin season; at least four distinguished virtuosi from abroad are booked for tours through the country the coming winter and spring. The earliest to arrive was Marsick, who gave his first recital at Carnegie hall on the evening of November 12. Those who compared him with Ysaye were a bit disappointed; but that is a test few can stand and certainly not a man who in his artistic sense, fine though it is, has yet to cultivate individuality. Mr. Howard Brockway, an attractive looking young man who announced himself as composer and pianist and played as solos his own productions exclusively, albeit with much taste and delicacy, shared the program. In the double numbers the *Scherzo* and *Rondo* from a Schüt suite and a Song of Marsick's own, followed by Sarasati's Bohemian airs, were perhaps the most acceptable numbers. It is to be hoped he may soon have an opportunity to give the Vieuxtemps concerto which has won him such renown whenever played.

MR. M. P. MARSH.



The young French artist, Achille Rivarde, made his bow to the American public at one of Seidl's Sunday evening concerts, assisted by Mme. De Vere-Sapio and the expectations of those who had watched his European career were not disappointed. It was his magnificent rendering of the Beethoven Concerto at Queens hall on July 6, with Nikisch's orchestra that ensured his engagement for the United States. With such masters as Wilhelmj, Ysaye and Sauret among his auditors the young violinist was "on his mettle;" but once launched upon the colossal work the genius of the com-



ACHILLE RIVARDE.

poser seemed transferred to the performer and critics found their occupation gone. Much enthusiasm was also awakened this autumn by his vigorous playing of Salo's Spanish Symphony at one of the Crystal Palace concerts. I have in my possession a tender little note of Vieuxtemps, his first teacher, written on the occasion of Rivards debut as a lad of fourteen, in which he

expresses delight that his principles have been so well applied, and wishes the "cher enfant" all success in a career which "announces itself under such happy auspices." Parisian journals were at pains to explain that it was only because of his youth that "*le petit bon homme*" of fourteen received only second prize at the Conservatory *Concours* the first term he played, and when, the following year the first honor came jointly to Rivarde and Ondricek, the satisfaction was general and one critic was so much impressed by Rivarde's quality of tone, his clean, firm staccatos, his astonishing force

and fire that he declared the young violinist had nothing more to learn. Monsieur Ricarde is slender in figure with a mass of black hair and eyes that suggest his Spanish ancestry on his mother's side. At first one wishes for him more repose, and is a bit disturbed by his weaving back and forth to the rhythm of the piece he is playing, and by the little shiver which ever and anon seems communicated to him from the vibration of his violin. But the spell of his perfect tone soon makes one oblivious to small mannerisms and one splendid climax of his puts the critical spirit to rout. Time and the deeper experiences of life will give more of warmth and human pathos to his playing, but for these one can well wait. By a curious coincidence, the rival of Ricarde at the Paris Conservatory and the sharer of his honors, Franz Ondricek, will also make his first professional tour of the United States this year, and it is a pleasure to hear these young virtuoso in succession. Every one is, by this time, familiar with the story of Ondricek's capture of the heart of Achille Paganini and the opening of the Wizard's



FRANZ ONDRICEK.

coffin that the young Austrian might behold the Master's remains. Poor, unabsolved Paganini! May his bones at last rest in piece after four removals. The warm reception which was Ondricek's in Italy had its counterpart in nearly every capital on the continent. Such a conservative critic as Dr. Hanslick, who has heard and known and often ruthlessly *judged* the best composers and virtuosos for many years, is betrayed into such expressions as "fabulous virtuosity," "overwhelming grandeur of effect" and finally places his compatriot on a level with Joachim. "It is not M. Ondricek who plays and to whom

one listens, it is the soul of the violin." When in Chicago, Ondricek will play with Thomas' Symphony orchestra and upon his return he will appear with Calve. The Dvorak Concerto and Ernst's Hungarian airs are among his most successful numbers.

But the most mature and in some respects, the most finished artist whom we shall hear is Sauret, who will arrive on the St. Louis, January 4th and make his debut on the 10th, with the Philharmonic orchestra in New York. This will not be his first visit to America, for he made a tour here about fifteen years ago. At present he occupies the position



EMIL SAURET.

of first professor of the violin in the Royal Academy of Music at London. M. Sauret was born on the 22nd of May, 1852, at Dun-le-roi, France. He began to study the violin at six years and at eight appeared at his first public concert which was shortly followed by a tour through England, Holland, South Germany and Italy. It is said that Rossini was his first teacher of theory and the "Wunder Kind"

worked off his youthful spirits in laughable pranks such as "hiding the masters wigs, of which he had one for every day in the week, and stuffing a guests clarinet with maccaroni with the result that its owner thought himself ill and had to go home. It is no marvel that boyish nature should need something beside the stern diet of Palestrina to which Rossini kept it. At fifteen the De Beriots took the boy under their patronage and in no great while he was allowed to play Vieuxtemps first Concerto with orchestra, the composer himself conducting several series of extended and successful tours over all Europe and in America, decorations from crowned heads, ten years residence in Berlin,

where he was known as composer, virtuoso and teacher, preceded his installation in the Royal Academy where as an instructor he has greatly raised the standard of violin playing in England, throwing all the weight of his influence against the superficial work which passes current in many smaller circles and wins plaudits at drawing-room musicals, when the callow youths were better practicing their art in obscurity until it is worthy the name. Mr. Sauret has composed many violin works of a high order, concertos, occasional pieces and etudes. English critics pronounce him conservative and conscientious to the last degree in his handling of the classics, and "although he has great individuality, passion and fire he would consider it a sacrilege to obtrude his own personality upon the listener." His modest nature seeks not for homage but to give voice to another's genius, with a modest self-effacement. Mr. Sauret is the possessor of a fine Stradavarius and brings with him the unprecedentedly large repertory of four-hundred and thirty-nine pieces. He will play first in Chicago on February 7th and 8th with Thomas and afterwards, in March will give two recitals in Central Music Hall. It is understood that Mr. Lachoume who did such admirable work with Ysaye last year and who is now playing with Rivarde, will be his accompanist.

The Manuscript Society is now comfortably installed in its new quarters on Twenty-second street over Zangheri's. The entire second floor suffices it, with the front room for the lady members, the back for general use and the two small hall rooms set with tables for little suppers and luncheons, which are admirably served from below. A very cosy resort it is for musicians and "associates." The exhibition this November of autograph manuscripts of present and past members was a happy thought and excellently carried out. A large hunting banner with the name and "arms" of the society in red, draped the platform at the rear of the room on which the pianos stood. Around the walls were tacked the autograph manuscripts and various pictures and casts loaned by Schirmer, Millet of Boston, and private individuals. The shelves below bore a choice col-

lection of autograph letters, many of them the property of the president, Garret Smith. Among the names we noticed the careless and almost illegible signature of Beethoven appended to a letter of his. All honor to the collectors who decipher such hieroglyphics and give them to us in print. There were also an autograph title-page of "Maerchenbilder" Op. 113 by Schumann, a letter of Mendelssohn to Schumann, several of Wagner's, with orchestral score of "Rheingold" (the gift of Anton Seidl), and as for Liszt relics, Mr. Lachmund of the New York musical institute contributed a frame-full. Underneath the glass we gaze with awe upon Liszt's favorite cigar, a long slender affair with a fuse at one end; at another cigar off which he had bitten the tip; and finally we are edified by beholding a third presented to Mr. Lachmund at a dinner given by the latter. Of course there were locks of hair and even a fine handkerchief with embroidered "L" and coronet, but nothing exceeded that trio of cigars in impressiveness. That this worship of fragments should be transplanted to this climate and find here its devotees does seem a bit incongruous. It is expected that the society's membership limit of a thousand will soon be reached. At each of the six private concerts, the first of which occurred November 21st, a reception will be given to some noted artist, and the energetic committee have already planned to entertain Patti, the Henschels and Nordica.

The Henschels, by the way, are due in April and will assist in bringing out the *Stabat Mater* which the Oratorio Society will sing under Walter Damrosch at its last concert. On April 10th, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davis the distinguished English baritone will make his first appearance here. His singing of "In the Still Watches of the Night" from "King Saul" is said to have surpassed even that of Henschel at the Birmingham festival, in quality of voice, while it approached it in dramatic fervor. Theodore Thomas who heard him at the Catiff festival in London engaged him at once.

Mr. Carl, the ambitious young organist of Dr. Duffields aristocratic old church, who is a pupil of Guilmant and carries out the best traditions of that school, has resumed his

Thursday recitals this season. A charming new thing which he played recently was a "Minuetto" by Aloys Claussman. His rendering was delicate and graceful in the extreme and we predict for the little Morceau deserved popularity. The "Baton Club" is an institution of that church which has begun its second year under Mr. Carl's direction. It holds weekly rehearsals and will give three public concerts. The pastor is nominally president and the small fee of one dollar is charged to members. Why cannot such a pleasant nucleus of musical life be found in many other churches? Spohr's "Last Judgement" was one of the works given last year. This year "The Inheritance Divine" of Shelly is being studied and the "Spectre Bride," which is also a new work, or am I mistaken? At the evening services it is not unusual to hear something from the club, should the work in hand be suited to a religious service.

By far the most interesting church services of the autumn was that given in November by the united choirs of Trinity, St. Thomas', St. Bartholomew's and St. George's at the latter church to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of Dr. Geo. William Warren's connection with St. Thomas'. This period of faithful and devoted service and the lofty spirit in which that service has been performed, always with a becoming seriousness quite apart from the flippancy of many choir leaders, were not undeserving of the tribute paid them by Bishop Potter in his brief address. Dr. Warren still recognizes the influence of Dr. Tucker, of Hymnal fame, and has seen many would-be reformers of church music do their little deed and then drop into obscurity. The changing demands and conditions of musical life in this country allow to few such uninterrupted prosperity as has been his lot. The two magnificent organs (which three organists took turns in manipulating) a trifle obtrusively at times in their massive volume, the hundred and sixty-five trained men and women singers whose surpliced ranks filled two aisles at they trod the processional; and the mighty volume of the congregational chorus in "St. Anne" left impressions not soon to be effaced. The programs were in the style of an illuminated missal page. It is a pity that old

St. George's has so much of vermillion in the decorations of its chancel: the back-ground of Gothic arches and oaken stalls was all that was needed to complete the artistic whole.

I dropped in at one of the last performances of Humperdinks' "Hansel and Gretel," to wonder afresh why all prosperous people did not come and bring their children; the music is so fascinating and the scenes so pretty. Perhaps, as one lady said, "there is no plot, that is the reason some do not like it." There are some people who would require a plot for a sonnet and dramatic denouements in a lullaby. It is true that the singers were none of the best and Sir Augustus Harris' provision for the presentation disappointing, but the orchestra was Seidl's and none could failed to be amused at much of the acting. After a pretty scene in the cottage where the children sing a gay little dance duet

"With your head you nick, nick, nick,

With your fingers click, click, click,"

the irate mother with ludicrous violence drives them out into the woods and the father's joy as he shortly after returns with laden basket, is changed into horror as he remembers the Ileenstein. Both parents rush out madly while droning of cellos and weird orchestral effects conjure visions of the Brocken, Walpurgis night, the Wild Huntsman, the Venus-burg or whatever grewsome scenes memory supplies the material for.

The gray veiled sandman in the woods sprinkles the tired children with the contents of his bag, and as they curl up on their mossy bed a troop of angels with trumpets and palms descend a glittering stair-case and wave the wonderers to blissful dreams as they circle about them, and finally take their places around them in watchful silence while the brasses of the orchestra with accompaniment of strings break into an "angelic chorus."

A charming duet greets the discovery of the gingerbread house in the morning; only, *this* house exhausts all the resources of modern confectionary and each tentative bite at the door-post, each flake broken from the steps, increases the estacy whose musical expression is fit for the rhapsody of lovers whose troubles have ended in a happy reunion.

The Hexe who has ridden her broom-stick with vigor if not with grace, a few moments previous, is soon after the children's *coup d'état*, brought in; an absurd, blackened cake in human shape; and the appearance of the nicked enchantress from out her own oven is the signal for wild demonstrations of glee on the part of the suddenly re-animated gingerbread children in their pretty, bright frocks who finally join with Peter and his family in a chorale. All of this is a familiar story to most of us, but it is a pity that anyone should miss hearing this fresh and delightful opera which Paderewski is reported to have said approaches Wagner's style more nearly than any of the later composers works.

And now for Grand Opera, with tragedy and despair to satisfy those for whom simple folk-tales have no charm.

F. A. V. S.

MUSIC THE ART OF THE XIXTH CENTURY.

Address delivered at a formal meeting of the Belgium Royal Academy.
Nov. 3, 1895.

ALTHOUGH this formula has been put in circulation by eminent spirits of our times, its appearance would be unbecoming in the mouth of a musician were its evidence not to be seen by all eyes. No one can deny that among all arts music is the one which holds the largest place in contemporary life.

As an object of distraction and the indispensable complement of all popular festivals for the masses, a source of intelligent enjoyment for an elite more and more numerous, music is passionately loved by our people. Wherever it is produced, in concert, at the theater, in the streets, crowds flow to it. And certainly this academic seance would not have attracted so considerable an audience if it had not been expected to conclude by a musical performance.

Upon the modern stage the musical drama exercises a marked predominance, and tends, little by little, to relegate tragedy and the spoken drama into the shade. Mixed theatrical forms admitting the musical element, pantomime, and declaimed drama with an accompaniment, find today a renewed favor.

The present generation is not content with playing music passively; from the top to the bottom of the social scale the art of sounds is cultivated with ardor. In the province of execution many amateurs rival the talent of the most considerable professionals. In the better classes the practice of an instrument or singing is considered an essential element in an education. There are few homes of the aristocracy or the middle classes where one does not hear the tones of the piano resound, the universal organ of the art in this century. Among the better classes of the people, in the country and in the city they make music together; choruses of men and brass bands are encountered in hamlets the most remote.

By a natural consequence of this state of things, musical knowledge formerly in the exclusive possession of artists, has now entered into the common domain. Schools of music, generally gratuitous, which cover our country, have brought teaching in theory and technic to the doors of all. Thus it has become a very rare thing in our day to find any one a stranger to all musical culture and openly avowing it.

This astonishing movement of expansion, arising in Germany, has gained little by little all the nations of Europe, and is communicated even now to the outside countries beyond the seas, colonized by their European races. In our own days it has begun to make itself felt in part with the peoples of the Orient, even though they already had a music entirely different from our own. The musical notation with which we have been served since the middle ages has been introduced among them with other marvels of western science and industry; they teach it today in schools of music founded in imitation of our conservatories, in Japan as in India. More happy than any system of letters imagined for the transmission of spoken language, the notation of sounds created by the genial monk, Guido of Arezzo, appears destined to generalize itself over the entire surface of the globe, open to our civilization.

II

The passionate love of multitudes for singing or instrumental melody is not a new fact in the history of our world. It is because music is not alone an art, an aesthetic creation, but at the same time an exercise of a primordial faculty, the manifestation of a need innate in human nature. For communicating to other beings his ideas, his notions and wishes, man possesses an articulate language. In order to translate to himself his impressions, sentiments, he has recourse to a modulated language. In all latitudes, at all epochs, and in every social situation, peace or war, prosperity or misery, melody by its inflections has sought to express the joy of living, hope, the terror of the invisible and the unknowable. The races which have come to a high degree of intellectual culture, the Hebrews, the ante-Islam Arabs, have been able to do totally without the plastic arts.

Nowhere that I know of, has anyone found to this day a savage tribe which does not possess at least a rudimentary melopœa, and certain rhythms of dance.

Of our occidental arts, music is the sole which connects itself continuously with the Greco-Roman world; the only one which in the ages of great intellectual darkness was not subjected to a total arrest. It was at an epoch of absolute barbarism, from 600 to 750, that the collections of melodies of the Latin church was achieved.

As for the importance of music in social life, it certainly was not less among the Hellenes of the classical period and with the Romans of the imperial epoch than it has been in Christian society since the middle ages. In the time of Greek independence, Sparta, Argos, Athens made music an institution of the state and the foundation of moral education. During the last period of pagan Rome theatrical representations mixed with music, concerts of singers and instrumentalists, formed the weekly distraction of the populations of towns, even in the most remote provinces of that immense empire. It was the anticipated reproduction of this which has come to pass again in our own countries in modern times.

But what is without recognizable analogy to the past is the particular orientation of musical taste which has taken its course in our century. The marked preferences of the dilettanti of our day are for forms of art which seem to imperatively require a serious initiative technique. It no longer suffices, as in antiquity, to have cantilenas almost entirely without harmonic vestment, or as formerly with us, of vocal or instrumental compositions intended to exhibit the talents of virtuoso singers and players. The musical hearer at our concerts and our spectacles shows himself today capable of enjoying productions the most complex; he follows without apparent fatigue combinations the most involved of European polyphony, the expert and capricious play of tone-color; chromaticism the most hardy does not affright him. Have we not been able recently to see at many repetitions a numerous public rest absorbed, captive and immovable during two hours and a half, without

one minute of repose, at the musical hearing of a Wagnerian drama deprived of all the prestige of theatrical representation.

At the same time that the taste of the masses is carried with increasing passion to the most refined enjoyments of the modern chromatic, the other part of the sentiment of the multitude is open to a larger comprehension of the master works of the classical school. Even the austere art of the contrapuntists begins to become accessible. Masters whose names were but dimly known even to musicians a generation ago, figure with success upon the programs of concerts. We might say without exaggeration that at this hour the public shows a desire to be impressed by all genial manifestations of the art of sounds; a great religious composition of Bach or the Messiah of Handel excites the same transports of enthusiasm as the ninth symphony of Beethoven or the Rheingold of Richard Wagner.

The facts which we have thus brought to your notice appear so incomprehensible to sane reason that many persons dispute them and deny their reality. To these sceptics the enthusiasm of the modern public is simulated; in applauding to frenzy musical works unintelligible to his spirit, the hearer lies to himself, solely for the sake of having been, as they say today, "in the swim."

This is a superficial explanation, inadmissible in the presence of the universality of the phenomenon. The true solution of the problem is given by the *Psychologie des Foules*, upon which the recent labors of an eminent French philosopher, M Gustave Lebon, have thrown a brilliant light, sufficiently inquieting in certain regards. (Paris, Alcan 1895).

We know today that an agglomeration of individuals, united in view of a common end, transform themselves suddenly into a sort of collective being. The individual personality effaces itself by the effect of a mysterious contagion; sentiments and ideas orient themselves spontaneously in the same direction.

This collective being is under the domination of the unconscious. He does not give himself up to be guided by

the intelligence, unequally distributed among its members, he obeys nothing but sentiment, common to all. The cultivated individual therein becomes an instinctive creature.

Such an agglomeration is eminently impulsive, mobile, prompt to obey exterior excitements, to submit to a suggestion. Now this suggestion, being the same for all the individuals, exaggerates itself in becoming reciprocal, in such a way that the sensitive faculties of a crowd can be conducted to a degree of supreme exaltation.

If this theory is true, and everything seems to support it, the problem is resolved. Music being in its intimate essence the direct expression of human sentiment, ought to attain the maximum of its suggestive power in the presence of a crowd collectively animated by the same spirit.

It is par excellence, the art of crowds, the aesthetic revelation of this which separates intelligence from reflection. The enjoyment of music is momentarily the same to the illiterate and the savant, and unites both in the same élan of ideality. Thus it happens that a work remains uncomprehended to an expert musician reading the score in the solitude of his chamber, yet is taken up with avidity by a public strange to all aesthetic culture. Thus is verified, despite reason, the adage of antiquity, *Vox populi, vox dei*.

The psychology of crowds teaches us also, it is true, that with the majority of assembled individuals the exaltation of sentiment is entirely superficial. It vanishes with the performance which has given it birth; so the assembly dissolved, the individual mentality retakes its rights. To the great majority of a musical public, aesthetic impressions leave behind them not a trace; a criticism upon the execution or a sceptical word heard in coming away from the concert, suffices to efface or neutralize the memory.

But in certain hearts endowed with real musical sensibility, they leave a profound and durable impression; and just as in other domains of the human spirit, it is by the latent action of an élite minority, incessantly renewed, that in music the standard of general culture rises little by little.

The rising movement which has brought the contem-

porary generation to musical enjoyments at the same time more choice, more complete and more elevated, has been of an astonishing rapidity; the characteristic trait of all the innovations of the XIXth century. To convince himself of this, one has only to compare the repertory of our present amateur pianists and singers with those of fifty years ago. At that time certain empty romances, certain fantasias upon operatic motives, formed the invariable element of household concerts. Today one finds upon all the pianos vocal, instrumental and dramatic works of the masters. Above all the classic, not to say the archaic, has its place at the side of the more recent.

How are we to explain this last particularity, which appears to imply a flagrant contradiction? The simultaneous cultivation of classical traditional art, pondered, and that of the renovating art breaking itself away from all convention? Need we see here any other cause than an instinctive need of reacting against the too frequent return of excessive sensations, to the end of establishing a sort of moral equilibrium? The apparition of this double tendency has always coincided with the period of storm and stress of Wagnerian art; it is a fact whose evidence has struck even the most declared adversaries of the great poet-musician.

F. A. GEVAERT.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT was a blustering night; the wind howled through the narrow streets of M., flurries of snow pelted the belated wanderers; one by one the windows which had been lighted up by the tapers of the Christmas tree became dark; the streets were almost deserted. A single house was still brilliantly illuminated. It was the concert hall of the *Conservatoire* and from it poured a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, well protected by furs and cloaks and hoods against the raging elements. Soon it, too, became dark and still.

They, the crowd, had assisted as listeners at the first performance of a Symphony by a pupil of the conservatory, and as they wended their way homeward they discussed the merits and demerits of the composition just heard *and bespeaking* a grand and brilliant future for the composer. Meanwhile that young *maestro* himself sat pondering in the now deserted hall over the neatly written score of his last creation, erasing a note here, adding a note there. A single light at his desk just served to illuminate his countenance.

There was an air of purest joy, tinged with a slight shade of melancholy about him, that told at once of past troubles, present joys and future hopes, and as his whole life passed in review before his mind he would every now and then turn up his eyes to *Him*, who planted genius in man's breast, to urge him to great deeds and hope to cheer him in his grief, and after sending up a silent but fervent prayer, he would take up his score again and study it with renewed interest. He blessed the old school-master who had beaten counter-point into him; he thanked the old *cantor* who had taught him to play the organ; he rejoiced in the reputation his teacher of the violin had acquired; in short, he was grateful to all who had a hand in making him what he was. But tears started from his eyes when he thought that neither sister, father nor mother was there to witness his triumph. He thought of Mary, the companion of his youth, of Mary,

his first and only love, and of Mary, who encouraged him in the hours of his despondency with sweet smiles and pleasant words. Gradually his feverish excitement relaxed; he quieted down; the spluttering candle gave a last flicker and darkness reigned.

The stillness, however, was interrupted by some *pizzicato* chords on the violin. "I must be mistaken" thought he, "it is the air singing through the half open window against the instruments around me. Hark! another chord and still another. It is the *Adagio* of my Symphony, I can hear the first strain distinctly."

It was indeed an attempt to perform the *Adagio* of his Symphony. The musicians had left their instruments behind, probably in anticipation of next morning's rehearsal, and the forgotten things chose to have a little performance on their own account. The principle theme was begun by the violins, then taken up by the oboes and flutes, while the strings indulged in beautiful figuration. A sequence in the shape of a dialogue between wood and wind led up to the second theme, in which the French horns had the principal part, wood and wind caressingly accompanying them.

But the reader would probably like to know how this strange performance was brought about. As already stated, the instruments determined to have a performance on their own account. While the horns and trumpets were getting out of their respective chests, the flute was conversing with the oboe and clarinet in an undertone. The fagotto was explaining the merits of the Symphony they had so lately played to the saucy piccolo who occasionally interrupted him with snatches of that Symphony at the highest pitch of his voice. The violins, violas and violincello seemed to be in angry debate with the double bass; the latter protesting against the mutilation of so sublime a work of art, and proposing to execute the whole Symphony in a manner worthy of the orchestra of which he had the honor to be the basis. He was seconded in his efforts by the violoncelli, and the motion was carried at last. He was elected the leader *pro-tem*, and by the time he got to the leader's stand the instruments were tuned and all was ready to begin.

Strange to say the first movement of the Symphony was an Adagio, and stranger still, the Adagio had no double-bass part, it was *Bassotacet*. That over, the allegro began. The baton was raised and with a tremendous crash the orchestra fell in. The most brilliant passages on the violins were succeeded by most strange combinations of wind instruments and inspired by the composer's presence everyone tried to do his best, when, lo! after a charming succession of chords and an organ point on the Dominant, there was an ominous pause. "Double Bass" cried the leader, "*A, D, E, F,*" but no double bass was heard or seen. The leader was so completely thrown off his guard by this *contretemps*, that he actually forgot to beat the time and in a few seconds the whole orchestra was in confusion.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the Oboe, "does the fool think that someone else is going to play his part? As for me, I shall not, but perhaps the Piccolo will be kind enough to do so, for I believe that no other instrument could so easily be substituted without creating a vacuum." The Piccolo thought this rather an equivocal compliment, but said nothing, and the Oboe, satisfied with having said a witty thing, soon joined the other performers, who in the meantime had been seriously at work suggesting one remedy and another, but without success. It was impossible for the wind instruments to play a Double Bass part, the Violins were not familiar with the Bass-clef, and the Cello could not give up his own part without detracting from the beauty of the composition. The confusion increased from moment to moment, and the whole affair stood a chance of "ending in smoke" when a tap by the leader brought order out of chaos.

"Gentlemen of the orchestra," said he, ignoring the ladies, "when I had the honor of being elected by you as leader for the occasion I was so agreeably surprised that in the excitement of the moment I overlooked altogether the fact that it was impossible to lead and play at the same time. Gentlemen you would perhaps suggest that as we have plenty of violins one of them might be spared to lead; but do you think that I would suffer so much disrespect to these assembled members as to abdicate a throne upon which I

have been placed by unanimous and free vote? A murmur of general disapprobation ran through the assembly, and they would have been most willing to dethrone him by their own free vote, but that he was the only one that could keep an orchestra together. "It will never do to give it up so," said the venerable Trombone, "and we must really find means to perform this Symphony in a manner worthy of ourselves."

"Bravo, bravo!" was the reply of the orchestra.

"If that stupid old fool had sense enough to take a part, all would go well yet," said the Bassoon, pointing to the venerable worn out Double Bass who, in a corner, rested on the laurels he had won in former years.

Our young Maestro, trembling all this while for the fate of his Symphony, no sooner perceived the old Double Bass than seizing the first bow he could find he grasped the "stupid old fool" by the neck and took a stand by the Violoncello.

"Bravo, bravo!" screamed the orchestra. The leader turned round, nodded his approbation, and rapping with his baton on the tin, called out "*Allégo da capo*."

The Allegro was now played without any incident to mar its beauty. 'Tis true the Flute compared the Oboe's tones to the cackling of hens and in return was told that "her notes were like so much dishwater," but this little wrangling took place during the rests of the two instruments and did not interfere with the interpretation of the Allegro.

"Bravissimo! young man," said the worn-out Double Bass to the young *Maestro*; "you would make a capital Double Bass if you had a little more muscle."

"How beautifully he has written this passage for me! He knows when to introduce the *chalumeau*."

"He writes for me almost as well as I could myself," said the saucy Piccolo, who by the by, had until now played but a very few notes.

The instruments were tuned again and at a signal from the leader they resumed their proper position. The Violins leaned against the music stands, the Trombone hung itself on a chandelier, the Cello rested on a small bench, and the

others chose such positions as best suited their inclinations.

A second *Andante* began now with two horns, followed in succession by Fagotto, Oboe and Flute.

It was an exquisite melody, full of pathos and tender feeling. It was, in one word, a picture of the author's soul. While in one passage you would recognize the artist as he sends up his prayer for the success of his undertaking, you would perceive in another the true and faithful lover, and a third would be replete with expression of filial devotion and affection, and as every new strain of the *Andante* would develop some new beauty, you could almost participate in the excitement of the players who were bent upon doing their utmost to carry out the ideas of the composer. The theme introduced by the mellow tones of the horns, was carried through by the different instruments, and after relieving the sedate and rather plaintive strains of the *Andante* with a few measures of a lighter character, the wind and string instruments together returned to the main theme, the former in a majestic *legato* movement, the latter embellishing it with a *tremulando*, amidst which the theme ultimately ceased its pathetic existence. Another pleasant nod of the leader was the reward of the composer. The others were so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop. This, if anything, was more gratifying to the maestro than the approbation of the leader. But the spell cast around them by the mystic power of the *Andante* gradually wore off, and as might be expected, the saucy Piccolo who had nothing to do in the *Andante*, was the first one to recover from the effects of that movement.

"Hurrah for the Scherzo," screamed that lusty individual. "Hurrah for the Scherzo," cried the Trumpets. "Hurrah for the Scherzo," blasted the Trombone. "Hurrah for the Scherzo," responded the Violins, and "hurrah," groaned the Double-Bass from the leaders stand.

The Scherzo began. All went on peaceably until the Flute, thinking the Piccolo out of time gave him a kick which sent him half a dozen yards from his stand.

But his new neighbors, the Violins, unaccustomed to such noise in their vicinity, got angry, and one of them gave him a punch in the side which sent him shrieking in search of a

place of security. Thus he was driven from pillar to post, until at length he popped into one of the F holes of the Double Bass, and thus protected, he played his part with ease and comfort.

But not for long. Not a minute had elapsed when in peeps the head of the Oboe and the body soon followed.

“All safe here Brother Piccolo?”

“All right, Sister Oboe, but how in the devil’s name did you come here?”

“In the same manner as I shall send you out presently if you don’t behave yourself, and now, sir, look to your part and disturb me no more.”

Directly the Oboe and Piccolo had sixty bars rest and the Oboe begun: “Now, brother let me tell you what sent me here to keep company with a screamer like you, in a place where the most sentimental passages sound like the voices of demons from the infernal regions.”

“Now sister, you are mistaken, for I certainly did think your notes sound much more like the grunting of a pig.”

The Oboe, enraged at this insult, was going to punish the offender in a summary way, when the sixty bars rest elapsed and a truce was for the time agreed upon. By the time the truce expired, vows of vengeance were forgotten and the Oboe told her tale of woe.

It seems that the Trombone hearing a wrong note and discovering in the Oboe the offender, gave a blast which sent the poor Oboe head over heels against the Violoncello, whence she rebounded into the funnel of the horn, as a matter of course, throwing a damper on the spirits of that instrument. A fortissimo blast dislodged her and threw her right into the arms of the Kettle Drums where she got a tremendous beating. Breathless and exhausted she found at last a shelter inside the Double Bass.

The string instruments had no time for mischief; they were too dignified to indulge in sport. They had to maintain the reputation of the orchestra. But the flutes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, cornets, horns, trumpets and trombones had a jolly time of it.

While the Flute and Clarinet kept up a sentimental flirtation, one could not help being reminded of Italy’s sunny

clime; the Cornet a piston represented the ready wit of *la belle France*. The Fagotto and Trombone, supported by the rural tones of the horns, represented "scientific Germany." National prejudice cropped out here and there, resulting in quarreling and fighting, but none need suppose that the Scherzo suffered by this, for all the quarrelling was done during the ff's of the Scherzo and all the fighting during the rests.

The Scherzo being over, the Oboe peeped out of one F hole and the Piccolo out of the other. Seeing the coast was clear they emerged from their hiding place, and under the protection of the Bassoon returned to their desk.

The Finale with its *prestissimo* reminded one of a steeple chase. At the signal of the leader, away they all went, bearing everything with them, in their eagerness to do justice to the spirit of the composition.

The Horns were the first to give in, the Trombones soon followed, the Trumpets after a brilliant *fanfare* with accompaniment of the Drums, bade good-bye to the rest. The Piccolo played on until out of breath and then fell like a lump of lead to the ground. Flutes, Clarinets, Bassoons and Oboes bore up bravely, but they too had reached the yawning chasm, the end of the Symphony. One shriek and they were silent as the grave.

The string quartette alone remained now. Softer and softer grew the music, it was as if their breath was passing from them. One pizzicato chord and the Symphony was ended.

The composer was found next morning by his alarmed friends, with the score in one hand, a bow in the other, a Double Bass on either side of him.

H. S. A.

VOWELS.

WHAT are the vowel sounds and how are they to be correctly sung? Practically every voice has some one particular vowel that comes more easily than any other, then the rest grade off in varying degrees of difficulty to that vowel that this individual "can't sing at all." So another bugbear is added to the already respectable list. Whenever the singer sees this last looming up ahead he knows in advance that he won't give a good tone, that he may sharp, then he tortures the word into any shape that will avoid this dreaded sound. But like all "insurmountable obstacles," when a man makes up his mind to conquer, step by step, he finds an easy ascent to the top. The inaccessible height was only a gentle declivity after all.

First, what are the original vowel sounds? They are five: *ä* as in father; *a* as in day; *e* as in meet; *o* as in old; *u* as in rule. For greater simplicity and to avoid possible confusion between *ä* and *a*, it is better to use the Italian vowels, *a* corresponding to *ä*; *e* to *a*; *i* to *e*; *o* to *o*; and *u* to *u*. The shortened or lengthened vowels and diphthongs are all modifications or combinations of these original sounds, as our English *i*, as in sigh, is a double sound made up of *ä* and *e*. If you sing sigh sustaining the tone, you will find that the sound you sustain is *ä* just as broad as in father, then you put the *e* on just as you end the tone; so you sing *sä—e*. To avoid this double sound and get the original vowels, it is better to use the Italian. But the simple, original sounds are common to all European languages, and it makes no difference whether one sings in English, German or Italian, these fundamental vowels are the same in all.

To get at this subject from the right standpoint, it is necessary to consider for a moment, the function of the vocal chords and the resonating cavity in tone production. The column of air is set in vibration by passing between the vocal chords, then it must be straight to the resonating

cavity, that hard bell-shaped cavity which we call the "roof of the mouth," or the hard palate. Here it receives its brilliancy, volume, color, all in short that goes to make up its individual character. But the vocal chords have nothing whatever to do with making the different vowels. There is absolutely no change in their action, whether the tone sung is a wide open *a* or a closed *u*. So, too, every note of the human voice from the low C of the basso, to the high C of the soprano must receive its volume and quality in the resonating cavity. It has been said before, but it may not be out of place to repeat it, that the tone made by the vocal chords alone, compared to the tone emitted from the mouth, is about as one to five. This additional volume comes from the increase of intensity of the vibrations as the tone strikes the resonating cavity; just as the fulness of tone in a piano comes from the sounding board. Even the very lowest tones, called *chest tones*, from the heavier vibration noticed in the chest while singing them, must receive their brilliancy here equally with the highest notes of the soprano. Therefore holding firmly in mind this similarity in tone production for all registers, the question is:—how are the vowels made? *By the shape of the resonating cavity.* This shape is governed by the position of the tongue, lips, teeth, and in certain instances, the soft palate. We are, however, principally concerned with tongue, lips and teeth or under jaw. A very simple and interesting experiment will prove the truth of this before we begin to consider the vowels separately. Take an ordinary tuning fork, set it in vibration then hold it close in the mouth, which should be in the position for pronouncing *a*. Do not make the slightest sound with your own voice, but the tuning fork will say *a*. Then hold the mouth in the position for *o* or any other vowel, and the tuning fork will always sing the vowel for which your mouth is prepared. All the time you have not uttered a sound. Of course there has not been the slightest variation in the manner of vibration of the fork, the different vowels all having been governed by the shape of your resonating cavity. That is exactly the way you sing, only you can't see your vocal chords as well as you can the tuning fork.

In the practice of all the great masters the open Italian *a*, like *ä* in father has been taken as the fundamental tone with which to begin the training of the voice. That is because *a* is the natural sound of the human voice, the only one given by the action of the vocal chords and resonating cavity alone without the use of tongue, lips or jaw. If you open the mouth, relax the lips and jaw, let the tongue lie limp in the bottom of the mouth, then sing a tone, it is *a* and can be nothing else. That is the law of Nature from which there is no escape. Now as in every art the aim of the artist is ever to approach as nearly as may be to the ease and grace of nature, this most freely and simply made tone has been chosen from the experience of the great masters as the natural one with which to work.

To pass from *a* to *e*, pronounced like *a* in *day*, sustain *a* then raise the back of the tongue as slightly as possible, without moving either the lips or the jaw. By the raising of the tongue, the *a* has been transformed into *e*. You may not at first be able to command this action of the muscles of the tongue, but you may reach the same result in another way. Sustain *a*, then change it into *e*, and note what happens. As you pass from one vowel to the other, the back of the tongue rises quite without your conscious action or even volition. When you wish to change from one to the other, in response to your will, the mechanism acts just as simply and unconsciously as it responds to your wish to speak. But the point to be emphasised is what actually takes place. The back of the tongue rises and that of itself, by the laws of Nature under which we produce tone, colors the tone into that sound called *e*. Try how you may, you can not sing *a* with the back of the tongue raised, nor *e*, with the tongue limp in the mouth. Again a law of Nature from which there is no escape. Yet in the quality of the tone there should be no change. If as you pass from one to the other you merely raise the tongue and allow the lips and jaw to remain perfectly relaxed, *e* will have just the same full, rich quality as *a*, and be just as easy to sing. But if you stiffen the jaw, draw in the lips, or make the least change, that changes the focus, spoils the quality, and

destroys the base. If the tone then be thrown farther forward, it becomes sharp and white without depth or resonance; if it be allowed to "drop back," then it is thick and breathy.

Then to pass from *e* to *i*, pronounced like *e* in meet. This is one of the stumbling blocks for most singers. By some curious dispensation of Providence, while most voices that take kindly to the open vowels *e* and *o* go to pieces on *i*, the few that naturally sing *i* well, have worlds of trouble with the open vowels. Now sustain *e* and change to *i*. The tongue rises a little higher, the lips are drawn slightly together, and the under jaw drawn up near the upper jaw. The correct singing of *i* depends entirely on the degree of these changes. If the tongue rises but slightly, the lips and jaws draw only a little together, the tone becomes *i* and nothing but *i*, yet it still retains the richness of tone color the *a* and *e* had. But in making so many changes at once the mechanism is apt to grow unruly. The tongue may rise too high, choking the tone back, making it thin and breathy, and putting a strain on vocal chords that very soon makes them tired. Or the tone is thrown forward "to the teeth" with the probability that it remains very thin and becomes piercing and hard. Perhaps the main reason for the choking of the tone on *i* is because of the quantity of breath used. From *a* through *e* to *i* there has been a constant diminishing of the passage between the tongue and the back of the mouth through which the tone has to pass, until in *i* it has become quite narrow. As the passage narrows it seems to the singer that the tone must be constantly growing smaller, so he crowds on more breath to keep up the volume. Then there happens in the voice, what happens everywhere when too large a quantity tries to escape through too small an aperture. The breath is in a manner dammed up, which produces a constrained tone and tires the throat. Less force, less breath should be used on *i*, which will then have the same quality and relatively the same volume as the more open *e* and *a*. For while *i* has actually less breath and power than the other two it makes up the difference in the added intensity of the tone. Properly made it has quite

the carrying power of *e*, except for the extreme upper notes. In fact it is the possibility of such intensity that forms one of the difficulties in singing *i*, for the voice can be so focused on this sound that, even though it has no resonance on any other vowel, on *i* it will give a thin, piercing tone that will cut through anything like a knife. But taking away this tendency to use added force and breath, the other important matter is to keep perfect ease and freedom in the lips, the jaw and the tongue, even though they be all drawn close together. If as the tongue rises in making the change from *e* to *i*, it still is free of all constraint, and if there is no stiffening of the jaw as the teeth draw together,—then *i* will keep the same quality and ease as the more open tones. But if from over care and nervousness a little rigidity creeps into the tone, then away go both quality and ease. Singing, not attempting to sing but *singing*, depends absolutely on freedom. Wherever there is rigidity, the wheels creak and soon will not turn at all. Freedom and rigidity cannot abide together, and in our imperfect state, rigidity is by far the more apt to obtain the mastery. The secret of the vowel *i* is to give it the freedom and relaxation of *e*, that the tone as it is made by the vocal chords may have the same access to the resonating cavity as in that tone, then as the fundamental tone of both is the same, the final vowels as they come to the hearers ears will have the same quality, though distinct sounds.

Going back to *a*, and starting in another direction the first sound is *o*. Here the tongue must remain limp, the jaw open and relaxed, *o* is made by the rounding or puckering of the lips. Sustain *a*, then making no change whatever inside the mouth, slightly round the lips;—the *a* has become *o*. Just as little change as may be from *a* to *o*, the same freedom of tongue and throat, and *o* has the same resonance. But in drawing the lips into this round form, students are apt to draw the tone a little back at the same time. This throws the tone out of its focus, it no longer fills the resonating cavity, but strikes against the walls of the soft palate where there is no resonance, and the tone becomes “mushy.” In *o* the passage from the vocal chords

to the resonating cavity is exactly the same as in *e*, so the tone is just as full and rich. But the rounding of the lips takes something from the brilliancy. It may not be quite so ringing, but it has a more "velvety" quality.

Then *u*, the most closed of all the vowels. The tongue must still remain limp, but as the lips are puckered up until only a very small aperture is left, the teeth approach each other again, but only slightly. Here as in *i*, the main question is, not to use too much force nor breath. The space through which the tone passes is very small, and if an increased amount of force is used to make up for loss of volume, instead of greater power, the tone becomes hopelessly congested, and there is no power at all. Then to get more power, singers sometimes draw the lips too far apart, which gives more tone, but destroys the vowel, the *u* becoming *o*. Also if the lips remain as close together as they should, and more focus is used, this instantly stiffens the tongue and jaw, which may increase the actual size of the tone, but takes away from its resonance or carrying power. For, size and resonance do not by any means go hand in hand. There are many voices which seem overpowering in a room but are lost in a large place;—some that are equally beautiful in a room or in the Auditorium. In singing *u*, use only so much breath as you can without in the least forcing the tone. Then the perfect freedom of all the parts permits it to receive its full measure of resonance against the hard palate, and you may trust it to carry wherever you may be. But to use too much breath compels you to force, to force means to stiffen, stiffness prevents free vibration, and *tone* is ruined, only noise is left. How many times have you not noticed that the more a person forces the less carrying his tone becomes, to say nothing of what it loses in quality? While you cannot of course give the same fulness to *u* as to *o*, still, if you sing just *u* with ease and not force it, you can make it carry wherever you may sing. It is ease and poise of tone that give resonance, and it is resonance that makes a tone carry.

So there are five vowel sounds. The *a* giving scope to the full power and breath of the voice. The *e* with nearly

equal volume, but by slightly closing the passage to the resonating chamber, giving a concentration that makes it even more brilliant. Then *i* with a tendency to too great concentration, but, sung with enough fulness, leaving an equally rich quality.

The *o* made by puckering the lips, may lose something in brilliancy but makes up in breadth and richness. The *u* is perhaps the most difficult of all, but can be made to tell if sung with ease and without forcing; *a* is made by the vocal chords and resonating cavity alone, *e* and *i* primarily by raising the tongue, *o* and *u* by puckering the lips. Each has its own peculiar quality and each can be made to carry anywhere if the singer will honestly stick to the simple vowel and not try to make it something else.

The main thing to remember, to ponder over until it is a part of your fundamental belief, is that the original tone is made by the vocal chords and receives its power and richness in the resonating cavity, and that its original tone is the same, is made in absolutely the same manner for every vowel and every combination of vowels in this or any other language. The sound it has on leaving the mouth which we name *a*, *o*, *e*, or what not, is due to the moulding the tone receives inside the mouth from the tongue, lips and teeth. But before the tongue, lips or teeth get a chance at it the tone has already been made and is the same for all. The tone produced by the vocal chords is like clay in the sculptor's hands. He may mould it into the likeness of a man, or a dog, or a house, but clay it was and clay it will always remain. Let it once be thoroughly appreciated how nearly allied all the vowels are and what a slight change it requires to pass from one to the other and the greater part of the difficulty people have in singing them will disappear. Yet on so simple a subject there is a great amount of ignorance and misconception. Some teach that the different vowels are produced by different actions of the vocal chords, and that the mouth should be held in the same position during the singing of all of them. Even a superficial examination of the difference between *a* and *o* would convince any one that the mouth cannot be held in exactly the same posi-

tion on both, but people don't seem to think, nor examine. One young fellow with an especially easy voice sang everything with perfect freedom except the vowel *e*. He knew that something was wrong with it because people criticised it. But what the trouble really was or how to remedy it he knew not. What he did was to draw the lips and teeth together and raise the tongue to about the proper position for singing *i*. Then when he tried to sing *e* the passage was so small and the tone so concentrated that all breath was squeezed out of it, and it became thin and colorless. I only needed to show him just what he did and why it was wrong, and he immediately opened out his throat and mouth and gave a full broad tone. Of course not every voice would respond so quickly as this did, but any voice not hopelessly strained can be taught to sing all the vowels with equal ease.

The purpose of this close study of the different original vowel sounds and how to produce them, is to gain the mastery of enunciation. Clear speaking, such that all the audience shall understand, is the corner stone on which the structure of song singing is built. No matter how beautifully one may vocalize, with what perfect tone he may give each note, if he do not make each word clear, distinct, and vibrant with meaning, he is not a singer. With perfect command of the vowels, enunciation becomes simple and natural. Since no matter what the vowel may be it is sung with equal ease and freedom. Perfect enunciation is the indelible stamp of the artist.

KARLETON HACKETT.

HISTORY OF THE POLKA.

LIKE everything else in the world, dancing has gone through a regular process of evolution. From its original functions, erotic, religious and warlike, it has developed into an innocent social pastime.

With the ancient Slavs dancing still possessed something of its religious character, traces of which may be found, even now, in the ceremonial dance of *kralovnický*, originally danced in honor of the gods, which is still popular among the Bohemians of Moravia. With the Bohemian people generally dancing, accompanied by song and music, is a vivid expression of joy or grief. With dancing they celebrate happy events (a wedding, baptism, etc.) as well as, strange to believe, the funerals of unmarried young men and maidens. The latter custom is evidently a survival of a heathen rite: the ancient Slavs sought to pacify the gods and the spirits of hades with dancing, which was a part of the funeral festival called *tryzna*.

In Bohemia, dancing has always been accompanied by singing, and many a folk-song of today was originally a dance song. Dancing has always been popular among the sanguine Bohemians, nearly every country having its own peculiar dances, many of which are very picturesque. Over a hundred popular dances are known in Bohemia today, all of which have been invented by the people themselves. It is in but few cases that you might name a definite person as author of the dance, and even then the name is of doubtful authenticity. As specimens we may give the names of a few of the most popular dances: *ambit*, *baborak*, *furiant*, *hulan*, *kalamajka*, *kominik*, *kuzelka*, *oves*, *obkrocak*, *rejdivak* (improperly 'redowa'), *rezanka*, *skocna*, *slepicka*, *sousedska*, *strasak*, etc. The most popular of them all, however, has proved the polka, now the national dance of Bohemia, whose success has no parallel in the history of dancing. Invented in 1830 the polka soon secured recognition throughout Bo-

hemia, and when, in 1836, M. Hilmar composed instrumental music for it, the new dance went forth into foreign lands and in less than a decade literally "conquered the world."

The inventor of the polka is now generally admitted to have been a plain servant girl, Miss Anna Slezáková of Labská Tynice. She is said to have danced the first polka on record sometime in 1830 in the presence of other young people who were so delighted with the beauty of the new dance that it rapidly spread all over Bohemia. The teacher, Josef Neruda, wrote down and thus preserved the melody of the new dance, taken from a well known popular song. The first polka was danced to the tune of the folk song "Uncle Nimra." The text of the song "Uncle Nimra Bought a White Horse" runs thus: "Uncle Nimra bought a white horse for four and a half dollars. He came home, seized his wife 'round the waist and danced a madêra with her."

The words of the song would seem to indicate that the new dance (here named "madera") was, in reality, an old one and that its true inventor was the people of Bohemia themselves. To be sure, the new dance at first bore two names derived from the song, that is, *nimra* and *madera*; the name *polka* which finally prevailed, owes its origin to the two-quarter measure of its tune and the half-step so characteristic of the dance, for, in Bohemia, *pulka* (ancient Bohemia, *polka*) means "a half," and *polka*, "a half step dance."

Such is the true origin and etymology of the word polka which has repeatedly puzzled foreign philologists not acquainted with the Bohemian language. Owing to apparent similarity in sound, the polka has been declared by some writers to be a Polish dance. Thus, in the older editions of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française* we find the polka erroneously defined as *une danse polonoise devenue fort à la mode en France* (a Polish dance which has become very fashionable in France). Similar strange errors have crept into some editions of Webster's Dictionary. Thus, the early editions of the Unabridged define the polka as "a fashionable Hungarian dance;" later editions, however, give a correct account of its origin from the pen of Mr. Czerwinski, who though

himself a Pole, is candid enough to acknowledge the Bohemian origin of the famous dance; the latest edition, the International, again revives the error and the polka is declared this time to be a Polish dance. Says the International: "*Polka* (pol *polka*, a Polish woman) 1. A dance of Polish origin, but now common everywhere."

It is evident that the writer in the International has been misled by similarity of sound, although there is no more connection between polka (the dance) and Polka (the woman) than there is between pole (a stick) and a Pole (the man).

In regard to *form* the polka has but slightly varied from its pattern. It still usually consists of two parts of eight bars each, to which is added, in order to prevent monotony, a trio in a cognate mode. To be interesting, the trio should contrast with the polka that precedes it. The polka invariably moves in the two-quarter measure, the measure and the conclusion of the several parts having never varied. The polka usually ends in a tonic (or dominant) octave. Quarter notes may scarcely, if ever, be employed; in the first part, eighth notes are the most important, in the second they may be resolved into sixteenth notes. The composer should be particularly careful to mark well the steps of the dancer.

The polka only needed to be known in order to win popularity. It did not take long ere it became the national dance of Bohemia, the dancers forsaking the waltz and the galop for the more elegant polka. Numerous polkas by various authors appeared both in print and in manuscript, the composers drawing heavily upon the inexhaustable fund of folk-music. It is needless to say that the folk-song often suffered mutilation at their hands. In No. 28 of the *Květy* (Blossoms, a literary journal) for 1848 a patriot (Mr. Hajnis) files the following complaint against the unscrupulous composers: "Our unfortunate folk-songs have had to suffer terribly of late; wherever a new composer appeared he would at once seize upon the folk-song. Thus originated the so-called *potpourris*, the composer built little bridges of a few notes from one folk-song to another, added some trifling musical ornaments and named the whole thing a *potpourri*."

Another composer cut the folk-song to pieces of which he made waltzes, polkas and quadrilles. A composer of this kind reminds me of the times of torture; he tortures the simple folk song on the rack until the poor thing is compelled to confess that it is a folk-song ready and willing to be sacrificed to the delight of noble gentlemen. The dancer's heart throbs with joy, but the genius of music mourns for the composer's cruelty."

The great successes of the polka at home were soon followed by many victories abroad. As early as 1839 Mr. Pergler, the leader of the Prague Sharpshooters' band, introduced the polka into Vienna, where it soon became very popular. The Bohemians were, however, much more elated with the success of their favorite dance in Paris, the renowned home of fashion. The polka had been carried to the gay French capital by Mr. Raab of Prague, dancing master to the Bohemian Estates. With pardonable pride the *Kvety* of 1840 informs its readers: "The polka, the favorite of our dance loving youths and maidens, is presently engaging the attentions of the Parisian public. Mr. Raab, formerly ballet master to the Prague theatre, gave several performances at the Theatre Ambigu in Paris, which were all received with universal approbation. The polka, the national dance of Bohemia, excited general admiration and was rewarded with a storm of applause."

It would be quite difficult for us cold northerners to describe in fitting terms the enthusiastic welcome which the polka received in Paris. For this reason we have borrowed the following account from a French Encyclopedia, the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIXe siecle, par Pierre Larousse. vol. 12, p. 1308, Paris, 1874.*

Says the writer in true French style: "The polka is a brisk, lively and graceful dance which is said to have been invented in Bohemia where it is the delight of the peasants. If this assertion be correct we may say that it possesses all the marks of an original type, for its movements are rapid, jerking, somewhat abrupt, rude and tumultuous, but very gay and, we may say, voluptuous."

Having been introduced into France in 1844 or 1845,

the polka may be said to have scored a veritable triumph, for it was at once adopted by society. It was more than success, it was a rage, a frenzy, a fury.

Brought upon the stage by the vaudevillists, it was the subject of a small burlesque played at the Palais Royal under the title *La Polka en province*, and this small piece was praised up to the skies. Pretty soon one saw nothing but the polka, and everything was *a la polka*; the robes, the hats, the dresses and all the rest. The air to which it had been formerly danced and which as we were assured, was that of the national polka, did no longer suffice for the amateurs. Our musicians had to submit to the necessity of giving the polka new rivals, and in a short time thousands of polkas covered the desks of thousands of pianos. At times our own composers have manifested inspiration and composed lovely polkas.

After twenty years of success the polka has lost nothing of its fascination. It is today being danced at all of the public balls, in all private salons, and there is nothing to warrant a prediction that it would disappear."

These enthusiastic words of a Frenchman are the best testimony to the esthetic and choreographic value of the polka.

About the same time that the new Bohemian dance made its triumphal entrance into Paris, in the forties, the polka was introduced into St. Petersburg. The Russian scholar Sreznevski who was then sojourning at Prague, made frequent mention of the polka in his letters to his mother, occasionally enclosing specimens of tunes and instructions relative to the mode of dancing. He says the polka is similar to a waltz with an accelerated tempo. At times he gives minute details as to how the gentleman and the lady are to act (*Zhivvaia Starina* II. 1892. p. 46). He was both a theoretical and a practical student of the polka. It is curious to note that he had for his teacher a priest, parson Krolmus, the renowned archaeologist. In a letter written in 1840 he relates how one day Krolmus came to him to transcribe for him certain Bohemian folk-songs. In the evening the reverend gentleman played a polka. There were present several young ladies, Mr. Freund,

a Russian student, and others. They must have danced to their hearts' content for, as Sreznevski writes, "not one thread in my dress remained dry." They enjoyed dancing until midnight. The letters of Sreznevski made it evident that in the forties the polka was the most popular of all forms of dancing, and that it was one of the canons of polite society that everyone should be acquainted with the polka.

In 1841 the Russian composer, Kazhinski, visited Bohemia in order to study Bohemian folk-music in its very home. The result of his journey was a number of polkas "composed in true Slavonic spirit and Bohemian style." These compositions at once introduced the Bohemian dance into the salons of the Russian capital. The Bohemians were delighted though they objected to the foreign names with which the Russian composer was wont to christen his polkas, such as Amata Polka, Elonoren Polka, Marien Polka, etc.

The joy with which the Bohemian public hailed every bit of news announcing new successes of the popular dance, was a characteristic mark of the times. The Bohemian nationality was reviving from the intellectual torpor into which it had sunk owing to two centuries of Hapsburg oppression, and everything that tended to make the existence of a Bohemian nation known to the world at large, was accordingly welcomed with great satisfaction. The Bohemians were equally proud of the unparalleled success of the polka as they were of the scientific discoveries of a Purkinje or a Rokytansky. This feeling of pride finds an appropriate expression in a mock-serious article printed in the *Ceska Vcela* for 1845. It says: "Some people may say that Orpheus and his music are mere creatures of fancy; but we have seen what a Kolo or a Polka will do. It is well known that the latter is conquering, or rather has conquered the world. Whether it be known in Australia I do not know but I think it is; in all other parts of the world it is known; for it is incredible that the French should not have introduced it into Algiers if they mean to civilize that country. In North America they have President Polk and the dance Polka, etc. In conclusion the writer protests against some obscure Parisian who misrepresents the polka as though it was a German dance.

What particularly pleased the zealous friends of the polka was the act of the Viennese composer Strauss who, recognizing the polka as a Bohemian folk-dance, composed a pretty polka which, in honor of Bohemia, he named "The Bohemian Polka" (in German, Czechen Polka). Since the times of Hilmar, the first Bohemian composer of note who wrote polkas, there have been composed, in Bohemia, various polkas without number, almost every composer, including even great masters like Smetana, contributing his share. The titles of the earliest polkas were mostly derived from patriotic or historical subjects, while other compositions sprang from personal or local motives.

Into the United States the polka was introduced in 1844, contemporaneously with the inauguration, *nomen omen*, of President Polk.

During the campaign that had carried Polk to the White House, a new dance, the polka, was introduced into the United States from Bohemia by the way of Vienne and Paris. It was facetiously said that Polk had been danced into office, and it was with a light heart that the merry-making slaveholders at the Polk inauguration ball celebrated their victory." (Noah Brook, "The Passing of the Whigs," Scribner's Magazine, Feb., 1895, p. 213).

The polka may now truly be said to have conquered the world. However, it has not traveled alone on its triumphant journey; quite early it found a pleasant company of younger sisters. Teachers of dancing were indefatigable in their persistent efforts to furnish the public with new forms of the polka, based upon the fundamental principles of the original folk-dance though differing in external appearance. In this way the world was enriched with a polka-francaise, polka-mazurka, a double polka, etc. One of those hybrid creatures is mentioned as early as 1842. Says a contemporary journal: "Our modest countrywoman† who has, since the last carnival, perplexed so many heads and feet in the salons of Paris and London, our light-footed polka has now come back to her home from far-off lands, but she is no longer a plain country maiden, but a lady in a flowing robe of silk, and

† In Bohemia, polka is of the feminine gender.

bears the name of *polketa en colonne*. Her faithful companion on the journey has been our own teacher of dancing, Mr. Raab. We wish him a great multitude of pupils and the polketa as many adorers as the polka used to have."

What an astonishing musical evolution we have before us if we contemplate the long series of polkas from the original piece as sung and danced by a Bohemian country girl down to the latest "Midway Plaisance Polka" with its railroad whistle, its roaring lion, tam-tam and other enormities! The latter really differs from the former as a roaring lion from a gentle lamb.

Racine, Wis.

JOSEF JIRI KRAL.

MY GUIDE.

TO E. J. H.

I strayed, an eager but unguided child,
Along the flowery paths of Music-land.
The way I knew but ill. Those mountains grand
Which I had heard were in the distance piled,
I saw not; but by laughing flowers beguiled,
I climbed the little hills and thought them great.
I had no lofty vision; but elate
With childish happiness I wandered wild.

But once, while loitering up a sunny hill,
I met with one who, smiling, gently led
Me onward, with my hand in hers, until
We stood upon a rock; and just ahead
She showed me peaks that I could climb at will,
And bade me, firm of heart, the pathway tread.

KATHERINE ROSSITER BISBEE.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

One of the most pleasing local bits of news is the reorganization of the Bendix quartette, which as now composed consists of the leaders of the strings of the Thomas orchestra. First violin, Max Bendix, concert-master; second violin, Mr. Boegner, second concert-master; viola, Mr. Junker, solo viola; 'cello, Mr. Bruno Steindel, solo 'cello, formerly solo 'cellist with the Bülow symphony orchestra in Berlin. There is no doubt at all of the wholly exceptional abilities of these four gentlemen; and if they fail to put in force their declared determination of working up to a standard of quartette playing equal to that of any other organization in the world, it will be for want of perseverance or else for want of the personal qualities belonging to great musical interpreters.

On the latter head there is of course room for doubt. Mr. Bendix is a violinist of remarkable gifts, well versed in the entire repertory of his instrument. As concert-master he is a very strong artist. The only question is whether his conception is sufficiently vigorous and incisive to dominate the interpretations of the ensemble. Mr. Boegner, while a very strong violinist is not altogether so smooth a player as Mr. Bendix; but as an interpreter he is perhaps more vigorous. As for the other two members, their personalities are unknown to me; but I greatly admire the beautiful legato and tone-quality of Mr. Steindel, in both which respects he belongs to a grade of artists of whom there are but a very few in the world at any one time. I doubt whether there is to-day any cellist who makes a better tone, if so good; and I have never heard a better legato, in which the tones seem to meet, melt into each other, in the most delicious manner, without the slightest overlapping, and without that blunt terminal effect of which the organ is the most notable illustration. As for Mr. Junker, I have not yet realized his personality and special artistic gifts, but I have no doubt

his ability is commanding, or he would not be where he is.

I sincerely hope this quartette will be kept together and that their laudable ambition will be fully realized. We need such a body in Chicago, but it will take a great deal of perseverance to reach the point.

* * *

If I were called upon to name the reason why some of our local quartettes were not more pleasing, I think I would say that *piety* was perhaps their principal draw back. By piety, in this connection I do not mean religious activity, as understood in Evangelical circles, for in so far as I know no one of the gentlemen is particularly gifted in this direction. But piety in the sense of undue reverence to certain names and styles of music which once represented the feeling and movement of the world quite as completely as the most advanced pages of Wagner, Brahms and Tschaikowsky do now; but which in the progress of time have become obsolete, like the poetry of Goldsmith and a lot of other authors whose names adorn the lists of national poets. Haydn, for instance, is a writer who sometimes gave expression to very enjoyable tone-poems, belonging to the same category as many in the role of English poems, where a limpid and unaffected style, united to great natural naivete, accompanied by an indifference towards the sombre, the deep and the unexpressible, gave him what critics call a charming clearness of style. A writer of this kind never touches the highest mark in his own day; for while he may be praised by the critics who prefer a clearness which they can understand to the most soul-reaching strivings after something so deep that neither they nor the hearers can understand, there is always some other poet or poets who address themselves diligently to this inner something which calls for expression. Whether they realize their ideal or not, they at least by aiming at a star touch a higher point of aim than those who aim at the near and the clearly perceptible. For in music as in poetry it is the something within, the soul life as such, the eternal verities of the spiritual world, which must come to expression.

It is curious to notice how one of these obscure writers after a lifetime of abuse and belittling, comes out after he is dead. The accent of the soul touches mankind, and sooner or later, according to the distance he has gone ahead of the procession, he picks up an audience, leads a cult, and in turn reaches a point where the later improvements in sonority have rendered even these works intelligible, and at length in the movement of the world they will become the agreeable reminiscences of a childhood period of the race or generation. Beethoven went through such a history; and so did Schumann. All the obscure writers who are sincere and not intentionally complicated for the sake of being complicated, are destined to go through such a progress.

Now Haydn and Mozart were tone-poets of the day in which they lived. The innovations of Haydn were in the direction of balance of parts, clear expression and the like. He had nothing of this deep soul longing to express, and if he had he would not have considered it in good taste to attempt to force it upon the attention of his princely employers. Still less to force it upon the attention of the dear public of England, for whose innate musical taste he must have had a very reserved admiration.

Mozart's innovations were in the direction of pure lyric melody, and except Schubert there has never been another so good a melodist in music. But he had little of this deep soul-yearning to trouble him, at least in so far as appears in his writings. He belonged to the better class of musical life of his own day. His music is refined, well bred, delightfully clear, beautifully written at times from a chromatic standpoint, and all that. But it never quite reaches in and takes hold of the deep springs of human nature. To admire it and to love it belong to the unconscious period of musical childhood, and to the somewhat artificially formed childlike spirit in mature musical cultivation. When your advanced musician expresses his love for little things of child-life he means something quite different from what he means when he is expressing his feelings as a man. We like to enter again into the sweet little world of childhood and live over again for a brief time the simple feelings of that delightful period;

but to continue in this would be to render ourselves fit for an asylum for the feeble minded. The greatest philosopher may be at heart as sweet and as simple as a child; but at any rate he will keep it in a separate dish from that in which he carries his philosophizing, or use it but momentarily for side lights upon the same.

And with this Mozart and Haydn quartette music, I feel very sure that our musicians who undertake to play it are influenced by early admiration, or by what they have been told they ought to feel; or by what they imagine the imperfectly taught public still feels for them; so that the music does not take hold of and fully engage the interpreters. They play it as something easy, and their hearts do not enter into it, and they fail of making an effect with it. Meanwhile the audience, belonging to this hardworking nineteenth century, presently perceives that while the music is sweet it is also innocent and does not engage the heart of the players. They conclude, therefore, that they do not like chamber music, which is probably true.

I am of the opinion and have always been so, that playing for a half instructed audience, or for any audience which is not thoroughly musical, the first requisite is to select music which takes hold, which touches the deeper springs of action or feeling. Something of Beethoven is sure to do this, if well done; also most of the first rate authors since Schumann. But the day for Mozart and Haydn has practically passed. We could have one of their works (not too long) as a middle number, but to give it a place of honor is not the way to make chamber music felt in its true aspect as the expression of some of the strongest and most intimate ideas which the entire literature of tone-poetry embraces.

* * *

I had intended to write at some length of the Damrosch season of Wagnerian and other German opera, but at the last moment I find myself lacking for space and time. Nevertheless there are a few things which justice requires. The works performed embrace "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," the "Mastersingers," "Valkyrie," "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," Weber's "Freischuetz" and Beethoven's

“Fidelio.” Several of these presentations I did not hear; “Tannhauser” and “Der Freischuetz” were the chief ones I missed. “Fidelio” was the best performance of all. Frau Klafsky was Fidelio, and the cast contained Mr. Gruening as Florestan, Fisher as Rocco, etc. Mme. Klafsky was great. Everything was noble. Pose, simplicity, speaking voice, singing and acting, everything combined to bring to realization one of the most beautiful conceptions in the whole range of opera.

The music is symphony lightened a very little. It is not dramatic in the complete sense of the term, still less is it show music in which things wait for singers to get through. The central correspondence between the music and the drama is very close indeed, particularly so in the dungeon scenes. And the effect upon the audience was marked to a degree.

A season of the most advanced Wagnerian works presented with such amplitude necessarily brings up many questions; but these I have put in a paper by themselves, “Wagner and the Music of the Future” which will appear next month. Articles of this kind, such as all the “boys” write after a hard season of opera, have the same value in criticism as a trial balance in business. They undertake to show the actual state of the business at the moment. And in the same way that no two trial balances of the same business need balance or even show results upon the same side of the ledger, so in these articles a student brings the subject down to date, that is to say down to *his* date, which may be like voting for Andrew Jackson or some other of his contemporaries.

* * *

Of the season in general, therefore, it must be sufficient to say here that Mr. Damrosch has a number of excellent Wagnerian singers. Besides Mme. Klafsky I should mention next Mr. Popovici; but I did not have the pleasure of hearing this gentleman except in a single role, that of “King Mark in Tristan.” I found him a very superior artist indeed. Alvary no longer has music in his voice. The remaining singers are more than creditable and the appointments are superior. The orchestra is delightful, and I ad-

mire Mr. Damrosch's results. He is taking great risks this season, but I hope he will come through in good shape.

* * *

In response to several inquiries I take this occasion to say that Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy are in Paris, as appears from the interesting letter in this issue. Mr. Eddy has been besought to come back to America for a month's playing, but he does not intend to do so until August, 1896. In this connection it may be mentioned that Mrs. Eddy having inherited half of her late father's estate, is in position to please herself to a great extent as to work or play for the remainder of her life; and Mr. Eddy naturally feels less need of "fixing his fences" as congressmen call it, than formerly. Besides there are openings for him to play in Europe, where he will be estimated at his proper rank as a virtuoso of world wide fame. Mr. Eddy, however, is a good American, and sooner or later he will be here again in the exercise of those brilliant professional movements which have won him so much fame.

* * *

A very charming recital of original music by Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, was given at the rooms of the Fortnightly club, Dec. 11, under the auspices of Mrs. Wilmarth. The program was this:

Song from "Pippa Passes,"
Robin Red-Breast,
My Pansies,

Mrs. Proctor Smith

Robert Browning
William Allingham
Nellie M. Garabrant

Rock-a-bye Baby upon the tree-top,
The Brook,
A Child's Song,
October,
Above the Clouds,
June,
When She Comes

Mrs. Proctor Smith.

Harriet Monroe
St. Nicholas Magazine
St. Nicholas Magazine
Jean Ingelow
John Kendrick Bangs
Charles B. Going

Within Us. A Hymn,
Christmas Carol, for Voice, Piano, Organ and 'Cello,

Lucy Larcom
Dinah Maria Mulock

Some preparatory readings were made by Miss Mary J. Onahan, stating the motives underlying the grouping of the songs. Group one was composed of songs of nature; group

two of child songs; group three, songs of love; group four, religion. There was a large and very fine audience present, and all the songs were well received. Those which seemed to please best were "My pansies," "October," "Above the Clouds," and the Carol. The test of the quality in composing an entire recital of works so short was serious, and it brought out certain good qualities in the music along with certain incomplete realizations of an ideal. The best feature was the accurate musical comprehension of the inner meaning of the poetry. The weakness of the music as a whole is to be found on the side of thematic development, where there is still much to learn.

* * *

Mr. John S. Van Cleve sends me very late the following in regard to Mr. Edward Baxter Perry's Recital before Mr. Derthick's West Side Library—Musical Club.

A large audience was present, and Mr. Perry, whose consummate and many-sided gifts have been appreciatively reviewed in "Music" on a former occasion, was at his best. His program was entirely of modern romantic compositions but took a wide range both as to style and difficulty. His Chopin playing was ideally beautiful, both in the lyric and the bravura style. The remarks with which he prefaced each performance were admirably pertinent, lucid and helpful. No one, whether versed in music or not, could hear the Danse Macabre of Saint-Saens, the Ballade in A flat of Chopin or the religious meditation of Liszt as interpreted by this charming and unique art-worker without at once experiencing a pleasure amounting to delight and receiving ideas which effect a permanent illumination.

This season Mr. Perry is playing the Henry F. Miller piano and the glorious sonority of the rich-voiced instrument in no small degree helped to realize the artistic pleasure of the evening. Mr. Perry, though not the first to give illustrated piano recitals, in the quantity of his work has far outstripped all others, while in the quality he has not come short of the high-water mark attained by the very best. He has been before the American public with piano recital-lectures since 1880, and having kept an accurate record for ten years, he is able to astonish us with the statement that in that time he has delivered over thirteen hundred recitals. This is a marvelous mass of work, and the quality both of the playing and of the elucidation by word of mouth is up to the highest possible demands.

Mr. Perry gains year by year for he is a good and a growing artist.

(Signed) JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Among the more attractive of our Chicago singers few stand as high as the one whose portrait appears here: Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson. Mrs. Wilson is a Chicago woman, and lately has resolved to devote her talent to oratorio and concert work. Her voice is a soprano of fine quality, dramatic capacity and large range. Her singing is noted for musical quality, while her presence speaks for



MRS. GENEVIEVE CLARK WILSON.

itself. In a country so large as ours there is great room for singers of this class and the increasing demands upon Mrs. Wilson's time shows that her merits are appreciated. Among her engagements of importance in the immediate future are the following: Philadelphia with the Boston orchestra, Dec. 21. At Ann Arbor in the oratorio of "Elijah" Jan. 17. In Spohr's "Last Judgment" at Ypsilanti, Mich. With the Detroit philharmonic, in March. A song matinee at Al-

bion, in January. In Gaul's "Una" at Springfield, Ills., and in Handel's Sampson at Jacksonville, Ills. With the St. Caecilia society of Grand Rapids, Mich. later.

If need were, many quotations might be made from the complimentary notices of the press in the places where she has appeared. Let it be understood, however, that there are plenty of them, and admirable in quality and many of them from distinguished sources. Anyone may send to the singer herself or her agent and receive back a booklet of all information of this kind. Meanwhile the portrait of the artist ornaments our pages. And the unwritten wish stands below, that her engagements may be many and glorious.

* * *

Want of space and time to do it justice oblige me to forego my usual pleasure of chronicling the excellent work now being done weekly by the Chicago orchestra. Elsewhere I give the programs of the last few concerts. The playing is very lovely and the programs interesting. Particularly do I admire Mr. Thomas' work in symphony and in works of the new school. He secures admirable playing.

* * *

I am under obligations to Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, head professor of English Literature of the Chicago University, Mr. C. T. Roney, Dean of the Faculty of Armour Institute and professor of English, and Prof. William Morton Payne, associate editor of the *Dial*, for reading the prize stories and deciding upon their merits.

* * *

Also to Messrs. Harrison M. Wild, Roney, Karleton Hackett and others for voting upon the Carols.

W. S. B. M.

DR. MASON AND THE PRESSURE TOUCH.

A WRITER in the *Toronto Week* has the following paragraph, which I print in full, with thanks, since it affords opportunity to give Dr. Mason's reply thereto *in extenso*.

MR. W. S. B. MATHEWS' magazine, *Music*, for October concludes the eighth half-yearly volume, and has many articles of special interest to the amateur, student and musician. Indeed it should circulate freely among music lovers, for topics are continually being discussed, representing almost every phase of musical thought by writers of talent and culture. The Editorial Bric-a-brac, written in Mr. Mathews' breezy and interesting style, is always refreshing, and, speaking for myself, I turn to it with delight and read it first of all. Mr. Mathews is a great admirer of Dr. Mason. In fact, it may be said the latter has no greater champion and admirer in this country, popular and esteemed as he is by all musicians. His touch and technic is made the text of many sermons and the so-called two-finger exercises and pressure touch, form the basis of no end of remarks and technical calculations. Through this medium and Mr. Presser's publication "The Etude," pressure touch has been lauded and praised to the skies, as if it were the beginning and end of everything pertaining to beauty of touch and tone. I do not think so. As a fundamental principle pressure touch is both mischievous, misleading and injurious. It destroys perfect naturalness and looseness of finger action, and abnormally develops the muscles of the wrist and lower arm. This touch should be sparingly used, if at all, until the hand has attained great finger independence and suppleness in the performance of scales, chords, arpeggios and light springing octaves. When the hand has thus been cultivated the clinging pressure touch under certain conditions might be advised for those lyric melodies which require to be sung on the piano with richness and sonority, and the player will thus know how and when to use it with artistic discretion and judgment. There is so much that is good in Dr. Mason's Touch and Technic, it seems a pity this principle is continually insisted upon and advised, because it absolutely forbids and prevents the fingers from gaining that agility and lightness, necessary to play with silvery clearness and rapidity those passages which are not primarily melodic, but brilliant and sparkling. I have read so much, and see the results so frequently of this ill advised and much abused touch, that I have imposed upon myself the duty of thus criticising it. No touch should become a habit, but the hand should be perfectly cultivated to produce any nuance of tone *without effort*, consequently using freely and naturally any variety of touch at will to effect that end.

DR. MASON'S REPLY.

I AM in such a rush that I have had no time to think about the extract from the "*Week*" which was enclosed. It seems impossible for me to make myself understood on the subject to which it has reference, and this is because some writers persist in emphasizing a part of the directions given in Touch and Technic out of all proportion, and losing sight of the fact that other directions of equal importance are given, which act as an antidote to bad results which otherwise might ensue if those directions were omitted. If anything is insisted on throughout the work it is the fact that relaxation, suppleness, limpness, elasticity and so on throughout the whole list of synonymous characteristics, must constantly be in mind, and that the fundamental principle, pressure touch, must be sparingly used. The writer, undoubtedly unintentionally, does me great injustice when he asserts that the pressure touch is "lauded and praised to the skies as if it were the beginning and end of everything pertaining to beauty of touch and tone." The writer says, "I do not think so" and I say "neither do I, nor have I ever met a thoroughly finished artist who does." The writer is mistaken in saying "this principle is constantly insisted upon and advised," when a reference to the work itself will show that it advocates as the prevailing touch to be used what is termed the *mild-staccato* touch, which requires constant limpness, lightness, flexibility, etc., in order to secure agility, velocity, silvery clearness, brilliancy, pearliness, sparkling and scintillating quality of tone, limpidity, etc. If anything is insisted on all through the work it is the absolute essentiality of a constant and immediate relaxation of the muscles at the moment the blow is delivered. This is what athletes call the "recover." The work is the result of personal experience, and is founded upon the principles I followed in order to develop my own touch, and there is nothing so unpleasant to me as stiffness and rigidity of muscular action in playing. Of

course there must be some contraction or flaccidity and tameness would result, but the contraction, must be simultaneously accompanied by the "recover" in relaxation. What Paderevski and Joseffy had to say in this respect is of great help, as they will be recognized as authorities. It is proper that I should add that through an experience of over forty years teaching I have known no such bad results as those which are commented on by the writer in the "*Week*." On this matter of beauty of touch we shall hear from William Steinway in a short time, for he is writing an article for a new work which will soon appear, in which he has to make reference to Liszt and Rubinstein as authorities. It will be interesting doubtless.

New York, Nov., 15, 1895.

WILLIAM MASON.

ENGLISH MUSICAL NOTES.

I AM GLAD to observe that the American musicians who paid us a visit last summer, have given expression to the opinion that our English system of excluding the female voice from the church choir is an artistic mistake. Our church musicians here cling tenaciously to the traditional male-voice choir, but it is a question whether many of them would not prefer the mixed voice-chorus, as being more artistic and much less trouble, were they not bound by tradition and long usage to the employment of boys. No doubt in the case of the Cathedrals the system works fairly well; for here the boys are drilled musically for an hour or more every day, and have constant practice in the way of choral music besides. But even in the Cathedrals the artistic weakness of the system is apparent. The lack of good solo voices is seen everywhere; and I am not at all surprised to find the American musicians declaring that the finest solo boy they heard, in Magdalen Chapel, Oxford, was so wanting in maturity of expression that his singing cast a shadow over an otherwise almost ideal service. The veteran Dr. Hopkins, of the Temple church, takes exception to the "good taste" of the remark that even the best solo boys cannot compare in finish and musical conception with an American \$600 soprano in a mixed choir. But the remark is true all the same. No one with a musician's feeling could excuse the intolerance which deprives our church music of its greater means of effect by substituting in lieu of rich toned mature voices, the feeble piping of boys; which banishes the adult whose experience of life qualifies her to join with feeling in the musical service, and prefers the parrot-like song of juveniles, who at the best can sing only with unmeaning hollowness. Further, if we leave the Cathedrals out of account, it is probably no exaggeration to say that many hundreds of young voices are being constantly ruined by this boy-choir fad. A good honest choir boy, as some one has remarked, is always in danger of injuring himself; and a lad without zeal is not worth having under any circumstances. Fortunately there is a growing disposition on the part of our clergymen to ignore this hoary tradition of the boy-choir. Mr. Haweis, for example, whom you have had recently lecturing to you, has (metaphorically of course) taken the surpliced lady-chorister to his heart, and several churches in London are already following his example. Mr. Haweis, speaking from a very long experience, says that boys are simply intolerable: they snigger, kick, stretch, suck sweets, ruin the Psalten, hassocks, surplices and choir stalls, cost endless labor to train and are bribed away by Cathedrals when they are trained. No doubt the ladies have their faults too. They may suck sweets, like the boys; but what of that if they sing better and cause less worry to the choir-master.

With only one notable English composer to boast of, it is natural that we should make a great deal of him. It is now two hundred years since Henry Purcell passed away in his house at Dean's Yard, Westminster, and we have just been celebrating the event, as if it were something to be thankful for. Rather, perhaps, should I say that Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, has been celebrating the event. Dr. Johnson once remarked to Boswell, "Sir, you have but two subjects, yourself and me; I am sick of both." That is exactly the position we have lately been in with Dr. Bridge. He has had Purcell "on the brain," and has lectured about the composer, and talked about his "discoveries" in the way of Purcell music, and worried us about Purcell's old organ till we are heartily tired of the whole business. The astute doctor had, however, an object in it all. He wanted a new case for the organ at the Abbey, and he thought it would be an excellent idea to connect the name of Purcell with his own need, and out of the enthusiasm of the bicentenary to charm the necessary coin from the pockets of such of the British public as should dance to his piping. He has succeeded, as the reporters say, beyond the most sanguine expectations; as indeed he well might, seeing that the Abbey authorities not only charged sweetly for admission but unblushingly took a collection as well! The organ case, which is really to be designed as a memorial of Purcell, who himself once presided in the Abbey organ loft, will cost £2000, and of that sum nearly three-fourths has been raised as the result of the Commemoration service on November 21. In truth there seems to be no other necessity for resuscitating the music of the old composer than this necessity of Dr. Bridge's creation. Purcell no doubt was a great composer, for the age in which he lived. But with the exception of some of his church compositions it cannot be said that his music is satisfying to the modern ear; and as has been truly observed though he influenced for good many of our earlier composers, his influence lasted too long when we find that some of our nineteenth century musicians, such as Macfarren, more or less imitated his style. Nearly everything that has been written about him during the last few months is pure panegyric. That is very well from loyal John Bull's point of view; but it is rather ridiculous when we remember that Purcell is practically unknown outside the "tight little island." Even there it needs all the ardour of a centenary celebration to place him on the borders of the living land; for, take it how you will, Purcell to the great majority of musical people is little more than a name.

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Some months ago it seemed as if we were about to have a pitched battle over the musical pitch question. It was announced that this conductor and the next conductor would adopt the continental pitch during the coming season; and it looked very much as if we should presently be in a condition of musical anarchy. The whole agitation has apparently blown over, and the only people to benefit from it are the writers of articles on the subject in the musical and other magazines. It is of course everywhere admitted that our

present pitch is too high and the want of uniformity with the other musical nations of Europe generally recognized. But there is no getting over the fact that a change of pitch would involve an immense expenditure of solid cash, and solid cash in return for something so intangible does not rouse much enthusiasm. There is of course no difficulty with regard to the stringed instruments; it is the wind instruments that present all the obstacles. The brass of the orchestra could, as a rule, be altered at comparatively little expense; the wood wind, that is to say the clarinets, flutes, oboes and bassoons, could not be altered at all. There it would simply be a case of new instruments all round. At the 1885 Pitch Conference, held under the presidency of Sir. George Macfarren, the costs of altering instruments were put down at between £200,000 and £300,000; and it was said that no less a sum than £1,000 would be involved at Covent Garden alone. Then there is the difficulty about the concert hall and other organs. In many instances an organ could not be altered at all. What would happen when no room had been left for the transposition of pipes; and in any case the cost would be very considerable, as may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Lewis wanted £1000 to lower the pitch of the instrument in the Albert Hall, London. Notwithstanding all this, it is on every ground desirable that we should adopt the lower pitch of the Continent. The present high pitch, for which the late Sir Michael Costa was mainly responsible, is cruelly hard on the voice; and the want of uniformity leads to a very great deal of inconvenience amongst orchestral players. The difficulties are admittedly great, but the French people had exactly the same difficulties to contend with when they adopted the Diapason Normal in 1859. And what the French people could do then, surely the English people can do now.

Your countryman, Mr. Francis Walker, in his "Letters of a Baritone," reminds us that British artists never really retire. "Farewells" and "last appearance" he or she may have galore, but such is the devotion of the English public to its favorites that they are almost compelled to go on singing until, well, until their very voices have taken a last fond farewell. It is a splendid arrangement for keeping the artists exchequer in a healthy condition, but it has some exceedingly bad effects upon musical art notwithstanding. The much vaunted "loyalty" of the British public to its old timers has no doubt a fine, comfortable, virtuous sound when the English matron quotes it proudly as a National characteristic, but it too often has the effect of doing sad mischief by making people who cannot judge for themselves believe that what is bad is very good indeed. At the present moment we are all quite concerned about our once eminent tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. Times without number he has taken his "farewell" of the public, and now, at the age of seventy-five, he is at it again. Nor is this all. He who was wont to talk in a high and mighty way about serving his art as the "noblest ambition" of his life, has actually descended to the music hall stage, and there, for £100 a week, takes his "turn" with the acrobat and the comic singer, and sells his last chance of going down to posterity as the high-souled artist he undoubtedly once

was. There are men who make money only to lose it; and I suppose Mr. Sims Reeves now finds himself little better off at seventy-five than he was when as a youth he learned to engrave music plates in a London back street. I observe that his house, in which he has lived for very many years, is for sale. But there may be other than financial reasons for this. Mr. Sims Reeves' wife, herself once a professional singer, died only a few months ago; and already the veteran tenor has married a second time, the lady being a pupil of his own, little more than out of her teens. During the silly season one of our London newspapers started a correspondence on "The Age of Love." Mr. Sims Reeves did not take part in the correspondence, but it is evident that he might have given an opinion with some authority.

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By the recent death of Sir Charles Hallé, a great and notable figure has been removed from the world of music. Although the work of his life has been done mainly in England, his influence has been far-reaching, particularly as a populariser of Beethoven. As a young man making his *debut* in Paris in 1848 his friends tried to dissuade him from playing a Beethoven sonata on the ground that it would never "go down" with the public. At that time solo sonatas were a dead letter; musicians held that the public did not understand them. But Hallé stuck to his intention, and was fully justified in the result. Today the exponent of Beethoven has to be careful lest he offend his audience by presenting them with the too familiar. No better measure could be obtained of the progress of musical culture within the last forty years; and it is the bare truth to say that Hallé's share in furthering that progress surpasses that of any other single musician in our midst. To have popularised the Beethoven sonata is an achievement of which any man might be proud, but Sir Charles has much more than that to be proud of, for his energies were never concentrated into one groove, and his powerful help was given in all the *rôles* of conductor, executant, teacher and editor. Hallé belongs of course to the old school of pianists; and we have heard a good deal since his death about the alleged superiority of the romantic, impressionist style of the newer race of players. No doubt he *was* cold and unemotional, but his quite undemonstrative style appealed to many; and in any case there was no doubting the consistency with which he worked out his artistic ideals. Hallé had reached the ripe age of seventy-seven, but he was as hale and as hearty and as active as a man of half his years. He had been twice married, his second wife being, as everybody knows, Madame Norman-Neruda, the violinist.

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Books of musical reminiscence come thick and fast upon us this season. One of the first to appear was a volume from the pen of the veteran Henry Russell, who, some fifty or more years ago, had everybody in the States singing "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," "A Life On the Ocean Wave," and other songs of a

healthy if not a highly artistic type. Mr. Russell's reminiscences have a special interest for American people, inasmuch as it was in America that he began his famous musical entertainments, and he has a great deal to tell about the States in that now far-away time when railroads were not, and when the journey across the Atlantic could not be performed in less than six weeks. Mr. Russell was an organist at Rochester, N. Y., when nobody there knew the "Hallelujah" chorus; and he once gave a concert near Detroit when the darkies refused to carry an old fashioned piano to the hall because they declared it contained a corpse. At Brooklyn he sang one summer evening with the windows of the room open, and a "large white bird" took such a fancy for his music that it sailed in and settled on his head when he was singing his most pathetic ditty. Mr. Russell vouches for the truth of this tale, but it is rather disconcerting to find that the bird was a *gull*. At Boston he seems to have reached the high water mark of his career in the States. "Cheer, Boys. Cheer" became the rage there. Mothers sang it to their infants, small boys whistled it in the streets, artisans hummed it at their work, until the composer became quite a popular hero. Mr. Russell confesses to having written the music for close upon eight hundred songs! If he had not come before those later days of "royalties" to composers, he would have made his fortune a dozen times over, but in his time a song was sold outright for a precious small sum, too and he declares that he made only about £400 in all by his copyrights. However, he made plenty of money by *singing* his songs; and now at the fine old age of eighty-three, he is living out the Indian Summer of his life, he says it is far too genial and cheery to be called winter, in his cosy residence in the West end of London, making public boast of the fact that he is honestly proud of his veteranship. That is something worthy of note when we remember that the veteran's son, Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, is such a martyr to rheumatism that he practically lives in an easy chair.

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Another new book about which I should like to tell you something is Mr. J. J. Shedlock's "The Pianoforte Sonata: its origin and development." To the earnest student the growth and development of the various musical forms must always be a subject of interest. Until now, we have not had, in English at any rate, any comprehensive work dealing with the sonata, and Mr. Shedlock's volume is therefore especially welcome. He begins by sketching very fully the early history of the sonata in general. Long before Kuhnau published, in 1695, the first known sonata for piano, or rather for harpsichord, the term had been more or less vaguely applied to instrumental pieces as distinguished from "cantatas," pieces which were to be sung. Giovanni Gabrieli, for example, furnished some specimens about the close of the sixteenth century, and Mr. Shedlock gives a very curious early specimen for the organ, by Banchieri, published in 1611. These earliest sonatas, like those of Domenico Scarlatti, appear to have been in one movement only;

the first specimens in more than one movement referred to by Mr. Shedlock are those of Legrenzi, 1677. Corelli began to write sonatas in 1683, and our author shows that out of forty-eight such works no fewer than forty have at least four movements, while the remaining eight contain three. The modern sonata, however as yet existed only in embryo; and it was not until Johann Kuhnau, as already indicated, published his first work of the kind for clavier in 1695 that the sonata assumed anything like its since accepted form. "I have added," says Kuhnau in the preface to the collection containing this composition, "I have added at the end a sonata in B flat which will please amateurs, for why should not such things be attempted on the Clavier as well as on other instruments?" Mr. Shedlock warmly praises this first sonata, which, although a bit old-fashioned, is nevertheless not wanting in a certain strength and vigour. A large amount of space is given up to Emanuel Bach, in whose works more than in any of his predecessors, we find the modern sonata form clearly traceable. Then we have an excellent chapter on Haydn and Mozart, followed by a chapter on the "Predecessors of Beethoven," in which Clementi and Dussek figure largely. The part of the volume devoted to Beethoven is naturally the most important, but I cannot dwell on it farther than to say that it concludes with some very interesting pages on the poetic basis of the master's sonatas. Weber and Schubert, and what may be called the "romantic school" men, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms and Liszt, are all dealt with in more or less detail, the analysis of Brahms' sonatas being exceeding valuable. Mr. Shedlock's book is indeed a notable contribution to the literature of its subject, and I commend it warmly to the attention of musicians on "the other side."

November 30, 1895.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

WHY NOT USE TONIC SOL-FA ?

A CAREFUL and repeated examination of a series of school text books leads to the following criticism and reservations concerning it. First, and this reservation lies against all other systems current in America (with equal or greater source force,) in the judgment of the present writer it would be better to use in the first two grades only the tonic sol-fa notation. Besides the enormous gaining of simplicity by this means, (and it is idle for any one to deny the greatness of this gain) there is a more important incidental advantage, namely: that the use of the tonic sol-fa system affords a generalized notation for tonal effects in key, which leads to greater exactness of musical conception, and brings forcibly to the pupil's attention the identity of melodic and harmonic relations, which as represented upon the staff appear very unlike each other. This value of the sol-fa notation would alone warrant its use, if it had not also the important advantage of extreme simplicity.

A second reservation, also applying to all the systems current in this country, is the neglect of the harmonic aspects of the scale until late in the course, or entirely. In point of fact the reviewer has not been able to find these relations at all carefully prepared. Nevertheless nothing is more certain from a scientific standpoint than that the entire relation of tonality is one of harmony and not of melody. Or to say it differently, melody carries in it its own harmony, and in its harmonic structure is to be found its force and meaning. This is what we mean when we speak of "tones in key." A key is a family of chords, a central or tonic chord and one outlying chord above and below. The elements do-me-sol-do are in the scale as parts of the tonic tone, the tonic triad. Fa and la, with do make the subdominant triad, and they derive their force from being partials of Fa; then si and re are in the scale as partials of Sol, and they explain themselves as part of the dominant chord. These elementary harmonic elements, at least, upon which depend all the folks song melody, ought to have been taken up at the very beginning, either immediately after forming a general idea of the scale as a whole, or even before doing so, as is the custom with the tonic sol-fa system. Certain very important advantages follow from this manner of procedure. First, the tones of the scale are better tuned, and the pupils learn to feel them in their harmonic relations. This gives the pupils something to steer by in singing in parts. Whereas in the present system part singing is touched upon even in the primer, when as yet there has not been any true training for supporting this association of melodies and accompanying harmonic parts.

It has been too long ignored by American educators that the tonic sol-fa people in England have not only made a great cult in that country as disciples of a certain notation of music, but have indefinitely and vastly extended the practice of chorus singing, and have led into higher walks of music many thousands who without their help would never have sung anything better than rude popular songs. In this work they have developed the most scientific treatment of vocal tonality which has yet been developed by any educators. Their system has taken a constantly increasing place in the lower schools of the London Boards, and in all parts of the kingdom, and in their highest musical circles their work is valued and respected. It is only our American and German educators who as yet ignore this important educational demonstration, and for the sake of a blind devotion to the staff disregard all parts of the system.

Nevertheless it is impossible to create a practicable system of school singing without employing at least a few features which have their full force when accompanied by remaining parts of the tonic sol-fa apparatus. In the present case for example, the admirable idea of showing the relation of the scale at different pitches to the original form in C, is a staff application of a very prominent feature of the tonic sol-fa modulator, a chart which has already done more or less duty anonymously in American systems.

It would be entirely practicable to add these features to the present system without altering much that we now have. Harmonic exercises might easily be added or be recommended in the manual for teachers, and their effect would be that of completing or carrying out implications and suggestions already embodied as corner stones of the Natural Course.

Another point where more might have been done, is in rhythm. The phenomena of measure are among the most elementary which exist in music. Pulse, measure, united pulses, silent pulses, divided pulses, are applications of very simple numbers, which lie well within the powers of children within the very first years at school. If more diversity of rhythm had been introduced in the Primer and the first reader, the children would have had a better time of it, and the songs in the Primer especially would have been relieved from a degree of monotony inseparable from the constant use of simple measure with no divided pulses. The complication of notation would not have been perceptible, and the advantage, one would say, entirely obvious and reasonable.

Another point where an omission occurs is that relating to the so-called "time names," meaning the Cheve system of rhythmic scansion. These names for different meter-places, after demonstrating their value in France, became absorbed into the sol-fa, and there again have come to occupy a very large place. Moreover, they have made their way into the work of many piano teachers, where they are invaluable aids to clear thinking of rhythmic effects. Here again, as in the sol-fa, the time names give us clear concepts of rhythmic effects which are identical to the musical sense, but which as represented often appear very unlike, through

the accident of taking a quarter, a half, or an eighth as unit note. It is a mistake in this age of keeping all we have and getting what more we can to ignore an apparatus of so well demonstrated value. Nor would it be commendable to do as some of the competing systems have done—namely, modify the time names for the sake of apparent originality. The standard names are best, and it would be a good thing to embody them in the system.

MUSICAL SCHOOL-MA'AM.

PROGRAMS OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

FIFTH.

Symphony, No. 1, in B flat. Opus 38.	Schumann
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Opus 53.	Dvorak
Character Picture, " <i>Gretchen</i> ,"	Liszt
(After Goethe.)	
Hungarian Airs,	Ernst
Overture, " <i>Tannhauser</i> ,"	Wagner

SIXTH:

Serenade, No. 1, in D major. Opus 11.	Brahms
Songs,	Brahms
Symphony, B minor ("Unfinished,")	Schubert
Songs,	Schubert
Overture, " <i>Leonore</i> ," No. 3.	Beethoven

SEVENTH, POPULAR:

Boyard's March (new),	Halvorsen
Overture, " <i>Der Freischuetz</i> ,"	Weber
Divertissement, a la Hongroise,	Schubert
Concerto, No. 1, in E,	Vieuxtemps
Overture, " <i>Donna Diana</i> ."	E. H. Von Reznicek
Waltz-Interlude } (new),	
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso,	Saint-Saens
Sigfried's Rhine Journey, " <i>Gotterdammerung</i> ,"	Wagner

EIGHTH:

Variations, Op. 56, (Theme by Haydn.)	Brahms
(Chorale, St. Anthony.)	
Symphony, No. 3, " <i>Eroica</i> ." Opus 35.	Beethoven
Overture—Fantasia, " <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> ,"	Tschaikowsky
Scherzo. Opus 45.	Goldmark
Mephisto Waltz,	Liszt

(After Lenau.)

NINTH:

Overture, Academic-Festival,	Brahms
Symphony, in D minor, Opus 21,	Christian Sinding
Overture—"Sappho,"	Goldmark
Introduction—Closing Scene, " <i>Tristan and Isolde</i> ,"	Wagner
Kaiser March,	Wagner

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

THE PROTECTION OF THE RIGHTS OF PERFORMANCE OF MUSICAL WORKS.

AMONG the resolutions adopted at previous sessions of the Dresden Congress which are to be recommended to the Paris Conference of 1896, is one—No. X. of the minutes of the meeting—suggesting the unlimited and unconditional protection of musical works.

The Society of German Music Dealers has sought for years, through petitions to the German Imperial Government, to extend the author's rights to include the control of public performances, even in the absence of printed restrictions, although the German law enacted June 11, 1870, embodies the principle of this control, only requiring that the author's claims shall appear on the title page or at the beginning of the work.

I am on principle opposed to this kind of restriction, and when, before the adoption of the treaty between France and Germany for the protection of literary works, I was called upon as an expert, to testify before the ministerial council, I expressed my unqualified objections to the right of translation being made dependent upon these printed claims. Placards bearing the notice, "Stealing is forbidden here," are disagreeable relics of barbarous times. Such limited protection would benefit the merchant but not the musician.

As far as I have been able to ascertain the prevailing opinion of German music dealers, it favors the protection of the author's rights in the public performance of his works regardless of printed claims; but after the experience of late years there is an inclination to subordinate these rights to those that are higher—to the rights of the public. The majority desire to adapt this protection to the conditions of musical culture in the various countries, taking cognizance of the just claims of the Church, schools, and of the people.

The Minister of Justice, in his eloquent speech at the opening of this the seventeenth session, began by declaring that brain product, the protection of which is proposed, is not property in the usual acceptation of that term, for it becomes in a certain sense public immediately upon its publication or performance. It benefits by the protection which the state extends to literary or artistic enterprise; the state, however, reserves the right to adjust and limit this protection in the interest of culture and art.

The musical culture of the Germanic countries is peculiarly conditioned. A multitude of clubs or societies of various kinds exist, whose members receive no remuneration (they sometimes

employ paid soloists.) They introduce countless compositions to the people. This kind of musical influence, which is of the greatest moment in the artistic education of our people, must not be disturbed because some one, -whether the author or one to whom he has transferred his rights, desires to shut off the water that in her rills and rivers has made the land fruitful.

Therefore the German law conferring the control of the performance of musical works upon the composer or his successor in ownership, although practically unlimited in its range, has for the past twenty-five years been seldom enforced, except to the extent of requiring that such material as was needed for performances should be acquired in a regular business way. Even this requirement has been realized in but a meagre degree. Although the unlawful making of written parts is less in vogue than formerly, the loaning between societies is still in full activity, and in many cases instead of societies purchasing the material of musical works from the publisher, he is obliged to furnish it free of cost, and often at the instigation of the composer.

A money tax, such as is imposed for the performance of each musical work in Roman countries, where they do not produce so very many new works, would be impossible to levy or collect, and would impede the bringing out of new works in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, as was amply demonstrated in experiments of that kind which were tried in Switzerland.

These claims can at present only be placed in the category of voluntary matters of honor. However, the rights of the composer in performances may, in default of direct payment, be made tangible through making the proper purchase of printed musical material legally obligatory. This manner of enforcing the composer's rights would enable him to demand larger honorariums, and would also lead to the engraving and printing of his works in their original form. As matters now stand it is extremely poor business policy to publish the scores of large works of contemporaneous musicians. When Mendelssohn's copyrights expired not more than 100 copies of the score of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music had been sold, although this work had pervaded concert rooms for several decades. How essential it is, however, that works should be published in their original form!

The German publisher would doubtless gladly join the composer in drawing tribute from performances, as is already done in other lands; but our composers and publishers quite properly regard it of prime importance that their musical works shall be played and continue before the public, which naturally results in increased sales and honorariums. Each and every obstacle to performance is avoided by both composer and publisher. The creation of such conditions that would interfere with the existing free performance of choral and orchestral works would prove disastrous to the whole system of folks-concerts in our land. The industrious golden hen that only lays a golden egg when we put a nickel in her bill is a brave automaton, but she is hardly suited to serve our art culture.

Too general tension has produced evil consequences in Switzerland and some other regions. A firm, doing business in both Germany and Switzerland (having houses in each country), recently applied to the music publishing firms of Germany, Austria and Switzerland for their attitude toward the question of protection for musical performances. Only four out of a hundred stated that under proper circumstances they would accept *tantième* for musical works of their publication; the remainder declared that 'the performance of their publication (whether for orchestra, military band, piano, for one or more voices, or for any instrumental music) in Germany, Austria or Switzerland involved no obligation to the composer or the firm in cases where the musical material had been purchased from the publisher.' "

The Musical Courier.

DR. VON HASE.

PROFESSOR GOW WRITES.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 9th, 1895.

The Editor of Music:

Let me thank you for the very commendatory review of my text-book. I was particularly pleased that you should point out my endeavor to keep distinct "the kind of things which the ear perceives, and those which are perceived by the eye." Also it was gratifying to me to have you call your adverse comments "little reservations." It needs but the discipline of writing a book and finding it after completion full of statements unsatisfactory to oneself to make the strictures of a critic when he calls them "little reservations" seem most gracious praise. It is no slight matter to make a definition that shall define. Since I have found it so difficult, will you pardon me if I revert by way partly of defense and wholly of questioning to the points you raised. In my definition of a diatonic scale I was endeavoring to head off the pupils, of whom I have had no small number, who say, "Why is not this a diatonic scale? It sounds like the harmonic minor?" and to whom

[C D D-Sharp F G G-Sharp B C.]

it is necessary to reply. "By sound you may perhaps be misled, but its writing, if the writer has been correct, reveals it to be an incomplete chromatic scale." In other words, the use to which a writer proposes to put certain tones determines whether they form a diatonic scale or not, and that use is indicated by the writing; hence the definition of a diatonic scale must include both the tones and the notation of them.

It was indeed a bad slip for me to say that twelve sounds comprise the whole material of music, and as I read your sentence it seemed to me that it was impossible that I should have said it, until I looked and saw that at the end of four pages in which I had pretty effectually disproved that statement the words did indeed appear as a careless condensation in a context which would reveal the only restricted sense in which the statement may have legiti-

mate meaning. But it was careless and I am glad to have attention called to it.

As to rhythm, let me point out what seems to me an error in your criticism of my definition. To say that rhythm is the "recurrence of similar phenomena time periods being understood," is a failure to define the very essence of rhythm, for the reason you advance on the other side: namely, that "all the phenomena of life take place in time," and hence it is only a peculiar and specific use of recurrent phenomena that constitutes rhythm, viz., the division of time into regular successions of time-periods by means of the particular sort of phenomena that so recurs. If my defense of these particular statements should meet your approval, still I can not help but regard your criticisms as an evidence of my failure to treat my subject satisfactorily, when it was possible for so kindly disposed a critic to misapprehend me. And I shall have one more reason for hoping that the book, defects and all, will have sufficient success to allow me in a future edition to materially improve it.

Yours most sincerely.

Geo. C. Gow.

I have given this communication in full, although it was not intended for publication, because the points are worth considering, subject only to the limitation (in which I am sure Professor Gow will agree) that definitions and analyses are of secondary importance, and are of use mainly for providing names and concepts upon which to hang the real things of a musical education, namely the musical percepts and concepts themselves.

With regard to the diatonic scale I should say that the succession C D Dsharp F G G sharp B C sounds like a diatonic scale, but that it is incorrectly spelled. D sharp is one thing, E flat another. The manner of use determines which one the composer ought to write. And when he is so ignorant as not to know how to spell he has to be taught. The succession in question sounding like the scale of C minor has simply been written incorrectly. Sharp two is not a harmonic equivalent for flat three. I think the proper form of explaining the necessity of writing E flat in this connection in place of D sharp would be to state the underlying principle, which is that according to our nomenclature a chromatic tone of the tempered key-board is named from the diatonic tone which it displaces, in this case E. It is perfectly legitimate to reason from the tempered key-board, and so from the staff which without sharps or flats represents the white keys. But the fact remains a diatonic scale is determinable by ear; and is written according to the accepted rules of musical orthography.

I would like to amend my proposed definition of rhythm and make it "the periodic recurrence of similar phenomena; in music, the systematic regularity of pulse, accent, and idea grouping."

In closing this rejoinder I beg to renew my appreciation of the value of Professor Gow's work, and to add further that in a long experience of writing elementary statements about music, I have never published a series of such which did not leave me open to

the same kind of criticism as those given to this valuable work. Ultimately we will arrive, I hope, at a nice clean scientific terminology for music; but as yet it is a question of experimenting and of coming nearer and nearer.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

ALCOHOL AND THE VOICE.

DR. SANDRAS of Paris, recently completed a remarkable series of experiments as to the effect of alcohol on the vocal organs. Anyone who has ever attended a banquet where alcoholic drinks were served will readily acknowledge that alcohol *does* effect human voice: at the end of the banquet the voice of the participants is no longer as pure and sonorous as it was at the opening.

Dr. Sandras administered alcohol, 90 per cent. pure, to a person whose voice originally ranged from G1 to G3. Alcohol destroyed the entire volume of the voice; only one tone was left, and it was very faulty at that. After a lapse of fifteen minutes the person experimented on was able to produce an octave, E2 to E3; in another fifteen minutes he regained the further tones of A1, B1, C2, D2 and F3. It took one hour before his voice was restored to its normal condition.

This is necessarily an extreme case inasmuch as there can be found hardly anybody who would drink alcohol 90 per cent. pure, but the case is very instructive as to the possible effects of alcohol on the voice. In his experiments Dr. Sandras also included the effects of various liquors, rum, cognac, absinthe and the following sorts of wine: Burgundy, Beaune, Bordeaux and dry wines in general. The effects of wine were found to be the following: Burgundy suppressed the two lower tones leaving a volume extending from B1 to G3. After a number of drinks hardly one octave was left, F2 to E3, additional drinks reduced the volume to four tones, A2, B2, D3, E3 and finally only E3 was left; in ten minutes, however, the voice returned to its natural range. Similar effects were produced by Beaune wines. Dry wines worked somewhat quicker than red wines, while the wines of Bordeaux affected the purity of the voice but very inconsiderably.

The conclusions which the learned doctor finally reached, were as follows: Alcohol and certain whiskies destroy the voice altogether; anisette lowers the voice, whereas curacao and absinthe will raise it. As to wines, the effect of Bordeaux is insignificant, that of Burgundy weak, that of Burgundy bad.

Some singers are accustomed to employ, before performance, various other stimulants besides alcohol. Thus Martin would take a few grains of salt, Chollet usually drank a glass of beer, Montauboy half a bottle of fine wine, Dumenil even six bottles of champagne, Mme. Malibran would eat sardines washing them down with Madeira. After all this will appear quite natural, inasmuch as human voice is quite as likely to be affected by various cases as are musical instruments. That which we call "motion" depends everywhere on a hundred things of which we seldom take any account in

every day life. Singers will tell you, for instance, that sugar, the odor of violets and certain other things are as detrimental to the voice as alcohol itself, whereas, raw egg, for example, always has a salutary effect. The vocal organs are very sensitive, their activity depends as much on matter as it does on the mental disposition of the singer. Fats, acids, etc., exercise no greater influence on the voice than does the singers mental disposition.

Racine, Wis.

J. J. KRAL.

Speaking of travelling men a queer incident befel that good-hearted and pervasive piano man, Mr. Frank H. King, on his latest return from the Pacific coast. He came by the northern route, and it happened that among the passengers in the sleeper were a lady and her grown daughter. These started out from San Francisco with enthusiasm, fresh for a pleasant journey. But the farther the journey progressed the more anxious and harrassed the two ladies became. Frank, who has an eye for an interesting face, was much disturbed, but not being an intrusive man he did not venture to inquire.

Among the other passengers was a gentleman of generally good moral character, but with the unfortunate peculiarity of making rather more noise when sound asleep than at any time in his waking moments. His snore, moreover, was not one of those common anonymous snores such as you can get on any sleeping car at two dollars a night, but a completely modern one, with verandas, frills, tuckers, and all sorts of rococo ornamentation, which made you listen to it as if it had been personally addressed to every person within reach of its searching accents. This gentleman occupied the berth opposite the two ladies. At Minneapolis, King stopped over a train. Now there are five different routes from Minneapolis to Chicago, but what was King's surprise when he entered the sleeping car for Chicago to find the two ladies also there. While passing the time of day with them another passenger entered—it was the snorer, and the porter brought his baggage in and deposited it opposite the ladies section, in precisely the old relation. "This is too much," said the lady. "I stopped over one day in Minneapolis solely to get rid of your awful snore, which kept me awake every night all last week—and here you are again." After a hearty laugh all around, King, who is amiability itself, managed to effect an exchange for the snorer, which placed him at the opposite end of the car. But the question still remains—what had these ladies done to deserve such an infliction.

LETTER FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Dear Mr. Mathews:

My class in music is getting on famously. I really am proud of their pluck in the pursuit of our western ideal of music. As an aid invaluable have used "*The Septonate and the Centralization of the Tonal System*" by Julius Klauser. Chinese girls are quite curious about foreign music; there are two of my pupils who prac-

tice piano and harmonium two hours daily, besides a half hour in singing. This for a daughter of Cathay is true devotion to the great Art. Many of them are developing taste for musical bits, and show a delightful appreciation of what is best. Among our number are at least two whose ear for music is remarkable. They, as a class, are beginning to sing quite easily by note from black-board or sheet music. Our latest attempt is a little Canon by Hauptmann, "Let's be singing." They enter into it with great gusto, and keep perfect time.

Again thanking you for your patient courtesy in sending me your magazine, and with best wishes for the great success it richly deserves, I am

Faithfully yours,

S. B. Reynolds.

MOCKING BIRD MUSIC.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT expresses the opinion that the musical reputation of the mocking-bird suffers greatly from its habit of mimicry. On ordinary occasions, and especially in the daytime, it plays the harlequin; but at night during the love season it has "a song, or rather songs, which are not only purely original, but also more beautiful than any other bird-music whatsoever." Once, near Nashville, he heard a mocking-bird sing in a way that he can never forget. He thus describes his experience:—

"The moon was full. My host kindly assigned me a room, the windows of which opened on a great magnolia tree, where, I was told, a mocking-bird sang every night, and all night long. I went to my room about ten o'clock. The moonlight was shining in through the open window, and the mocking-bird was already in the magnolia.

"The great tree was bathed in a flood of shining silver. I could see each twig, and mark every action of the singer, who was pouring forth such a rapture of ringing melody as I have never listened to before or since.

"Sometimes he would perch motionless for many minutes, his body quivering and thrilling with the outpour of music. Then he would drop softly from twig to twig, until the lowest limb was reached, when he would rise, fluttering and leaping through the branches, his song never ceasing for an instant, until he reached the summit of the tree, and launched into the warm, scent-laden air, floating in spirals, with outspread wings, until, as if spent, he sank gently back into the tree, and down through the branches, while his song rose into an ecstasy of ardor and passion.

"His voice rang like a clarinet, in rich, full tones, and his execution covered the widest possible compass; theme followed theme, a torrent of music, a swelling tide of harmony, in which scarcely any two bars were alike.

"I stayed until midnight listening to him. He was singing when I went to sleep; he was still singing when I awoke two hours later; he sang through the livelong night.

MUSIC

FEBRUARY, 1896.

WAGNER AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

UNQUESTIONABLY Wagner was a distinguished personality and a genius. Only such gifts are able to seize and fasten the attention of mankind upon any such large scale. He was musician, poet and dramatist. His work was a composite of all three. When inspected by master musicians it reveals great mastery along with distinguished limitations. The same is to be said of his poetry when examined by poets, and his drama when tested by accepted principles of dramatic construction. Nevertheless, while these limitations exist, he is a master who has certainly taught the musicians and the dramatists, or if not the latter at least the stage manager, many and brilliant lessons. As a personality Wagner was gifted with immense intellect and great passion; he was rather deficient in naïvete and bonhomie. He took himself very very seriously. Praeger relates (I know it is fashion just now to deny that Praeger ever told the truth, but I do not see how he could have uniformly avoided it) that once at Lucerne when Wagner had left the room, the first Mrs. Wagner in a moment of confidence asked, "Tell me, quite confidentially, is Richard such a *very great* genius?"

No man since Schumann has influenced musical thought more. Most Wagnerians would say that Wagner has pleased and influenced musical thought more than Schumann; but this is by no means certain. Schumann argued nothing. He simply practiced. He did not even claim that his way was the only right way, a better way, or even a good way. He simply executed and left the result to time. The result is that

while as a composer of music to words he effected a closer correspondence between the poetry and the music than any other ever has, he did this without attempting to revolutionize the ordinary currents of musical practice, and without getting out of touch with the older musical practice or the ears of his generation. For while Schumann's instrumental music, particularly that for piano, in which he was most spontaneous, had to wait about a generation for capable players, his songs and some of his chamber music made a very satisfactory impression in his own day. He himself writes of the performance of his first symphony at the Gewandhaus that he "doubted whether since Beethoven any symphony had ever been better received at first hearing."

All of Wagner's music is monotonous. This arises from the method of construction, which is thematic and never lyric. It also arises from the habit of continuing to employ the same motives over and over again, not alone through the entire four hours of a long opera but even through several of a series, as in the *Ring*. Certain good results follow his use of leading motives, which perhaps could not be obtained in any other way. But monotony follows with equal certainty. Everywhere we find intellect and passion combined. It is a steady succession of grim earnestness. At times these qualities are well placed, as in the "*Götterdaemmerung*" where the situation may be said to require this kind of treatment and not to admit of any other. But even in the most pleasing of all his later works, and the one in which he will perhaps be longest remembered, "*The Mastersingers*," there is a distinct impression of monotony. It seems a shame to say it, when the work is so elevated in the tone of its music and so beautifully done. It also has more humor than any of his other works. But as a whole there is a sameness in it which is not to be concealed. This quality is due to the uniform style of thematic development, and to his very frequent returns to the same motives. In the *Prelude* you have certain motives, that of the *mastersingers*, the *St. John's day* motive, the *prize song* and a few others. All along through the work these recur again and again. Not content with this, the *prize song* itself is repeated seven times or more, at

intervals through about two hours. The result is that while the work is remarkably beautiful and consistent, and far more genial than any other of his, it is nevertheless monotonous, and this in spite of the scenic opportunities and the dramatic construction, which are better than in any other of his works.

In the "*Götterdaemmerung*" this monotony becomes excessive, and while it is a very great master work and a thousand times worth hearing, it is nevertheless a dose; something which one is glad to have heard, rather than something which one enjoys in the hearing. Passing this work by, as the necessary conclusion of the vast story which Wagner had undertaken in the four operas of the Ring, we find in "*Parsifal*" equal monotony. Here there seems to have been some kind of an attempt at relief, the result of which is more an impression of fragmentariness than contrast. In "*Parsifal*" the music goes on the installment plan, where different persons come in with their installments one after another. This, which might answer for a description of the older operatic practice, is different in Wagner, for no one of them pays a full installment, but only half, a section being about as far as anybody goes with a single idea. This effect is to be distinctly realized in the overture, which is the least satisfactory of all the Wagnerian overtures. Every time I hear it this impression deepens, although the work, while daring upon the theological side, contains many beauties.

Nor is it an answer to these accusations of limitation to say that other composers have other and even greater limitations. I admit. But Wagner's theory had no limitation, and he is to be judged by what he accomplished in the light of his own theories. I cheerfully admit that Rossini, for instance, had limitations. He had a mighty gift for simple melody, and unlimited talent for trimming it with colorature. He had not seriousness and but little passion. Hence his music is always upon the surface, and in the most critical moments it remains surface music. He had a few properties, especially the crescendo, working up through a page or two of score and then subsiding. What was my surprise to recognize this in Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," when last I heard

it. I have no doubt Beethoven put it in for the sake of showing that Rossini had no valid patent upon this resource for simulating dramatic involution. I admit that even Weber sounds very thin after Wagner; and Meyerbeer sounds absolutely theatrical, garish and artificial. Weber made some splendid suggestions. In the Wolf's glen scene of "Der Freyschuetz" there is the foundation of much which meets us in Wagner fully grown. But it sounds child-like after Wagner. This, however, is partially the effect of the Wagnerian sonority in deadening our ears, and in accustoming us to the fullest Weber sonority for average moments, leaving no place for the Weber effects when something extraordinary is meant.

It is a curious fact here that the folks songs of Weber, when well done, do not sound particularly tame. We receive them and enjoy them. The "*leise, leise*" air, and the choruses in "Freyschuetz" are to be taken lightly to be sure, but not with contempt. It is only when Weber attempts effects where the Wagnerian thematic method is needed, that we listen to his work with somewhat of cynicism. He had a good idea, but his colors are faded.

To quote the most inherent of Wagner's operas, (if a term may be coined) "Tristan and Isolde" represents Wagner's mind and soul at its best and in its most naive state. Here for four hours we have a grand river of orchestration, developed out of a very limited number of primary germs, but put together with a richness, fullness and mighty primeval surging of flow, the like of which we will look for in vain elsewhere. It deals with human passion. It is not the ideal and imaginative soul-love of Fidelio, but the simple primeval affinity of two opposite poles of sex, both individuals capable of intellect enough to bring their deep and overmastering passion to expression. There is not an element of the ideal in it. What the story spares us the music suggests; suggests? Nay, tells outright. It is a work before which the more it is understood the more innocence blushes. Whereas in "Fidelio" the opposite is the case.

I do not mention these qualities for the sake of pouring contempt or contumely upon Wagner's work. The drama

has the right to portray anything whatever which sinks and swells in the human spirit. But the selection of these elements for representation defines the status of the composer; or, at least, defines his own judgment of the province in which his work is most complete. Moreover, these same elements come to expression over and over again in the other works of Wagner, and in fact form the staple of the "Valkyrie" and "Siegfried," not to mention one of the first works, "Tannhaeuser," where the Venusberg episode cuts a very important figure.

In "Lohengrin" we have a mythical story, to be sure, but one of great beauty and nobility. From a spectacular point of view, besides the purely poetic, it offers great opportunities, and if only it had a little lightening up it would be a most fascinating opera. As it is, only the very first qualities in a tenor and soprano are able to save almost an entire act of this work from absolute tedium. Lohengrin is too preachy, and everything is too serious. If music is an emotional expression, this very circumstance necessitates that contrast should be considered, for emotion long continued in a single plane results in stupor or insanity, according as the brain is able to respond to the demands upon it.

These qualities in Wagner I believe are to be felt by every hearer, and will be perceived more plainly the more one hears his work. I can well understand that these great roles of his fascinate artists, and that they believe they find in them great opportunities. And so they do. It is not the question whether Wagner is great; of course he was. The question is whether his method is likely to remain a finality, and the music-drama of the future be constructed musically along the Wagner lines. My own judgement is that it will not. Wagner certainly discovered a more powerful instrumentality for working up a climax and for expressing deep and overmastering passion than the operatic composer ever before had placed at his disposal. He failed, however, when it was needed to afford a rest between these claims and divert attention to the end that the next climax when it came might be even mightier.

There is another point in which the Wagnerian opera

falls short of the ideal; I refer to the relative unimportance of the singer. Everything which Wagner had to say he said in the orchestra. The singer is merely a somewhat animated lay figure, going through the motions and perhaps the emotion also, shouting his vocal part with all his might in the effort to cut a figure as singer no less than as visible representative and vicarious posturer for the dramatic movement. This statement is purposely a little exaggerated, but the fact remains that in a whole half hour of the Wagnerian drama the singer is without a single truly vocal opportunity, his song being accompanied and overwhelmed by orchestration so rich, so complete, and so intelligent, that it ceases to be accompaniment and becomes the whole thing. The singer is there merely for the eye. Occasionally we hear a word, when the voice is well pitched and the players held in. It was merciful of Wagner to put the orchestra below the deck, at Bayreuth, where at least the hard work is concealed and the volume of sound mitigated. But even there the place of the singer is entirely different from what it is in any Italian opera.

I had the curiosity to put this question to Walter Damrosch when he was last here. For it is one of my favorite ideas that the men who do things are in better position to know things than those who merely explain how they think things ought to be done. It is a little on the line of the old saying, "If ye do my will ye shall know of the doctrine." When I asked him whether he thought the composer of the future would take the Wagnerian course in the points mentioned above, he answered first: "I cannot tell that: if I knew it I would do the same thing in my new opera." Then after a minute he went on: "No, in one point I think Wagner was wrong. The singer is too little considered. In opera whatever the singer says is inherently more important than anything that the orchestra can say. What the singer utters arrests the ear at once, fastens the attention, and, while the orchestra may be playing in the most serious and elevated manner, the melody of the singer necessarily is the element which the hearer strives to make out. And he does this not altogether by force of habit, based upon hearing

the old operas, but by the unconscious operation of a principle deep seated in human nature. I think Wagner overlooked this fact; and that the omission constitutes a weakness in his work, which later composers will find ways of avoiding."

This expression of the capable young conductor, who is also a practiced composer (and I hope we will all find him a good one when his "Scarlet Letter" comes to hearing), puts in a nutshell the situation of the singer in the Wagnerian opera. And the secondary position of the singer is true even in spite of the cleverness with which Wagner found means of bringing out the weaker instruments in his richest scores. Just think for a minute of the art which is concealed on almost every page. In one of the richest scores the oboe happens to have the melody for a measure or so and behold you hear it and follow it, although the sonority does not seem to have been greatly reduced in order that you may be able to do this.

Moreover, I recognize also that Wagner was under a peculiar difficulty in the points I am mentioning. The moments when the singer is buried under a flood of orchestration are those of the greatest passion. And the question he had to meet (and found himself unable to fully meet) was how to produce the effect of wild and surging passion without this overwhelming sonority. The singer does his best. If of powerful physique and great emotional abandon, he shouts to the limits of his powers and swims in the flood, his voice bobbing up and down, now audible, now entirely submerged. Still you see the singer, you may count the bursting veins, and you know by the evidence of exertion that he is doing his best. Perhaps the amiable notice said to have been posted in a Western church, "Do not shoot the organist, he is doing his best," will some day be needed for the Wagnerian singer, when some cowboy hearer resents the fact that his three dollar seat fails to bring him the coveted "vocal treat."

Pleasantry aside, the comparatively subordinate position of the Wagnerian singer is unquestionable, and the falsity of that position is also apparent when we take into account

the nature of the opera, the vitality of the sung tone and its power over the heart as compared with any kind of instrumental tone.

The other element of question, whether the really lyric type of melody is gone from opera, is also vital. There is a very wide range of type from the pure folks lyric of Weber to the melodious arioso of Schumann (who after all wrote this sort of thing better than any other), and it would seem as if it might be possible for the composer of the future to lighten up his work by occasional moments of purely lyric singing. Think what it would be to have in "Lohengrin" for instance, one such delightful type of melody as Schumann's "Moonlight" or even the "He the Noblest." Even the pure folk song of Schubert might find place, one would think. Where would be the harm of a moment like that in "Cymbeline" with "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings," set to melody like that of Schubert? Would a moment of this kind destroy dramatic illusion? Surely not. As Bunthorn says, "Life is made up of interruptions," and such as these, while momentarily arresting the action, nevertheless would also rest the ear and afford still better ground for building a stronger climax later.

Besides, we come back again to a question of the appropriate and the becoming. What *is* the beautiful? Certainly not wholly the violent, the extreme, the abnormal. It may even happen that the composer of the future will not confine himself to myths and stories of primeval fancy. These while interesting are nevertheless but the crude attempts of minds unpracticed in the ideal. There is a long way open to the soaring fancy of the poet, and when he forsakes such dark stories as those of the "Ring" he does not necessarily throw himself into the opposite, and content himself with the absinthe-inspired languors and contradictions of the modern French school. Here again there is room for a higher grade of German sentiment and poetry. There is room for English sentiment. And while in music love can not be entirely absent without depriving it of æsthetic tonality, love may have somewhere its moments of trust, aspiration

and celestial delight without giving itself up to delirious passion. May it not? I ask this question modestly, since the majority seems to be so clearly against me.

To go back and put melody into opera again will not necessarily be to return to the melodic potpourris of the Rossini or early Verdi operas. I admit that even in Beethoven's "Fidelio" the action is habitually arrested. In fact except in the dungeon scene there is very little dramatic movement in the whole work. But it is not necessary for the composer of the future to write symphony as accompaniment, for this is nearly what Beethoven did in his work. The music is delightful, but it is not dramatic except in the dungeon. There it at least comes to the very heart of the dramatic moment. I suppose therefore that it will come back to finding a capable librettist, who will plan a drama and work it out in a spirit practicable along these lines of musical compromise, the driving moments being intercalated with plausible interruptions enough to afford place for these restful songs.

That the question is too deep for us, is not a valid reason for attempting to discuss it. Enough for us that the Wagnerian opera, after a generation (nay almost two generations) of experience, is seen to lie under certain reservations. To form for ourselves a distinct idea of the nature and gravity of these reservations, is also something. There is yet another reason for trying to solve this problem. It is the growing scarcity of singers, and their short lives. Wagnerian singing is dreadfully destructive to the voice. Not so much because the vocal parts are badly placed for the voice, as by reason of the emotional strain, and the fact that any singer with nerve enough not to get excited in these terribly exciting dramas would necessarily be made of wood, and therefore unfit for the roles. The singer *must* shout and must go with the passion of the scene. And as soon as she does, there goes the voice, not in twenty or thirty years, as used to be the case with Rossini singing, but in five or ten years at farthest. It is too expensive.

For these considerations no less than for the general considerations of vocal and personal suitability, I

think the composer of the future will find ways of employing the Wagnerian resources of thematic development and orchestral coloring in the serious parts of his musical drama; and at the same time will realize that any color is more effective through contrast and repose, he will therefore find ways of lightening the musical discourse and of giving its moments of repose and of pleasure without relying for these entirely upon the eye, as Wagner mostly does. And I believe that a dramatic work created along lines of this sort, by true genius, might be made more beautiful and also more impressive and enjoyable than anything of Wagner's. Why not?

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

MUSIC THE ART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[CONCLUSION.]

I SHALL have failed to justify the title of this address if I omit to note in passing the action of music upon the other arts of the close of our century. It shows itself first in painting. The proof is found in the abundance of technical terms derived from music. The influence of music upon the literary production of the countries of Latin language is not less visible today. It is strongly proclaimed by the eminent theorist of literary criticism in France. Accounting for the origin of symbolic poetry, M. Ferdinand Brunetiere said: "The two influences contrary to literature and to art, Beaudelaireism and pre-Raphaelitism are combined, melted together, under the action, so to say, of the fire of a third, the most powerful and actually the most general of all, namely, the art of music, or above all, the art of Richard Wagner."

In fact we speak here, as in France and Italy and Spain, of a Wagnerian poetry and Wagnerian painting. Nevertheless, long before the triumph of the works of Wagner, these musical influences made themselves felt not alone in Germany, where for a century and a half music has been an essential factor of general cultivation, but also in France. They were already perceptible in the romanticism of 1830, and to speak definitely, they arose at the same time as the appearance of the symphonies of Beethoven, at the complete emancipation of instrumental music.

It is no exaggeration to say that for European art this was the discovery of a new world. Of these marvelous regions, Beethoven was the Christopher Columbus. It was from the symphonic art of Beethoven that Wagner, from his own standpoint, arrived at the conception of his dramatic organism.

The chorus of instruments, the orchestra, in aggrandizing immeasurably the domain of musical sounds, increased

and at the same time transformed their expressive powers, their capacity of intellectual suggestion. Modulated voice, the human organ united to language, has no rival when it attempts to render primordial sentiments, passionate movements of which the subject has full consciousness, such as despair, love, hate, fury, enthusiasm, etc. The ideal voice of instruments produces an art whose domain is indeterminate, illimitable; it beckons us towards the enchanted land of dreams; it awakens in us memories half effaced; it calls into life, in the very foundation of our being, fibres remaining until then inert, and we open the obscure regions of the unconscious, where are elaborated the decisive actions of our existence. This which no eye has seen, which no tongue has attempted to articulate, sound has capacity to render sensible to us.

It is this transcendent order of sensory impressions, of psychic movements, which at our epoch one is forced to transport into painting and into poetry, whether in verse or in prose. Painting has sought to fix upon the canvas the invisible and the intangible; the causes of phenomena. On their side the poet and the prose writer have attached to remarkable vocables all that can possibly be found in them evocative or suggestive. The one and the other are forced to awaken impressions like to those produced by instrumental polyphony. The poets, above all, have endeavored to awaken in the imagination ideas striking by suggestion, as in producing combinations of accords, timbres and harmonic transitions. The rallying cry of the symbolist school is a verse by the most inspired poet of the new generation:

"Music before all things."

We cannot deny that the persistent investigation of musical sensation has had the effect of enriching the French language, and even of modifying it in a certain sense.

The idiom above all characterized by clearness and precision has had to adapt itself to the expression of shades of sentiment extremely subtle and complex; it finds itself obliged to explain states of the heart which formerly it never had to transcribe. By this it is found admirably

prepared to introduce the French spirit, naturally logical and rational, to the shadowy and transcendent conceptions from the new literatures of the north.

It does not belong to us to pronounce a judgment upon these new literary tendencies, nor to predict their consequences for the future. Here we have no more to do than to point out the part which music has had in developing the recent evolution of æsthetic taste.

IV.

After having traced the present state of musical art in the social and intellectual life of our epoch, I cannot separate myself from my benevolent audience without raising a question of the highest importance, since the answer contains the secret of the future destiny of music. This grave question is this, namely:

The grand musical movement of the XIXth century having extended itself even to the lowest grades of our population, is it not called upon to exercise an efficacious and benevolent influence upon the relations of the different classes? In other words, *Is music still capable of fulfilling a social mission?*

In principle this is not doubtful. To support my affirmation I do not need to recall to your memory the ancient myths of Orpheus, of Amphion, which show in music the first organizing element in human society; I do not invoke the testimony of Pythagoras, the divine philosopher, founder of harmonic science, nor that of Damon, the master of music and the counsellor of Pericles, I content myself with recalling the words of two contemporary thinkers, whose authority no one will deny. The celebrated English sociologist, Herbert Spencer, said: "Music ought to take rank at the head of the fine arts because it is the one which adds most to human happiness. Not content with exciting powerfully our better instincts, it awakens sentiments lying dormant in us, of which we had not conceived the possibility, of which we do not understand the sense. This obscure presentiment of an unknown happiness, which music awakens in us, this confused dream of an ideal and new life, all this

is but a prophecy of something which music itself ought assuredly to accomplish."

One of the most delicate French psychologists, M. Emile Montegut, proclaims the social mission of our art in these enthusiastic terms:*

"Now behold the miracles accomplished by this magic of sounds which they call music! It pierces the material barriers which limit human words; it gives to hearts the means of communicating among themselves; it creates a language of which the most ignorant and the poorest perceive all the power and all the sweetness. Music speaks, and suddenly the hearts which were chilled with consciousness of their isolation are thrilled with tenderness and radiant with happiness. Consider an audience under the influence of the emotion of a great musical work. What large influences of moral life impalpable and luminous, circulate throughout the hall!"

Leaving poetic conceptions one side, and the development of thought in this direction, I believe firmly with the two eminent writers cited that music is par excellence the art of humanity. More than all others it seems called to display its moral influence in the bosom of modern democracies. The arts of form cannot produce an aesthetic commotion upon hundreds of persons at the same time. But the beneficent art whose powerful manifestations have been realized by assembled crowds, music, thanks to the mysterious power of fusion which resides in it, appears to be destined to diminish egotism, to revive among men sentiments of sympathy, and fraternity, and to make conscious of their solidarity those who in the struggle for existence have become disunited. It is not without reason that all religions have adopted singing as an essential element of their public cult. It is through the intermediation of music that the Christian idea finds again in our days access to those who have rejected the yoke of dogmatism without having power to abolish the religious instincts inherited from a long succession of ancestors.

Certain modern philosophers would deny the pacifying influence of music, and attribute to it an inevitable arrest of

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exercise of will, reducing combativeness, enervating civic military courage. To those who participate in these apprehensions it suffices to reply with two names: Sparta, the warlike republic, was in antiquity the metropolis of choral song; Germany, the creator of modern symphony, shines today in the front rank of nations armed for the strife.

Nothing ought then to hinder our making all possible efforts to promote the true and healthy culture of music among the popular classes. Up to the present to nourish their taste they have had little beyond the most puerile productions of the vulgar muse. It is time to bring to their doors the more noble of æsthetic enjoyments, and to awaken among the people aspirations towards an intellectual and moral life less rudimentary. So, as Renan has said of science (‘*L’Instruction Supérieure en France*,’ in the ‘*Question Contemporaines*,’ Paris, Michel Levy, 1868, p 71). ‘It is an error, to imagine that art in order to make itself acceptable to the masses, ought to lessen and lower itself and and forbid itself all its higher visions.’ The truth is that there are two methods of bringing music to the doors of all: It is to take it upon its very great or upon its very little side. Only the intermediate varieties escape those who have not received especial initiation. Far better is a heart new and simple before a work of elevated style than the soi-disant connoisseur, puffed up with presumption and conscious only of virtuosity of execution. We ought not, it seems to me, to impose upon the multitude compositions whose principal merit consists of their being well made, but there is not, believe me, a work of genius, symphony, oratorio or mass, which any public will not take to instinctively.

The master-works of the art of sound will never live in all their plentitude until the day when the inert and passive element of our audiences, at concert as at opera, finds itself reduced to a very small and despised minority. What will it be when the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, that thundering musical apocalypse, is produced before a public chosen out of all classes of the population, and where from one end of the theatre to the other and from one end of the

work to the other, the collective impression enriches itself from each one of the individual impressions, where all generous hearts find their highest aspirations, and their best sentiments elevated to their highest powers, and founded in an immense *Sursum corda* of humanity. Will it not be a lively realization of the sublime vision which appeared to Beethoven when he conceived his incomparable musical poem: *Seid umschlungen Millionen*.

Certainly it is a beautiful dream. But is it anything else than a dream? Has musical culture any chance of understanding itself farther, or even of maintaining itself in its present state? Is not its existence put in peril by the tendencies of modern democracy, turned exclusively towards material well-being? It is necessary to say that the peril the most menacing for our art resides in the gigantic development which the means of execution have taken in the course of our century. The music of the present time is not the humble flower of the prairie which blossoms spontaneously, and concerns itself neither with the hardness of the soil, the wind nor the rain. It is a marvelous hot-house plant, which if it is not to perish demands assiduous and intelligent care, and expensive tools. In order to perpetuate the real life of the master-works of modern music there is necessary a permanent army of executant singers, instrumentalists, exercised by capable professors, instructed by wise masters, directed by chiefs who embody the thoughts of the masters. Such an organization supposes special schools, patrons and large subsidies from the public authorities. To sum up, polyphonic art, the fruit of a laborious effort continued through ten centuries, appears to us as the æsthetic crown of western civilization, and its fate seems to be intimately bound up with that of existing society.

What would happen in our country of the west if professional instruction in music ceased to be effectively protected by the state, and remained abandoned to private initiative? Certainly musical art would not perish today or tomorrow, and even during sometime the decline might be scarcely visible. They would continue to exercise themselves in singing and upon favorite instruments, in order to

appear well in society; the piano, the violin, the violoncello, the harmonium. There would always be choruses of men and military bands for the people. But the instruments, today so numerous, which do not find employment outside the orchestral ensemble, and without which the execution of great works is actually impossible, who would be so self-devoted as to consecrate to them the years of study and practice they require?

In all likelihood this part of our musical material, after two or three generations, would pass into the condition of historical curiosities. Then would cease the integral performance of symphony, musical drama and oratorio. From that moment one would probably see, as at the last period of Greco-Roman civilization, a series of partial dissonances fatally fettered in movement. And first the disappearance of the highest forms of musical art, those which demand the assistance of a collection of capable technicians, later, after a vogue more or less prolonged of the secondary forms, the gradual disappearance of all regular culture in the art; finally the extinction of the most elementary musical knowledge, even to the signs of the notation. We may ask, what would subsist of our vast musical repertory in the memory of men, two hundred years after the last orchestra had been heard?

Let us not explore these forbidding hypotheses further. Nothing can be proven by them. Who in our day would care to undertake the role of prophet? If in thinking of the future we are able to imagine serious subjects of dread, we perceive also powerful motives for hope, especially when we consider the results of human labor during the historic period now about closing.

Our great XIXth century has seen the splendid blossoming of two truly original creations of European genius, in two opposite domains of intellectual activity. Upon one hand the sciences of physics and chemistry have revolutionized the world by their prodigious discoveries, and up to a certain point have transformed our planet by bringing continents and their inhabitants closer together. On the other hand, the ideal art *par excellence*, that which relates itself

to the heart and the soul, the only one which has followed even to the present time a march constantly progressive and uninterrupted, divine Music, has arrived at its complete flowering.

Is it credible that the XXth century will repudiate a part of this magnificent heritage, and consent to sacrifice so rich a source of beneficent enjoyments for all mankind?

If, nevertheless, blind destiny should so ordain, if the finished art of Beethoven has been condemned, like the growing art of Terpander and Olympus, to be for our posterity nothing more than a scientific problem, how splendidly worthy of envy shall we appear to generations following! We to whom it has been given to play seriously with such marvels and to live at the close of a day in which music has created such great miracles! We who have power still, as in the ancient days, to dream for music the sublime mission of conciliating hostile tendencies which agitate the bosom of humanity, and of preparing a future, always to be expected, of an era of peace, justice and brotherhood!

Bruxelles.

F. A. GEVAERT.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

A GREAT deal of attention has lately been given to music as a therapeutic agent. Indeed, the "experiments" in this direction of scientists, physicians, mesmerists and nondescripts of various kinds are becoming somewhat confusing. One experimenter has discovered that music excites the action of the heart, and that this action influences the circulation of the blood, causing it to coincide with the changes in the breathing. Another says that the functional activity of the skin is powerfully stimulated by music, while Professor Cozzolino, of Naples, recalls a demonstration given by Charcot at the Salpêtrière of the benefit derived from music by a selected group of his patients, all suffering from neuroses of varying degrees of intensity. That distinguished physiologist, Professor Iarchanoff, of St. Petersburg, has found that "if the fingers are completely fatigued, either by voluntary effort or by electric excitation, music has the power of making the fatigue disappear," a very doubtful "experiment," seeing that the fingers of the pianist are quite as liable to become fatigued as the fingers of other people who seldom hear a note of music.

Again, there are the interesting experiments of Dr. Warthin, of Vienna, in the way of hypnotising patients and dosing them with music while in a state of trance. These experiments seem to show pretty conclusively that the man without music in his soul does not really exist. The doctor's subjects were five men and two women who were almost entirely unaffected by music when in their normal state. Before hypnotising them Dr. Warthin "suggested" to them the will to preserve their impressions after having awakened. One of the subjects, age forty, had Wagner's "Walkuerenritt" played to him. His pulse immediately became stronger and more rapid. The tension was increased by sixty, and the beats advanced to 120. Simultaneously the respiration rose from eighteen to thirty a minute; the face expressed great

agitation, and the whole body was covered with a profuse perspiration. When roused from the hypnotic state the subject declared that he had not been sensible to the music as a sound, but only as a general sensation, a sort of excitement like that produced by "a rapid flight through space." Dr. Warthin states that he has found nothing so effective as music in hypnotising refractory subjects. One such subject remained insusceptible to everything but the Pilgrims Chorus in "Tannhauser;" when this was played he usually succumbed about the fifth bar. There is then hope for the eternity of Wagner's fame yet! In the way of further "experiments" we have to note the existence in London of the so-called Guild of St. Cecilia, which seeks to charm away pain and induce sleep by the soothing strains of music, and even contemplates, or did contemplate, a mission of mercy by telephonic aid. Further, we have the announcement that music is being more and more systematically employed in our lunatic asylums; and that the medical profession in general are gradually coming to recognise it as an agent in the cure or alleviation of various of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Now, interesting as it is to note all these developments, the fact remains that there is nothing very new about this recognition of the curative powers of music. That certain physical pains might be alleviated by certain sound was firmly believed by the Greeks and Romans, and the circumstance that bodily and mental disease may be affected in more or less degree by music has been a subject of remark with scientific writers of all nations from Aristocenus and Euclid down to Rousseau and Buffon. Look for a moment at the ancient classics. In the "Medea" of Euripides the nurse expresses her surprise to the chorus that music instead of being composed merely for feasts or banquets, should not equally have had a medical application to such maladies as that of her mistress, a passage by the way, rendered finely by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope." You will find Cicero asserting the amazing power of music over many diseases, and Plato supporting him with the suggestion that harmony affects the mind just as air affects the body.

Plutarch tells us that Thelates, the Cretan, delivered the Lacedemonneis from the pestilence by the music of his lyre; while Martianus Capella assures us that he knew of fevers being removed by song, and that Eseclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet, another rather doubtful experiment. Pythagoras and Xenoerates brought maniacs to their senses by melodious sounds; according to the old historian, Suidas, Timotheus of Thebes so inspired Alexander the Great by his flute playing that he "suddenly rose from the table and seized his weapons," whether to deal destruction on Timotheus or otherwise, we are not informed. Perhaps Alexander had too much wine, and if the flutist played badly he might easily be made furious. The story reminds one of the case of Henry IV, of Denmark, cited by Krantzius, Henry had been told of a certain musician who boasted that he could "either vex or please those who heard his music and either lay them asleep or put them into a fury." He decided to try the experiment in his own person, and the experiment succeeded so effectively that the king, in the height of his fury, "killed several of his courtiers with his fists." He should certainly have begun by slaying the musician. On the other hand, it is interesting to note what Aristotle tells us about the Tyrrenians, that they never scourged their slaves without at the same time giving them a "counterpoise" to the pain by a course of flute music. The mythology of Greece tells of Chiron, who with the help of music not only cured the sick but also softened the fits of anger of his charge, the famous Achilles; while Thales, acting on the authority of a neighboring oracle who seems to have had great weight in the consulting world, cured a raging plague in Sparta by it. Aulus Gellius, Atheneus, Celius Aurelinus, Theophrastus, all availed themselves of music to calm the sufferings caused by neuralgia, sciatica and gout. Celius actually advises recurrence to the Phrygian mode in case of those weighed down by melancholia, while for raging lunatics he would prescribe the Doric mode. Some of these ancient "cures" are no doubt apocryphal, but there are others we need not question, any more than we question the softening of Saul's anger by the music of David's harp.

But we are not dependent solely upon the old classics for facts to show that music hath charms to soothe the savage and the sickly. Indeed, anyone who looks into the subject with some minuteness will be surprised at the amount of writing that exists in connection with it. The indefatigable Burney has dealt with the matter very fully, and has collected the testimonies of several historians and the opinions of many physicians. Richard Eastcott in his "Sketches of the Origin and Progress of Music," published in 1793, also devotes a large amount of space to it. Eastcott's experiences it may, however, be remarked were not uniformly in favor of the poet's contention that "Music can soften pain to ease, and make despair and madness please." For example, he recounts the cases of several men who fainted upon hearing certain kinds of music. One man was taken to the opera, but the opera was Arnes' "Artaxerxes," and one does not wonder that the man fainted after hearing the overture of that deadly dull work. It is Eastcott again who tells the story of a Mr. Burton, a "celebrated chorus singer," who fainted at the Handel commemoration services in Westminster Abbey. The overture to "Esther" so violently agitated this gentleman that after lying in a swoon for some time he expired. "At intervals he was able to speak, and only a few minutes before breathing his last he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had thus fatally operated on him." There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of this story, for several other cases of the kind are on record.

There is a well authenticated instance of a man upon whose nervous system it so acted that he was obliged to leave the room previous to music being introduced. This man made two final experiments in hope of overcoming the weakness, but both ended in his being seized with a convulsion in the jaw, greatly to the alarm of his friends. Madame Malibran, in like manner, now and again suffered intensely from the effect of music. For example, when she heard Beethoven's C minor symphony for the first time at the Paris Conservatoire, she was seized with such convulsions that she had to be carried out of the room. Rousseau says he knew

a lady who could not hear any kind of music without being seized with involuntary and convulsive laughter. In Gaillard's "Life of Charlemagne" we are told of a woman who, when she heard an organ for the first time, was so transported with rapture that she never recovered from the effect, and died in consequence, which is not a bad testimony to the organs of Charlemagne's time. We all know that each time the bagpiper of the Hartz plays a maiden dies; and a charming writer, whose versatility must not be taken as pointing to a want of veracity, tells us of a death which was attributed to a neighboring band. If the story is true no doubt the band was a brass one.

There is a much-quoted anecdote about Mozart fainting away at the sound of a trumpet, "an instrument of which, up to the age of ten, he had the greatest dread." "He could not bear the trumpet," says Holmes, in his life of the composer, when blown by itself, "and was alarmed to see it even handled. His father, thinking to remove this childish fear, desired that it should be blown before him, notwithstanding all his entreaties to the contrary. At the first blast he turned pale and sank to the ground, and serious consequences might have ensued had the experiment been persisted in." Mozart at any rate seems to have got pretty quickly over his dislike for the trumpet, for in the catalogue of his works produced between his seventh and twelfth years the instrument figures frequently. There is no doubt, however, that with some excitable natures music, from being at first a voluptuous enjoyment, soon degenerates into an acute sense of suffering. Berlioz was a witness to this in his own person; and in one of his works he has described his feelings in a very expressive way. To the sensation of pleasure he says succeeded a general excitation, a greater activity of circulation, of beating in the arterial vessels of the head, an outburst of tears, spasmodic and tetanic contractions of the muscles, a tremor in all the limbs, a progressive stiffening of the extremities, swimming in the head, an approach to syncope, a crisis completely hysterical. This state of being was surely remarkable enough in one who had to make his living by music; but perhaps it depended to some extent

upon the kind of music which he heard. A course of Berlioz himself has been known to produce feelings of restlessness and disquietude in some minds; a surfeit of Schumann might make certain people morbid; and it is possible that the cloying sweetness of Chopin might tend to voluptuousness in some individuals. Shakespeare certainly seems to recognize this fact. The sensuous Cleopatra calls music "the moody food of love;" and the Duke's words in "Measure for Measure" are very explicit on the point—

Music hath such a charm

To make bad good and good provoke to harm.

To return, however, to our main theme. We were speaking of the great amount of attention given by writers and physicians at various times to the question of medicinal music. There is a medical treatise written by a Spanish lady as far back as the time of Elizabeth, in which music is represented as "that which tends most to comfort, rejoice and strengthen the brain," and as "a disarmer of epilepsy." There is an anonymous pamphlet, of date 1749, entitled "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Music, with the Application to the Cure of Disease," which, however, I have not seen. Twenty years before this a certain Richard Brower, "an apothecary of Oldham," had published a little book, "On the Effects of Singing, Music and Dancing on Human Bodies." The specialty of this work is its recommendation of the exercise of singing as useful in certain disorders. In discussing this point the author lays down a number of propositions beginning, "There is a sympathy between the soul and animal spirits," and going on to assert that animal spirits regulate the action of the heart; that the pressure of air in the lungs, caused by singing, more effectually removes deleterious matter from the blood, and so on. "The singing of some certain melancholy, languishing tunes," contumaces this old philosopher, "does, instead of elevating the spirits, rather tend to their depression, and therefore, in order to enjoy the pleasing and profitable effects that I have proposed in singing, we are to make choice of such tunes as, having life and vigor in their composition, are adapted to cheer and elevate the soul and invigorate the motion of the

spirit." Apart from the good effects of singing upon the singer, this old writer especially recommends music as helpful in attacks of "the spleen, or vapours." Where a soft *adagio* according to Mr. Brower, would be "very improper, as by its melodious strains it only tends to soothe our melancholy and bring a languishing upon the spirits that are already drooping," the author pins his faith to a "brisk *allegro*," which he proclaims to be of "prodigious service in the cure of apoplexies, lethargies, etc." The St. Cecilians, it is understood, put their trust in soft and gentle strains. They must take care not to bring a languishing upon the spirit, though the patient may prefer it to any results derived from the "airy, sprightly strokes of an *allegro*."

Mr. Buretti, an eminent physician who made the music of the ancients his particular study, was of opinion that music has the power of affecting the whole nervous system, so as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases; and Jacques Bonnet in his "*Histoire de la Musique*" (1725) tells us how on one occasion he was entertained by a friend then in the service of the Prince of Orange with the performance of three first-rate musicians, who were constantly employed by the Prince to keep him free of melancholy. The same remedy, it may be remembered, was used by Philip V, of Spain when, as the result of bereavement, he fell into a state of melancholia. The Queen got Farinella to sing regularly to him, and as a result his health was very soon restored. Moreover, Ferdinand VI inherited this same melancholia from his father, Philip, and was also cured in a like manner. *Apropos* of all this, old Burton when he penned his "Anatomy of Melancholy" was not likely to forget music as a potent remedy for that too impracticable malady; but he also cites the relief afforded by it in the hands of the physician to many "frantic persons," and tells how Clinias and Empedocles "cured some desperately melancholy and some mad" by the same means. It is with him "a sovereign remedy," and one that will "drive away the devil himself." This driving away the devil, by the way, was a special object of ambition with Luther, and it is curious to find that he also recommends music as being specially fitted for the

purpose. "The devil," says the Reformer, "is a saturnine spirit and music is hateful to him and drives him far away from it." It is a countryman of Luther's upon whom Southey drops a passing note of admiration for that he a physician, "administered cat's entrails as a panacea." We know that catgut is quite innocent of any connection with the bowels of the domestic puss, but Southey's meaning is plain, and Luther would almost certainly have approved the remedy. Milton recommends musical exercises before meat as a relief to the mind, and advises it after meat "to assist and cherish nature in her first concoctions, and send the mind back to study in good tune and satisfaction." And Milton practiced what he preached; for in the account of his day's occupation we find that his custom was after dinner to "play on the organ and sing or hear another sing." Douglas Jerrold declared that he hated to dine amidst the strains of a military band; he said he could taste the brass in his soup. But perhaps he would have had no objection to music of a quiet type such as Milton evidently advocated.

The German magistrates of the olden time used to hire musicians to play, and "lusty companions" to "trip the light fantastic toe" with those afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. At the outbreak of epidemics, too, they would call in the aid of the leading musicians in order to lessen to some extent the horror and fear which were spread everywhere, and which of themselves often brought on the disease. Even the deadly bite of the tarantula was indirectly rendered innocuous by the power of music. The great thing was to keep the patient awake, for if he went to sleep before the poison was extracted he was sure to be a dead man in no time, and so the music was chosen, and of a peculiarly exhilarating kind, to throw the hapless wight into a violent fit of dancing which brought on a plentiful perspiration and thus effected a cure. One may be sceptical on the matter of efficacy; but at least we know that the "Tarantella" survives, and that several of our best composers have written in the form and character of the old dance tune. The last movement of Weber's Sonata in E minor is a masterpiece of the kind. Even at the present time music is regarded by some semi-civilised

natives as a medical agent. It is nearly always used in those countries where there is a general belief that sickness is produced by the malignant influence of evil spirits, the notion being the Lutheran one that music drives those spirits away.

As a cure for insanity, music has been in more or less repute from the earliest times. Shakespeare alludes to it in Richard III; where the King says:—

His music mads me, let it sound no more.
For though it help madmen to their wits,
To me it seems it will make wise men mad.

We all remember the case of the late eccentric king of Bavaria, who when suffering from one of his periodical headaches used to send for Nachbaur to sing the Dream Song from "Masaniello" and Stradella's "Prayer," both of which had usually a soothing effect upon his majesty. Mamizer in his "Music and Education" records the case of a woman in a Glasgow asylum who from hearing an old Scotch song one evening had the faculty of memory aroused, and gradually came to such a clear understanding that she could be restored to her friends. A touching story of a somewhat kindred nature appeared not long ago in the *Philadelphia Record*. The *Record* states that in the Philadelphia Hospital's Insane Department successful results have followed the treatment of diseased minds by a mild application of the cause of the trouble. A teacher of music some time ago became insane, and was taken to the hospital. The treatment was tried on him, and he was daily taken to the piano. "His hands were placed upon the keys only to wander over them blindly and without the slightest indication of skill. He would often turn away his head and when forced to look upon the instrument that had once been his companion and pride, it was with disgust. Perseverance, however, prevailed under kindly tuition, and in a few days his eyes became filled with their old fire. His fingers no longer wandered aimlessly over the keyboard, but as though realizing he had found a long lost friend, began playing with all the pent-up passion of a soul that had just been liberated from some horrible thralldom. For several minutes he

played as one in a dream, and then his head fell on his breast and he wept like a child." That man is today perfectly sane. It is said that the usual effect of music upon a deluded patient would be to make him susceptible to the influence of suggestion, and thus enable the doctor to fix his attention. It is suggested, too, that by calling forth some reaction, music would assist the physician in diagnosing between stupor with melancholia and anergic stupor. Any experiments of that kind would certainly be watched not only by medical scientists but by musicians with due attention. On the whole, it would seem that music is to form a very important function in the medical world of the future.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

MADEMOISELLE PELLETAN.

FANNY PELLETAN was born on the 28th of July, 1830. Her father as army surgeon had been through the Russian campaign; her grandfather, also a physician, had enjoyed a certain celebrity under the first Empire. She received a solid as well as brilliant education where music had its place, but only an accomplishment.

She learned the elements of Solfège with M. Bazille, father of the organist of St. Elizabeth, who taught her also both piano and harmony. At an early age she showed great aptitude for music. This soon became a passion. Feeling that she had not the talent to become a great performer on the piano, she determined to perfect herself in theory, and to this end she applied to M. Dausche for instruction. In the hands of this professor she developed rapidly the intelligence with which she had been so liberally endowed by nature. She learned to read the most difficult scores as she would read a book, and thus to penetrate the secrets of the old masters. Being neither an antiquary nor a maniac, as is the case with most amateurs, she venerated Art in all its serious and most elevated manifestations. Nor was she too exclusive; admiring the past she did not exclude the present, and she was one of those who did not wait for the verdict of posterity before doing justice to Berlioz. She was pursuing her studies quietly and seriously and leading a most retired life, when Berlioz in a work entitled "*Des Grotesques de la Musique*" gave forth his cry of alarm—"Gluck is dying! Gluck is dead!"

"What is becoming little by little of the works of Gluck, in the theatres where he is occasionally heard, in concerts where we sometimes have a few fragments, in the music shops where he is sold in shreds, is more than the most active musical imagination can explain. There is no longer a singer who understands his style, nor a conductor of orchestra who understands the spirit, sentiment or tradi-

tions. But they at least are innocent. The transcribers, instrumentalists, editors and translators, have on the contrary with culpable premeditation and in divers parts of Europe, made from this noble and classic type of Gluck such a hideous and grotesque mask that it is almost impossible to recognize its lineaments. The misfortune is that the old French edition, the only one where we can find intact the thoughts of the master, is becoming day by day more rare, and soon will become very bad under the double disadvantage of rearrangement and correction. It is already disfigured by many faults and a most deplorable disorder.

“In a short time, only a few specimens of these great dramatic poems, these inimitable models of expressive music, will be found in the large libraries, where they will be regarded as the incomprehensible débris of the art of another age; like so many Memnons who no longer give forth musical sounds, colossal sphinxes guarding forever their secrets. No one in Europe has ventured to make a new and careful edition, well annotated, and translated into German and Italian, of the six grand operas of Gluck. No serious attempt has been made to raise subscriptions for this project. No one has had the idea of risking twenty thousand francs to combat the causes becoming daily more numerous, which menace the destruction of these *Chefs d'oeuvres*. In spite of the resources put at the disposal of the arts and industries, and thanks to the monstrous indifference to the cause of music, these *chefs-d'oeuvres* will perish.”

Berlioz was not optimistic; he threw his seed to the wind, never dreaming for it a better fate than to perish among the thorns and stones of the way-side. But he was mistaken. Mlle. Pelletan read these lines and decided to save the works of Gluck. She lived in comfort, but she was not rich; she determined to make every possible sacrifice, and so do away with the necessity of subscribers. She sought dilligently for all the Gluck manuscripts, and when it was possible she purchased them; when this could not be done she arranged to have them submitted to her inspection. Once started on this path she walked in it resolutely, noth-

ing daunted her, neither difficulties nor the general indifference, not even the ill will of a few had power to turn her from the object she had set before her. She had paid as much as a thousand francs for a single manuscript. Berlioz. At her earnest request Mr. Dausche took charge of the work, and he united all their researches in a well ordered, carefully annotated edition, well translated in both Italian and German; and containing all the principal works of Gluck. They published together "Iphigenia in Aulis," "Iphigenia in Tauris," and were preparing "Alceste," when death interrupted Mr. Dausche in the midst of his labors.

At the beginning of the preface to "Iphigenia in Aulis," dated June, 1873, the editor has inserted these lines of Berlioz just cited, and added to them the following: "To fulfil the object expected in these words, to resuscitate in all their purity and brilliancy the thoughts of the master; to save the noble monuments which we have inherited from the world which disfigures them and the parasitical worship which renders them inaccessible; to ransom them by an act of grateful reverence from the neglect and the disrespect of the entire century, to do for Gluck what England and Germany have done for Handel and Bach, is the aim and object of this new edition. No pains have been spared to attain this end; it is by a scrupulous and searching examination of the most authentic documents that we have been able to reunite our material and form a solid basis for our publication."

The death of M. Dausche was a severe blow to Mlle. Pelletan, but it did not discourage her. She continued to advance steadily in the path she had marked out, although it proved to be more beset with thorns than even she had anticipated.

She understood how to rise simply and without apparent effort to the height of the task which was set before her. Among other things she began the study of German and Italian, of which she had not previously known a word, in order to superintend the work of the translators, until necessary to direct them. She spoke of this only as an unimportant detail.

When the proofs of "Alceste" were printed, Mlle. Pelletan came to me and did me the honor to ask my co-operation in her labors. I had never seen her before and I was struck with her noble simplicity, her serious address and the elevation of her ideas. I accepted her proposition the more readily, as I had devoted myself to the study of Gluck from my earliest youth and believed myself to be well grounded in the matter. After two interviews, I discovered that in comparison to Mlle. Pelletan I was a mere novice. Concentrating all her faculties on one point she had become better versed in her subject than Damecke himself; the pupil had gone beyond the master.

She brought to bear upon her work all the resources of feminine ingenuity, joined to the experience of a consummate artist. She discovered the most unexpected lights, and would elucidate what seemed to be the most impenetrable mysteries. Like Cuvier she could reconstruct an entire fossil from the phalanges. This comparison might seem exaggerated, she alone could give an idea of the work, the difficulties of which cannot be estimated. Oftentimes the documents at our disposal served only to confuse the subject, often the reading of an entire manuscript would teach us but one thing; the extraordinary negligence of the author, his disdain for certain details which in a correct edition cannot be neglected. In all these cases Mlle. Pelletan would reflect for a long time, make comparisons, search through the works least known of the author, look for an analysis, and end by establishing a conviction based on solid and legitimate grounds.

She was certainly an enthusiast, but she was not eccentric. All her actions were governed by coolest reason. She sought simply and naturally for the beautiful and good, which she loved for themselves alone.

Of medium height, erect, dark, always correctly dressed with severe elegance, she possessed all the most elevated and highly prized qualities of womanhood:—a kindness without limit, great delicacy of wit, and a love of order and of propriety in all things. All the rest she had laid aside as useless baggage, such as coquetry, the love of admiration

or even the most merited flattery. Everything in a word which might be a hindrance in the pursuit of that object which was to her all imperious duty.

She hastened her work feeling that her days were numbered; she worked lying down, when the malady which assailed her did not admit of her leaving her couch. Her expression denoted an inflexible determination; and yet there was nothing in it of hardness or daring, it was the look of a loyal warrior, only possible with certain superior women and recalling vaguely the archangel Michael. It would have been uncomfortable to tell a lie under such a look.

While occupying herself without leading in her great work, she did not neglect to watch over and care for her infirm old father, to help the unfortunate and to scatter blessings everywhere.

It was thought that she might still live many years, in the continuance of her great and good works, but God willed it otherwise! He took unto himself this beautiful soul, thirsting for justice and light.

Although the work of Mlle Pelletan remains unfinished, it is still of considerable extent. Independent of the two *Iphigenias*, *Alceste* is also published; the proofs of *Armide* are completely corrected and nothing can interfere with the publication of this last score. The materials for the publication of *Orphée* are gathered together and it is probable that they will be utilized. However this may be *Iphigenia* in Aulus, *Iphigenia* in Tauris, together with *Alceste* and *Armide*, are henceforth saved from mutilation and destruction. Hereafter when the conductor of an orchestra desires to have executed a fragment of any of these works, he should have recourse to this magnificent edition, which responds victoriously to the reproach of frivolity, addressed so often by foreigners to France.

Who knows but the opera will one day put upon the stage one of these immortal chefs-d'oeuvres? With the old editions, wretched scrawls that they were, such an enterprise would be superhuman. Without Berlioz, without Madame Viardot, (the former had seen the works of Gluck

performed in his youth) the resurrection of Orphée would have been impossible. Now, with zeal and talent the works of Gluck have become possible like those of Weber or of Mozart. That they should be known and admired by our generation, the good will of the public is alone necessary.

Few of us are aware that we are indebted to the untiring zeal and infinite patience of Mlle Fanny Pelletan for the best and only authentic edition of Glucks operas herein described. Her enthusiastic response to the appeal of Berlioz in his *Grotesques de la Musique* has left all lovers of Gluck forever in her debt. Her life long work, and alas! its unfulfilled completion, unattended by fame, and almost without recognizance except by the few concerned with her in her labors, deserves to be more fully known and appreciated by all those interested in preserving the works of genius unsullied from the hands of the transcriber and so-called restorer.

Translated from the French of M. Camille Saint-Saens, by

F. M. HOFFMAN.

MY SOJOURN WITH JOACHIM.

I LEFT America provided with letters of introduction from my former teacher, Carl Hild, of New York, to Prof. Joachim, Aug. Wilhelmj, Ysaye and other musicians. Being told that Dr. Joachim would not be over anxious to receive new pupils, I took the other letters in case he did not look favorably on me.

After we had secured lodgings in Berlin and I had looked over my violin a little I called at the *Koenigliche Hoch Schule* on the visitors day, and sent up my card. After waiting my turn. (visitors being many) I was told to come in and soon found myself in the presence of Joachim, a simple, kind, genial man who immediately put me throroughly at my ease by his questions about his old pupil, my former teacher, Hild, being so interested and sincere that it almost seemed impossible I had not known him before.

Arranging for an examination a few days later at his house on *Bendlerstrasse* I was soon home again brushing up my technic which had been somewhat upset by sea sickness, etc. At the appointed time I climbed the three flights of stairs at 19 *Bendlerstrasse* and was soon ready to play before Joachim. Like many a young player before me, the idea of playing for the first time before the "King of Violinists" nearly overawed me. Then the thought of playing the Mendelssohn concerto, which he had played with Mendelssohn himself many times fifty years ago, rushed upon me.

However, we began, he playing my accompaniment, and got along very nicely; afterwards he had me play for him without accompaniment, some things by Bach and Rovelli, always complimenting my efforts and treating me in the most considerate manner possible. I never again experienced fear when playing before him, but on the contrary felt encouraged to do my best, which shows, I think, one of the strong points in bringing out artist pupils.

When he asked me what I wished to do, and I told him

my desire had always been to finish my studies with him, he told me that as I had already been over the field pretty thoroughly twice with Henry Schradieck and Carl Hild and had a considerable repertoire, he would not advise me to spend money and take a regular course in the *Hoch Schule*, but instead, to come in the school, if I wished, and remain as long as I liked as a visitor, that I might observe his method of teaching, playing, etc. Accordingly next morning I availed myself of the opportunity so kindly given me and appeared at the school.

One morning shortly after this, I happened to be playing the piano accompaniment for one of his pupils, when he came in and observing that I played piano and read at sight fairly well, asked me to play some accompaniments for him, which I did and continued to do during my stay in Berlin, as I saw that it relieved him very much, (he accompanying nearly all the pupils on the piano.)

The inestimable benefit derived from daily contact with him can be partly measured when one thinks of the many great concertos and concert pieces with smaller compositions that are studied under him.

I was surprised at the manner in which he played works not comprised in the German school, like Sarasate's Spanish Dances, Wieniawski's compositions and others.

Of course his Bach playing is incomparable as well as all works for quartette and solo in German music. His musical conceptions and emotional qualities seem equally great.

At the age of sixty-four, he is still physically a powerful man, otherwise it would be impossible for him to attend his large class, playing constantly for them, directing the school orchestra, quartette classes, etc. Add to this his concert tours in Great Britain and Germany, also his Berlin Quartette concerts as well as his concerts at each London season, and we have an idea of his great activity.

Joachim possesses five Stradivarius violins of great value. The last of the five was presented by some of his admirers in London, on the occasion of the Jubilee in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance in England. This instrument, according to report, cost \$6,000.

I found in England fully as much genuine admiration for the great man as in Germany. His cabinet photograph which he gave me bearing his signature and a few words of commendatory character never failed to initiate me into the good graces of musicians and musical people. I myself, regard this terse recommendation of far greater value than all my press notices.

In teaching, Prof. Joachim never bends the pupil's style to his own, but will always say, "I play it this way." After the pupil has played it over, maybe five or more times, Joachim will tell him, "Now do not play it as I do, play it in your own manner."

Thus, while he gives the pupil his ideas of the piece, the individuality of the scholar is developed instead of being taken away. His treatment of pupils and every one is always kind and never mixed with any little rudenesses sometimes seen in musicians of note. I have seen him talk to and advise pupils what to read outside of their practicing hours and in so many ways show out the qualities of a great man.

His most celebrated composition is of course the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in Hungarian style, being an employment in strictly classical style of his own nation's melodies. He uses the Orchestra in the most musicianly manner, showing thorough mastery in every part.

The lovely little Romance, and Finale ending in the wild and fiery manner peculiar to Hungarian Gypsy music, show masterly combination of the *Czardas* and classical styles.

The Variations for Violin and Orchestra, dedicated to Sarasate, are admirably done and very brilliant.

How beautifully written and with what a clever adaptability to the uses of the instrument are the Hebrew Melodies for Viola, composed after impressions of Byron's songs. Surely no other instrument could give the effects that the Viola does. Such noble melodies, these pieces taken from old Hebrew songs.

Since Spohr, no artist has filled so honorable a place as executant and master of classical composition as Joachim.

Chicago.

EARL R. DRAKE.

LOWELL MASON AND THE HIGHER ART OF MUSIC IN AMERICA.

[Prepared after original research for Mr. Wilber M. Derthick, and published here by his permission, for the Musical Literary Clubs.]

OF all the eminent names in American musical history there is none higher or more deserving of honor than that of the great educator and psalmist, Lowell Mason. This, which a quarter of a century ago would have appeared unquestionable, no longer finds instant credence with musical amateurs, or even professionals of the present day—so soon are labors forgotten in this whirl of life. Nor is the present comparative obscurity of this once-great name to be regarded as altogether blameworthy in his music-loving countrymen. Since the labors of Lowell Mason ceased in Boston, a full generation has passed off the stage of being, and more than half a generation since the venerable old man breathed his last at Orange, New Jersey, in 1872. In fact, the literary man who undertakes to compile anew the history of this active musician of past days, finds himself confronted by greivous lacunes in the sources of information. Of record there is by far too little, and personal tradition is becoming yearly more and more difficult to collect. The case was stated by the great Edward Everett Hale, when asked after some old friend of his who might have kept a musical scrap book. “It is no use,” said he sadly. “They are all in heaven but me.” Nevertheless the historical facts remain that Lowell Mason became active in Boston when his first collection of sacred music was published by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1822, and continued the foremost figure in American music until his death in 1872. He marked the transition period, from the epoch of Billings and the pennyroyal psalmists to the well-schooled musi-

cians of the present day. From the illiteracy of the beginning of this century to the generally diffused musical information of the present, the way was opened and in considerable part built by Lowell Mason. To him we owe some of our best ideas in religious church music, elementary musical education, music in the schools, the popularization of classical chorus singing, and the art of teaching music upon the inductive plan. More than this, we owe him no small share of the respect which the profession of music enjoys at the present time, as contrasted with the contempt with which it was held in the first part of this century. In fact, the entire art of music as now understood and practiced in America, has derived advantage from the work of this great man, who, it is often said was scarcely a musician in the strict modern sense. Musician or no musician, he formed the musical taste of his generation and the next following.

It is not to the discredit of the city of Boston or its culture, that the art of music should have been so low there in the year 1820. The Art itself was still in its formative stages. The oratorio of the "Creation" was scarcely ten years old. Many of the works of Beethoven were still unwritten, and most of them were almost unknown outside a few of the great cities of the continent of Europe. The now familiar composers of the modern romantic school were mere children, and it was not until about the time of the formation of the Boston Academy of Music that their first works were published to the world. When Lowell Mason was first in England, in 1837, one of the great things which he heard was the first production of Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul" at the Birmingham festival, led by the great master himself. The program upon which the earnest Boston musician noted his impressions of the successive numbers, as he sat in the concert room, is still in existence, and the writer of these lines has examined it. The annotations, brief though they are, and intended solely as memoranda for letters to the friends and disciples at home, evince excellent musical taste and quickness of apprehension.

In America, naturally, music was especially at a very

low state. The war of 1812 had just ended, and the country had not been able to build up its great industries in which that of musical instrument-making, is now so important a part; nor had the art of music begun to be a general part of polite education. In Miss Tewksberry's advertisement of her school for young ladies, kept in Boston in the year 1822, the study of music was not so much as mentioned as being among its privileges. Nothing could be more significant. The daily newspapers of the period tell the same story. Criticism was as yet unknown, and the advertising columns are almost equally bare of musical intelligence. The concert programs are given *in extenso*, but with few names of composers. The conductor is not mentioned, and in short there is a general air of indifference to particulars indicative of the absence of curiosity upon the subject.

The story of the Boston Handel and Haydn society has been written at length, and with considerable detail. Its early history is that of a company of amateur singers, few or none of them are able to read music, led by an amateur little more competent than themselves, in choruses of Handel which they were able to sing at all only after having acquired them more or less correctly by ear. The distribution of the singers to the different parts, also, tells the same story. The alto part was often omitted, or if sung it was only by two or three men with high voices. This was in a choir numbering in all about a hundred and fifty voices. The soprano was sung at least in part by men, occasionally by men entirely, the ladies voices being placed upon the tenor, thus inverting the harmony, giving rise to the most distressing progressions, to the evils of which the untaught ears of those days were insensible. Out of a hundred and fifty singers only about twelve were women. It is unnecessary to seek farther for evidence. And although the germs of the subsequent history were visible in the desire evinced by these singers to acquaint themselves with a class of music more worthy the epithet "sacred" than most that went under the name, as yet, and for some time it was a zeal little according to knowledge. These statements, which the reader must accept here as best he may, will presently be

justified, and the full story of Lowell Mason and his work will be told, in so far at least as our limits permit.

Lowell Mason was born in Medfield, Mass., Jan. 8th, 1792, son of a manufacturer of straw bonnets. As a boy he had a great fondness for music, but such a thing as his devoting himself to it for a life business was not for a moment thought of. With little trouble he learned to play almost every kind of instrument which came in his way, so quick were his musical intuitions, and so ardent was his thirst for everything in any way relating to the art. He taught singing schools, led a choir, and in various ways busied himself until twenty years of age. As a scholar he did not particularly distinguish himself, and he had rather the reputation of an idle ne'er-do-well, although he had no bad habits, and never uttered a profane word or used intoxicating liquors. At the age of twenty he started for the South to seek his fortune in Savannah, Georgia, where he arrived in 1813, after a journey of more than fifty-four days. Here at first he taught singing, later led a choir, which soon became famous all the country around, not only for the rare musical quality of its work, but especially for the religious spirit which characterized its singing. The latter part of Mason's influence became conspicuous at an early age, he having united with the Presbyterian church in 1814, and immediately and ever after taking an active part in its work and worship. The information remaining concerning this choir of Mason's is not abundant, but there are two highly significant side lights upon it, which must be allowed their full weight. The first is that probably as early as 1818 he began to collect the material which afterwards was incorporated in the Händel and Haydn Collection, material derived from a variety of sources, some from England, a collection by William Gardiner having furnished many pieces embraced in the book referred to; some of it, also, and that by no means the poorest part, arranged expressly by Mason himself from classical works. A. W. Thayer, Esq. United States consul at Trieste, stated in *Dwight's Journal*, in 1879, that one of his most cherished autographs was a leaf out of Dr. Mason's arrangement of the violoncello melody in

Beethoven's trio, opus 11, to the words, "Now night in silent grandeur reigns." The entire book, excepting the few pieces which Dr. Jackson added to it, was the slow product of Mason's foraging for his own choir. He gathered from every source known to him, and generally with discretion. The other evidence of the presence of something peculiar in this choir is contained in the story of his call to Boston. The turning point of this call was not the need of him by the Handel and Haydn society for conducting their concerts, but the desire of certain clergymen in Boston to improve the musical quality of their worship. It happened that in 1825 Deacon Julius Palmer, of Boston, spent a Sabbath in Savannah, and attended meeting at Dr. Kolloch's church, where Mr. Mason was playing the organ and leading the choir. He was so impressed with its appropriateness that on his return home he interested a number of gentlemen in joining a movement to invite Mr. Mason to remove to Boston and labor for the improvement of church music there. This, however, is an anticipation. By 1821, Mr. Mason had collected sufficient music for a collection, and he accordingly sailed for Boston in search of a publisher. As none could be found, he was on the point of returning to Savannah discouraged, when a member of the Handel and Haydn society took the matter in hand and laid it before the governing board. The enterprise was regarded as hazardous in the extreme, but the music appeared to them to be much better than that in the collections already at hand. Accordingly it was submitted to the opinion of the organist of the society, Dr. G. J. Jackson, who after a careful examination gave it his approval. In the article in Dwight's Journal already mentioned, Mr. Thayer says: "Dr. Mason gave the writer an amusing account of his interview with Dr. Jackson. The doctor sipping from a bottle of gin sat and listened to the tunes in regular succession, sometimes interrupting with criticisms and suggestions, which the young man soon found he might adopt or not according to his own judgment, since at the next meeting they were all forgotten by Jackson." Some pieces by the doctor himself were inserted, and the result was a certificate

closing with the words: "It is much the best book of the kind I have seen published in this country, and I do not hesitate to give it my decided approbation." Thayer also chronicles the neat way in which the society emphasized the value of the Doctor's approval by dedicating the volume to him "As a testimony of the high estimation in which he is held for his exquisite taste, profound knowledge, and unrivalled skill in the art and science of music." Thus the first collection of this prolific author was brought out, after so much difficulty, late in 1821, although the date upon the title is 1822, but a farther service as musical author was not desired or expected. Accordingly all possible pains was taken to make the book appear completely the work of the society itself, Mr. Mason's services being handsomely recognized as having "assisted" in its compilation. These disclaimers, had two objects, the better sale of the book through the prestige of the society, and the preservation of the author's growing reputation as a business man, by saving him from the weakening suspicion of dallying with music in his leisure hours. Later they were misunderstood, and malicious enemies of Dr. Mason did not hesitate to charge that the book had been mainly the work of Dr. Jackson, and Dr. Mason's part in it quite insignificant. The facts, however, are exactly as here stated, in farther proof of which the contract awarding him half the royalty in perpetuity, and giving him control of the work, are still in existence, and have been examined by the writer. The work had a large sale, and before its popularity had been quite exhausted by later and still more improved candidates for popular favor it paid to the coffers of the society no less than \$12,000, and as much more to its author. In fact, Thayer thinks that the publication of this work sufficed to tide the Handel and Haydn Society over the most critical period in its finances, when its plans demanded money which could neither be made by concerts nor obtained by gift from the musical amateurs of Boston at that time. It is but just, however, to mention that the Society had already realized considerable profit from its previous publications, even from such unpromising selections as masses of Mozart.

The book published, Mr. Mason went back to Savannah, to his bank, and as he supposed to his career as a business man. Three years later followed the visit of deacon Palmer to Savannah and the call to Boston, as already recounted. He removed to his new field of labor in 1827, and immediately took charge of the choir in Dr. Lyman Beecher's church in Hanover street. The two other churches co-operating in calling him were those of Dr. Edward Beecher and the Park street church; the plan originally being that of dividing his work between the three churches at the rate of six months to each in turn. After a trial of this system it was found not to work satisfactorily, and Mr. Mason secured a position in the American bank, and released his guarantors from their liability for the salary promised him in removing from Savannah. His new choir in Boston very soon began to be celebrated for its religious spirit no less than the musical excellence of their work.

In the same year of his arrival in Boston he was elected President of the Handel and Haydn society, the office being then and for some time thereafter, co-extensive with that of conductor, the President being leader *ex officio*. This noble organization had been founded in 1815, and has maintained a prominent place in Boston ever since. It consisted of amateur singers and players, who co-operated together for practicing oratorios, or other sacred music, upon Sunday evenings, occasionally giving a concert in order to replenish their finances or encourage to a more careful study of the works in hand. From a musical standpoint the society was far from being upon a satisfactory plane as is plainly indicated in the limitation already defined above, derived from the authentic history of the Society itself, as recorded by the late C. C. Perkins, Esq. From Dr. Mason's address, in 1851, still farther particulars are derived. The alto, he says, was often omitted entirely, and it was uniformly recognized that the ladies were not capable of taking up a lead in a fugal passage, but always had to be steadied by a few strong men's voices. Still, its limitations being what they were, this was nevertheless the principal organization in all the United States, for promoting a high order of musical taste.

The new President immediately set himself to carry its work to a higher standard. He advised the formation of private solo classes, in which such of the members as indicated the possession of suitable voices and talents could be educated up to the performance of the solo parts in the works studied. Undoubtedly he conducted sub-rehearsals of the parts in this way, going over the more difficult passages with sufficient repetition to impress them upon the half taught musical consciousnesses of the singers. Very soon he addressed himself to the problem of the alto, forming a class of boys, whom he instructed in reading music, using the voice, and taught the more difficult parts of the choruses. Thus he presently had a strong alto lead, where previously there had been scarcely anything better than a vacuum. This class of boys was one of the great turning points of his work, as will hereafter be seen.

Mr. Mason remained conductor of this society for five years, during which its work reached a higher point of finish than ever previously. Several new works were added to the repertory. It is unfortunate that present limits do not permit us to go into this part of the record so completely as would other wise be interesting. It can easily be looked up, however, by any interested, in the two pamphlet volumes of the Handel and Haydn History, written by Mr. C. C. Perkins. In 1826 there is mention of a full orchestra of eleven instruments, engaged for the season at a cost of \$347. The profits of the society in 1828 were augmented in the sum of \$1000 from the publication and sale of the "Creation." Besides the two standard oratorios of the society, the "Messiah" and the Creation," the concerts of these years were largely filled with sacred pieces, and selections from the masses of Mozart and Haydn, which from their "sacred" quality were then supposed to represent the highest moments of inspiration of their celebrated authors. Haydn's first mass, in B flat, and Mozart's mass in C, the so called 12th, were produced in 1829 under Mr. Mason's direction. When his work as conductor ceased in 1832, in consequence of other plans which then pressed upon his attention, Mr. Mason was chosen one of the trustees, and

his new book of Psalmody, "The Choir," also published in partnership with the society, was officially recommended.

Meanwhile the heaven first set in operation by the success of the class of boys, had been working. In 1829 Mr. Wm. C. Woodbridge, the celebrated author of school geographies, returned from several years residence abroad, where he had been studying educational systems. The greater activity in music there had attracted his attention, although he was not himself a musician. As an educator he had been much interested in the new ideas of the great Swiss reformer, Pestalozzi, whose work he had personally examined, and he had made the acquaintance of his assistants. He brought home with him the published works of Pestalozzi and the music books upon Pestalozzian principles by Nägeli and other writers of the corps. Being engaged to lecture in Boston upon the subject, he desired to find some school children to help him with illustrations of a musical kind. He was referred to Mr. Mason, who consented to use his class of boys for this purpose. The experiment was a great success, leading to a mutual understanding between the two men. But Mr. Mason did not at first care to change his method in favor of that of Pestalozzi, and it was not until after a great deal of persuasion that he consented to teach a class upon the new system. The result, however, so far surpassed his expectations that he was permanently converted, and immediately became a consistent and persistent advocate of the inductive method, and a veritable apostle of its gospel. There was now a group of educated gentlemen, who sought to introduce music into the public schools of Boston, as it had been introduced in Switzerland and Germany. Mason was naturally the center of this group, not alone from his professional rank but also by reason of his original powers of mind, and his remarkable tact in wielding men.

Other influences had also been at work. The material of the Handel and Haydn had proved rather intractable. The singers were many of them old, and "set in their ways." The society was pledged to the cultivation of sacred music only, and its meetings for practise were held on Sunday

evenings as they have been ever since. The trustees declined to co-operate in the new movement in favor of a universal musical education, both from honest doubt of its feasibility, and because they thought that it transcended the proper objects of the Society, in its official character. Thus the time was ripe for the formation of a new organization, upon a basis sufficiently broad to permit it to engage in any department of musical education promising success. Thus in 1833 the BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC was founded by certain gentlemen of high social and financial standing, the Hon. Samuel Elliot, Mayor of Boston, at its head. The object of the new body was officially stated "To promote knowledge and correct taste in music, especially such as is adapted for religious purposes." The breadth of view of the gentlemen who coöperated in this movement may be seen more clearly in the report of a committee appointed for devising practical measures falling within the scope of the society's powers. Nine objects were specified, and if the report was that of the new professor, Mr. Mason, as almost certainly it was, it is an honor to his breadth of view. The objects are these.

- “ 1. To establish schools of music for juvenile classes.
2. Schools for adult classes.
3. Instruction in the method of teaching.
4. Associations of choristers for improvement in conducting music in churches.
5. Popular lectures on the nature and objects of church music.
6. Scientific lectures on music.
7. Exhibitions, or concerts: (*a*) Juvenile and adult classes, to show the results of instruction. (*b*) Select performers, as specimens of the best styles of performing church music (*c*) Concerts by large numbers, collected semi-annually, of social, moral, and religious music of a simple kind.
8. To introduce vocal music into the public schools.
9. To publish circulars and essays, either in pamphlets or newspapers.”

The report concluded by recommending the employment

of a Professor who shall occupy himself exclusively in devising and executing plans for promoting the views of the society." The first professor employed was Mr. Mason; and his time being fully occupied within a brief period, Mr. Geo. Jas. Web, organist in St. Paul's church, was added to the staff. "A gentleman whose superior talents and education, and his cordial adoption of the new method of instruction, as well as his elevated views in regard to the object and style of vocal music, afford the best ground of reliance upon his aid."

The Society immediately established classes for the free instruction of children, the only condition being that they should agree to continue under instruction for the period of a full school year, in order that a fair test of the value of the instruction might be had. Within a year, the Academy was giving instruction to no less than fifteen hundred children, and within two years the number had risen to nearly three thousand. When the work was begun, it was supposed that as soon as the feasibility of instructing children in singing should have been established by example, and the farther fact that the children enjoyed the practice of music and were not retarded in their school duties by the diversion, the introduction of the new branch would take place without opposition. Such, however, was far from being the case, for it required no less than seven years of this work before music was officially introduced into the schools of Boston, for it was not until 1838 that this took place, Lowell Mason being appointed superintendent of the same.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

OUR MOTHER TONGUE: A SYMPOSIUM.

WITH a view of eliciting opinions from a variety of sources relative to the almost universal practice in America and England of singing songs and opera in foreign tongues, the following circular letter of inquiry was sent to a large number of leading teachers and artists. From the many replies already at hand the following are offered as first fruits:

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1895.

Dear Sir:—Noting with pride the linguistic accomplishments implied among singers, in their habitual practice of singing songs in various languages unknown to the great majority of their hearers; and having observed that this practice is mainly confined to English speaking countries, and particularly to America, the undersigned are led to ask your opinion, as a Vocal Expert, on the following questions, intending to publish your entire answer in a near issue of *MUSIC*.

1. Are the words (meaning thereby the ideas contained in them), any essential part of a song? And is understanding of the poetic text any essential ground for properly appreciating the work of the composer?

2. Do you suppose that the great majority of audiences, even in our large cities, really follow sympathetically and with quick understanding the German or other foreign words often sung before them?

3. Is there any real reason why English words cannot be well sung as well as the German or French?

4. Is it impossible to secure or prepare English words to the general run of songs, fitting closely enough in accent, emphasis and sentiment to answer the purpose of the composer? In other words, in your opinion, would it be impossible to adapt English words to German and Italian songs in

such a way that the music and words would properly correspond, practically about as well as they do in the original language?

5. Is it or is it not desirable to have opera in a language understood by the hearers? Do hearers ever really follow closely the verbal and musical nuances of operas heard in languages foreign to them, except after years of practice? And even then, in your opinion, would not almost any hearer understand the whole thing better if well sung in his mother tongue?

6. Do you suppose that we will ever have an artistic school of American singers until we establish the principle that English is good enough for singing and hearing?

Hoping to hear from you presently, we are

Very respectfully yours,

W. S. B. MATHEWS,

KARLETON HACKETT.

FROM MME. FLORENZA D'ARONA.

124 E. 44th st., New York City, N. Y.

No. 1. Most emphatically I answer yes. The mind must dwell upon the thought contained in the words. There is a centre for both the idea and the feeling, and it reaches out in one manifestation, in one form, the word. A word is the sign of an idea. Knowledge is the consciousness of analyzing ideas, and depends upon thought, and its importance cannot be too highly estimated by the singer. The meaning of the words form the true conception of the composer's idea, or ideas. and must find its counterpart in the tone, in order to convey the very essence of that thought, or emotion, to the mind and hearts of the hearers. Every feeling should have its corresponding tone cultivated and ready to respond to the singer's demand. Every variation of our emotions or sentiment, should be controlled by the word, and the word must find the tone that will convey it and call out the same feelings in the listeners. The perfect drawing of the subject is the word; the exquisite colors are the tones; the selection and use of them is the mind. To separate the three is impossible.

No. 2. No, not the words, but the ideas conveyed through the tone colors. Intense feeling sometimes escapes through a voice little or poorly cultivated, giving it qualities often preferred by the less critical to the artistic work of an unfeeling singer. These qualities excuse the unintelligible words, but the majority of audiences are disappointed in getting either.

No. 3. Certainly not. If a tone is properly located and recognized in its proper place, the word will never pull it out, and any and every language will be sung with equal ease.

No. 4. An artist never likes translations, because they are never like the original. A great king once said "to know another language you must know another world." Ideas cannot be carried out the same in translations, so much is there in the untranslatable magic of expression, the little subtleties of style are lost in interpretation, consequently in general effect. Again words are always written first, and foreign composers give the vowel its most advantageous position for tonal effects, which is entirely lost sight of in translations, and causes poorly or uneducated voices much difficulty, therefore they are undesirable in every sense.

No. 5. If rendered by artists great enough to pronounce distinctly without sacrificing vocal beauty, so that the audience could follow the words, then it would be an advantage, but unfortunately ninety-nine artists out of a hundred do not pronounce perfectly, and the majority of the hearers cannot tell what language they are singing; even those familiar with it can only pick up a word here and there. A singer to be successful must be all nationalities. Points of effectiveness successful in one country are hissed in another. Qualities of temperament demanded in one country, are ludicrous and laughed at in another, etc. Different languages represent different nations, and their individual characteristics. To bring them to English speaking countries unchanged, is to incur the risk of good taste and popular comprehension. Fidelity to a role, causes many good European artists to fail in America. If to meet general approval modified forms are resorted to, there is nothing to save the

artist from mediocrity, and mediocrity is not to be tolerated. If singers were properly taught, they would enjoy singing in the English tongue and then we might hope for grand English opera upon English, Scotch, Irish and American subjects, and even upon foreign ones; they would be written from our standpoint and ideas of beauty, and would no doubt be more enjoyable to the masses, but until we have great composers would never do much towards educating them in music of the higher order.

No. 6. An artistic school can never be established in America until the bone and muscle of artistic work is realized instead of its effective dress. To sing one language well is to sing all well. To show preference for a foreign language in song or opera for other than its deeper artistic sense of true poetry and emotion, is to confess to ignorance of fundamental vocal laws, which is the trouble with a great number of professionals who come from all parts of the country to seek my instruction. Singers! singers! singers! The world is full of them, and full of lovely voices too, but the artists you can count upon your fingers.

FROM MR. ARTHUR J. HUBBARD.

BOSTON, MASS., January 4, 1896.

Your questions are pertinent and timely, and I will answer to the best of my humble ability.

No. 1. In my opinion the words of a song constitute the framework of the structure; take away the poem and the song has lost its "reason of being." It is like a riddle without an answer. Song, in a language unintelligible to an audience, serves only one purpose, that of display of voice and technique. Interpretation of thought and feeling is as impossible as it would be in singing before an audience of deaf mutes, interpretation may be there but of what use is it if it be not perceived.

No. 2. Decidedly not. Note as proof of this that at the German or Italian operatic performances in this country you will see the majority of heads buried in the librettos vainly trying to get at something. And also that during the

most forceful and exquisite passages the greater part of the audience wear the blankest of expressions.

No. 3. Every singer who is worthy of the name sings best in his native tongue. The singer who has a good voice and is master of technique but has not the temperament or brain (whichever term you prefer to use), covers his deficiencies sometimes by singing in a foreign tongue. To persons equally perfect in the four languages, (German, Italian, French and English (if there be any such)) the Italian is the best language for song, for reasons too obvious to need explanations. The next best is the English. German is a powerful enemy of the most essential thing in singing, namely, the legato; and French is worst of all, containing as it does so many unmusical sounds, even for the most highly accomplished. And what shall we say of so many of our singers who know no other language than English, who run away with the prevailing fad of singing in French that resembles Chinese as much as it does the real article. Rubbish!

No. 4. It is certainly very difficult to translate foreign songs and operas and adapt English words to the music without losing in force and meaning. In many instances it has been attempted most unsuccessfully, and when a good translation does not exist there is a good excuse for singing in the original, if the singer can compass the task. An impossibility unless he has previously comprehensively and practically mastered the language he undertakes to use. A song accomplished after the manner of the parrot is never really interpreted. A successful translation is not an impossibility by any means; note as proof the English words to Verdi's "Aida" published by Ricordi in London. Also many of the modern French songs, so laboriously wrestled with by our native singers, have excellent translations, convenient to the voice and true to the original sentiment.

No. 5. Grand opera will never become dear to the hearts of the masses in this country, as it is in Europe, until it is sung in the vernacular; for the simple reason that the essentials for the proper comprehension and appreciation of the work are effectually hidden if sung in a language unintelligible to the mass. At present when we have opera the question invariably is, "who is going to sing?"

If the time ever comes when our good old mother tongue is in vogue, there will be more chance for the question, "what is the opera?" A very desirable thing in my opinion.

No. 6. We are going to have an advanced artistic school of American singers, it is in the air and will be an accomplished fact at no very distant day. We have made great strides in that direction in the last decade. And just as soon as English speaking singers can rival those born to other tongues, we shall most certainly have opera in English, for that is what the people will pay for in preference. Public appreciation of opera will be attained in this country through the efforts of English speaking singers for the most part. Therefore let us do our best to perfect the vocal art among ourselves, that the day may be hastened when we can take as much pride in our opera as we do in our instrumental concerts. We ought not to be contented to be behind our European neighbors in any branch of art. The instrumental perfection in this country rivals anything in Europe. Where can be found better orchestral concerts than we hear in our large cities? Why should not the vocal art attain as much?

In my opinion it is reduced to a question of language.

FROM MR. GEO. SWEET.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1895.

Gentlemen:—Your favor of December 20th received, and in reply to your questions based upon the assertion that the practice of singers of the English speaking countries, America particularly, is to render songs in various languages unknown to the great majority of their hearers, I would state that a probable reason for this is the fact that the average audience in our large cities is composed of as many speaking a foreign language as English, also that the usual selections for operatic or concert stage would lose strength and finish if translated into English.

Following your questions enclosed are the answers given in as concise form as possible.

No. 1. Words will always decide how a song should be rendered.

No. 2. As a rule one rarely hears the words, whether a song or opera, unless very close to the stage.

No. 3. If the voice is correctly poised any language can be used, although English is less adapted for singing than the others.

No. 4. The poetic beauty is almost invariably lost in a translation.

No. 5. Answer No. 2. But in case of clear enunciation by artist, a knowledge of the language would certainly be more satisfactory.

No. 6. There are many singers now, of American birth, who are sufficient answer to that question.

FROM MRS. MARINER CAMPBELL,

Vocal Teacher, 1820 Turk st., San Francisco, Cal.

The human voice being the only musical instrument that can express itself in language, it would seem that one of its greatest charms would be to so express itself that words in any language it may use should reach the ear of the listener with perfect distinctness.

This union of poetry with musical sound makes the singing voice incomparably superior to any other musical instrument. To the musically attuned soul, any music, the violin, piano, orchestra, organ, etc., has an infinity of expression. Such a soul interprets for itself all the subtle meanings the music can suggest. The player and composer his own, the listener still another interpretation. The singer has both music and definite poetic thoughts to give. The singer who fails to give the poetic thought in words with distinctness, betrays a lack of musical intelligence and true feeling. If words are sung there should be no pardon for a slovenly rendering of them. The composer is supposed to offer both music and words as worthy of the consideration of the singer.

No. 2. Audiences are now demanding expressive and even eloquent song singing. There should be no question of this demand upon the singer for perfect enunciation. Our best singers give us this. When the lack appears the want is felt and the singer fails just thus far in reaching the

audience. The words should be given with perfect purity and distinctness. The test of a singer is now laid on these lines.

There are very few in any public audience who can follow the text of a song sung in any but their own language. Therefore they cannot "sympathetically or with quick understanding" follow songs in a foreign tongue.

No. 3. I send out a clarion note gladly on this point. Our language, until recently, has been supposed to be less musical than others. This, in spite of the fact that it has fewer deformed vowels than has the German or French. The gutturals of one and the nasal tones of the other are unknown in English. It requires courage to send this challenge for our mother tongue. For every American seems to have blind faith in everything but his very own. We are just learning that we have a language and an art that we should be proud of.

No. 4. American singers are at the front in all foreign countries. If our language was against purity of tone production, it would produce inferior voices. This not being in any sense the fact, we must conclude that the English tongue is in no way inferior and in some respects superior, to the German and French. France has fewer good voices before the world today than the English, the thin nasal quality of the language being against pure tone production. The German is more robust but less musical than ours. The Italian stands pre-eminent among tongues for pure tone giving, the final consonant in every other language being a hinderance. In Italian the tone floats off and on upon the open final vowel; in English, German, etc., it has to be brought back to earth again with a bite or snap for its perfect articulation. Still, I think that songs should be sung in the language in which they are composed. It is very seldom one finds a musical and rhythmical translation of the foreign songs. Take for example the album of Lassen or Brahms. Some of the translations are utterly absurd. For example the following no serious and earnest student could stand up and sing.

"Thou heart to whom my meats commended.

“Than meal such as no bodings done,” is puerile and weak, but it fairly represents the album. That translations can be made which will follow closely in accent and rhythm the original, I do not deny, but that there are many such I do not affirm. Until such are made, songs in Italian, German and French should each be sung in their own tongue. The translators should know, at least, the musical rhythm, accent and emphasis. I have often changed whole lines where the accent of the words lay on the unaccented measure of the bar of music. I think it very difficult if not impossible to give all the delicate subtle nuances of each language in any but the original.

No. 5. That operas should be given in any but the language in which they were composed is a vexed question. I doubt if it will ever be successful. The few we hear leave much to be desired, especially the florid Italian opera with its long cadenzas on one word or syllable of a word. An audience accustomed to opera, knows well the plot and dramatic situation, and can easily fill in any apparent vacancies. Something must be left to the imagination of the listener, and when action interprets words are not so important as in oratorio or song singing, where no action is allowed and only sincere, eloquent rendering is imperative. I hear that the charm of Nordica in her great part of Elsa was her wonderful enunciation of the text.

No. 6. I claim that the English has much to commend its use in song. It is broad, sonorous. It has all the Italian vowels without the gutturals of the German or the nasal tones of the French without the deformed vowels of either. But it has in common with them the final consonants which are troublesome. Let a singer sing the English open vowels and then the vowels of the German and French with their changes and see where the best tone production is found. I am sure he will recognize that we have a language that can express with power and purity all that music can bring to it. Our English songs are taking their place among the songs of the nations. They, with our songs do prove that English is “good enough for singing and for hearing.” Appropos, I found a charming setting of Eugene Field’s,

“Armenian Lullaby” by Bruschmeiler, with both English and German words. I sent for more copies and they came in German only, being published in Milwaukee by Rohlfing & Co. I found it very amusing that an English song should be found only in German from an American publishing house.

FROM MME. CAPPIANI.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1896.

Dear Sirs:—My answer to your six questions is comprised in the following which you may publish in full as you say



MME. CAPPIANI.

The artist cannot be held responsible for the limitations of the audience's education, but it is the singer's duty to grasp the poem in its deepest meaning and to unite it in diction to the musical composer's intentions (if the latter is himself at the height to appreciate the poem he seeks to embellish with music).

It is the duty of singers to possess the science of the

formation of vowels and consonants so that no orchestra can drown them; then the words and meaning are understood and thereby the attention of the public held for diction and music. In my opinion there should be a law to put professional singers in prison whose words of what they are singing can not be understood.

In regard to translation, I am glad that a step will be taken to do away with that hypocritical rubbish diverting the sense of the original language only for "Ettiquete." For this purpose able poets should be found.

For the professional singer who understands enunciation and diction one language is as easy to sing as the other, there is no difference whatever. Every country should have opera in its mother tongue.

FROM MR. LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

Newark College of Music.

No. 1. Yes. Without words the song, as such, is worthless, and if the melody and its harmonies are of musical value, would far better be played upon instruments alone than to be sung with a human voice which fails to articulate the text intelligently. As song is a composite of music and speech, of course both must be fully revealed if the poetic intent is to be fully fulfilled. If the listener distinguishes the musical contents only in the interpretation of a song, he suffers a disappointment as well as an incomplete hearing, for he expects the singer to rise beyond mere instrumental performance, and to reveal to him the concrete thought intended to be expressed through the human voice in language. Furthermore, the text of a song is surely the source of the composers inspiration, which fact proves that it's (the text's) comprehension is essential to the auditor, if the intent and beauty of the composition are to be realized.

No. 2. Certainly not, especially in America. In England, especially in first-class concerts, the audience probably largely understand French, but here in America, except in special cases where German or French speaking audiences are appealed to, no language can claim much attention or interest except English.

No. 3. None whatever. In fact English is far less difficult to manage in song than German or French, and for the average American, even Italian with its lesser number of vowel and consonant varieties requires more effort of mind than English, if the latter be properly learned.

No. 4. While excellent translations are indeed rare, there are enough of them to prove them not only possible, but also to make it reasonable to demand them in all cases, as it is to demand good original English text for composer's use.

A great cause for the poor translations which we have in so many editions of foreign songs is the unconcern of singers regarding English. Anything answers, as either the English is ignored entirely or, if attempted, it is sung without pretense to intelligibility, so what matters it about the translation?

When the American audiences and critics demand English from all singers, then singers will begin to realize that English is important. Then will come the day when we will know trash and set it aside, apart from good English stuff, and when we have learned to appreciate and admire good English text, the singer will be compelled to reveal it in his performance; and then, oh then! how happy the day when the American maiden of sixteen, who knows not even the alphabet of any other language than her own, will not tell you that "Italian, German and French are so much easier to sing than English."

There can, however, be no denying the fact that translations are likely to fall short of the original in expression of a poet's intent, especially in idiomatic writing; yet thoughts rather than words are the prime necessity in a song, and therefore a translation which might fail somewhat in a speaking recital may be as well adapted to the music as the original text. This simply means that the collection of words may be made of subservient importance, so long as they are made to express the original thought and do not in any way sacrifice the musical rhythm.

In shorter songs and simple ballads, perhaps the rhyming of lines will often appear essential, but in the larger works,

arias, etc., rhyme may readily be sacrificed to preserve the correct original accent and closely follow the thought.

No. 5. Listeners to an opera sung in a language which they do not understand, lose much of the delight which should accompany the performance. Opera without intelligible speech, is the most exasperating of pantomimes; the listener tries to follow the play with the aid of libretto, imagination and the eye, but the enjoyment is marred by the fact that he grasps only a part of the art fabric; the pleasure would be complete if he could follow all that was said. 'Tis this defect which drives many music lovers from the opera to the theatre in America, and which makes or allows intelligent people to prefer the light comic opera to the sterner stuff known as Grand Opera.

No. 6. No! Impossible. There are "books full" to be said about this, but you don't want it here. We may all well be glad it is impossible to establish an American school grounded on composite European speech. To say that English is unsingable is nonsense, which fact Patti, Jenny Lind, Parepa Rosa, De Vere, Lillian Blauvelt, Nordica and thousands of equal and lesser lights have demonstrated most finely and finally; that the language is also rich in power of expression Messrs Shakespeare, Byron, Shelly, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Poe, etc., have also shown beyond cavil.

What more can be said in favor of "our own?" 'Tis the false worship of foreign idols; 'tis the result of false teaching by foreigners, here in America, who failing to master English, have declared it "too savage for song;" 'tis these things which have un-Americanized our singers, and it long ago became the duty of every honest singing master to preach "English, and that of the best," to all pupils.

When English is mastered, then let the American student broaden his scope by an exhaustive study of foreign language. If opera be his goal, he will need to study Italian and French; if concert work abroad is contemplated, let him learn German and French; but first and always English in America for Americans in all branches of vocal work, and by everybody native or foreign.

As the American is compelled to learn and sing well, German for Germans and French for Frenchmen, so let us here demand that the Italian, French and German singers who so desire to, and so successfully do, diminish our gold reserve, shall sing to us in good English; that means a great impulse toward national musical dignity in America, and it is well worth the while. We must, however, begin at home and teach our own singers how to sing in good English.

FROM PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.

Rochester, New York,

No. 1. The sentiment which the words of a song contain, is the thought that the singer should try to convey to the hearer. It is its fundamental idea; and this sentiment should be carefully studied before the song can be perfectly rendered; hence it must be understood by the singer before he can convey it to the others. I should say, in general, that a song was well rendered in proportion to the grace with which the subtle changes of sentiment were presented. Instrumental music cannot convey a definite poetical idea to any kind of an audience whatsoever; vocal music not only can but does, and must. For example, the piano arrangement of the "Erl King" would not convey to an audience, which had never heard of it, the sentiments that it conveys when sung in a way that it would be understood. The words, so to speak, are a strong light thrown upon the picture to illuminate its smallest detail. Many singers with poor vocal methods are highly successful, for they are so clever in conveying the subtle sentiments in the songs they render.

No. 2. I do not. There may be many who do, but the audience as a whole does not.

No. 3. I know of absolutely none. The English language is the easiest for an American to sing.

No. 4. To the general run of songs English words may be attached that will serve an English speaking audience better than a foreign tongue; but in general a song does suffer a little by the change, for the reason that the construction of the sentences must often be changed in a way that misplaces the important words. Certain delicate changes of

harmony often enhance the meaning of an important word which cannot be kept in the same place in a translation. Then there are many idioms which cannot be translated or which if translated become meaningless. As a work of art many songs will lose in translation some delicate shade of meaning (I have never seen a really acceptable translation of the "Erl King" for example) but as a choice of two evils I should choose the lesser and use the translation.

No. 5. I think it is most desirable to have English opera although the action of the drama puts one on the track of what the music means. I do not think people try to follow the words of an opera sung in a foreign tongue but depend upon the action to carry them along. They would most certainly understand it better in English. I sometimes think musical interests in America would be greatly benefited if we spent the same amount of money we now spend in "buying" foreign artists, in developing our own talent.

No. 6. I think we are rapidly approaching the time when we shall produce the greatest singers on the globe. Indeed, are we not almost there? And I am not sure that the language will cut much of a figure for our singers well be in demand in all countries, as they now are only a great singer should not stop at one language; and the time will never come I think when she will; but that she will sing in the vernacular while on her "native heath" so to speak, I earnestly hope and expect to see. I cannot help adding that some of our composers are occasionally very careless in the manner in which they set their words. Many times we find the accents of the words totally at variance with those of the music. We find strong accents on weak words or syllables that interferes sadly with the interpretation. MacDowell's songs are generally perfect models in this respect and so are Neidlinger.

The old opinion that the English language is not adapted to singing is entirely false; and very often those who insist on singing in other languages know so little of their delicate shades of vowel coloring and consonant action that they do not know how badly they sing them. To a well trained singer (not foreign born) the English Language has no terror.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ENUNCIATION.

ENUNCIATION. To pronounce distinctly. That is the gateway through which one passes from the barren plains of vocalizing to the gardens of song. To vocalize well, to produce beautiful tones, is not to sing. To sing is to interpret; to give utterance to the thought of the composer; to make the poem that inspired the song live again as it did in his mind. Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and all that roll of mighty names, were men whose imaginations were awakened to the richest life by poetry, and by them those poems were clothed with a wonderful garment of melody. Perhaps the deepest, at least the most delicate, most subtle beauty of their songs lies in the intuition by which they caught the spirit of the poem and fastened it to music. In them is the perfect union of poetry and music. But our appreciation of this perfect beauty lies in our understanding the words as well as the music. The boundless riches of the music itself and above all its peculiar relation to the poem can be fully known only through the poem. How can one take in the exquisite fragrance of Schumann's "Spring Night" unless the words speak through the music? The spirit of the poem is the soul that animates the music. No matter how beautifully the music may be sung it is but misty and half intelligible without those words that first gave birth to it. But if, as the music sinks into your heart, the poem appeals to your mind, then you may taste the full measure of the priceless draught those mighty men have prepared.

That would be the apex of perfection, the union of the spirit of the two art nations. The Italian, delighting in the sensuous beauty of tone, the German in the nobler beauty of poetry. To him so essential is the poem that no vocal beauty can excuse weak interpretation, but almost any vocal atrocity is tolerated in one who can make the spirit of the music and poetry live again. But it is the union of the two that makes the artist, and of whatever land or trained in

whatever school they are the brothers and sisters of a common race, the children of Nature.

Then if one has the blood of the artist tingling in his veins, how shall he make his conception reach his audience with the same power that stirs him? By enunciation. No matter how well he may vocalize, and it is now presupposed that he vocalizes very well indeed, his power is but half itself unless he speaks as strongly and directly as he sings. The foundation of enunciation lies in the vowel productions. The singer can and must gain thorough control of all the vowels so that he gives each one its proper color with equal ease. There was a time, some relics of which still survive to plague singers, when it was held that mere beauty of tone was the goal, and that every singer should keep that only before his eyes to the exclusion of all else. In pursuance of this idea certain sounds in our language, such as *a* in *natural*, were held to be harsh and unvocal, and the singer was to beautify it into something that pleased his taste better; perhaps pronouncing the word *nätural*. From certain sounds that were in themselves "unvocal" such as *a* a singer would not wish to injure his voice with, it was but a half step to changing other vowels that might be themselves "vocal" enough, but were ungrateful to this particular singer. Instead of its being understood that a man who changed vowel sounds to suit his voice was not yet a master of his art, and sending him back to the studio where he belonged, in such small consideration has our tongue been held that "in the cause of art" any man was permitted to torture it into any shape that suited his fancy or convenience;—which is tolerated by no other civilized nation. Take that fruitful word of tribulation, Abraham. One likes best the vowel *ä*; the patriarch then becomes *Abrähäm*. Another *a*. Then it is *Abraham*. There are three distinct vowel sounds in the name. First *a*, like *a* in *day*; second *a* short, unaccented sound like *a* in *buffalo*; the third syllable is pronounced exactly as though the three letters stood by themselves to represent their useful and succulent commodity,—*ham*. There is no excuse for mistaking or misrepresenting the pronunciation of this name.

Yet only a very few years ago a lady came back from vocal study in Europe and was engaged as soprano in one of the leading eastern churches. Almost at the first rehearsal this unlucky patriarch appeared in an anthem, and was christened *Abrahām*. The choir master suggested that his name was not usually so spoken. Well she didn't care if it wasn't. His name had coarse and ugly sounds in it which she simply would not sing, and she guessed she hadn't come back from Europe to be told how to sing anyway. Which settled it. But nevertheless, if a singer changes the vowels of this word or any other word because he cannot sing them properly;—let him go back to the studio where he belongs. If he labors under the impression that he is improving the English language, or aiding the cause of higher refinement in art, he is grossly deceiving himself.

Yet if the vowels are all correctly given, the work is but half done. The vowels truly are the body, the backbone of enunciation, but the consonants are the features by which we recognize our friends. For one may give all the vowels with absolute fidelity and still be unintelligible. At the beginning of a word the consonants are usually pretty well cared for unconsciously. But equally unconsciously the consonants which end a word are apt to be lost. There is one little song, the words of which run; "When to thy vision life appeared sweetly smiling." It was persistently sung by one young student; "Whe to thy visio life appea sweetly smili." Now if music, words, and singer are strangers to the hearers, as is often the case, such singing is totally unintelligible, and no matter how lovely the voice, is crude and disappointing.

One of the first laws of distinct speaking is to sing the entire word on the note to which it belongs. Take that slovenly habit of slurring words together. It usually comes from carrying the final consonants of one word over to the beginning of the next. As in the words of another song; "Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day's march nearer home," which has been more than once been sung; "*Ye tnightly pi tchmy moving ten ta da ysmar chneare rome.*" The horrible examples could be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

There is no excuse, yet the pupil is but a small part to blame. He does not know, is not expected to know all his short comings nor how to rectify them. He does not hear himself do these things. But his teacher can not fail of hearing so potent an error, and his profession is to correct it. None of the difficulties attendant on voice placing, vocalizing, etcetera, are here to be encountered. While there is always more or less question of the ability of any special voice to master the art of tone production, there is no question of the ability of every intelligent student to speak the English language easily and correctly. The student's possibilities as a singer are determined very largely in advance by the quality of voice with which nature endowed him. But poor enunciation and many similar traits are the unmistakable ear marks of careless study and teaching. To learn to speak and sing distinctly is only a question of careful work, it is within the reach of every one. To some it comes more easily than to others; but what of that? If our ancestors had only done the things they did naturally and let pass all the required thought or labor, we should still inhabit primeval forests, clothed in hides.

There are people who have no idea how to speak. One young girl apparently had no notion that, among other things, her lips were intended for use in speaking. She half opened her mouth, then scarcely moving her lips at all said every word she had to say. Not one of them was clean cut, but each partook more or less of the character of the others; as in some hotels the steak tastes pretty much like the chop, and all the vegetables seem to be of a common brotherhood, the potatoes reminding you somehow of onions, and the corn having a strong flavor of cabbage. She never pronounced the consonants at the end of a word, and her regard for the individuality of these same words was so slight that she breathed in the middle of them whenever it seemed more convenient that way. But that was only ignorance and lack of direction. As soon as she realized what she did it was easy enough to correct it.

Carrying over consonants is most likely to occur where the following word begins with a vowel. And in sustained

passages it is pretty hard to separate the words without breaking the tone, yet it can be done, and the added beauty is worth all the labor. How many times has a beautiful giving of, "He was despised," been marred by the repetition of the phrase, "andacquainted with grief," being sung each time, "andacquainted with grief." To paraphrase the words of our old friend Dogberry, to have a beautiful voice is the gift of fortune, but to speak the Queen's English clearly and distinctly comes by nature. Which being interpreted, as most of the wise sayings have to be, means that a beautiful voice is the gift of nature for which the fortunate owner may take little credit; but to learn the secrets of enunciation, that means work. The only hindrance that remains is the difficulty of speaking consonants on the extreme high notes. That can be done, is done, but the secret of it can only be learned in the studio, cannot be put on paper. Yet this much is certain. The more clearly the consonants are pronounced in the easier parts of the voice, the more natural it will be to speak them in the higher and more difficult register.

After a teacher has pointed out the way, whether or not you will ever attain the mastery of enunciation depends on your own efforts. No matter how often you may be told, nor how well you may do in the studio, you have not conquered until you have worked the secret of it out by yourself away from the teacher. What a man works out of his own experience, that is what he knows. Then study by yourselves, begin to be individuals with some confidence in your own strength. You may slip many a time, but there is always your teacher to put you on your feet again, but even from your worst failures you may learn if you will. Sing songs with the one object in mind of speaking each word so simply yet clearly that it shall be perfectly understood by every one who hears you. If you put your thought on it you will soon know whether you run the words together or not. If you do, no matter how hard a teacher may work, he cannot eradicate the fault until your own ear is trained to hear your error; until you yourself know when you fail to enunciate clearly, and where, and why.

Of course there is not one who does not slip now and then, but if when you fail you know it, then there is no harm done, you are only better prepared to avoid the same mistake next time.

In this striving after clear speaking, do not fall into the quagmire of exaggeration. To enunciate poorly is truly a sin, but a venial one. A sin of omission. This over enunciation affected by some singers, usually noted for their intense feeling, is a flagrant sin of commission. Where one fails to make his words clear we are willing to believe that he is unconscious of this failing and may be set right by a little instruction. But these others set to work in such a manner as makes it certain that in most cases they know exactly what they are about; have done as they did with malice aforethought. That shows a vitiated taste that makes them rather hopeless. There is an old setting of Tennyson's "Break, break, break, on thy cold, gray stones, O sea," which was very popular some time since, as the peculiar property of those singers who pride themselves on "bringing out all there is in a song." As the words come to the listeners ear they are this way: "*Berreake, berreake, berreake, over thy colder, grayer stoneser, O sear.*" "This is vocalizing consonants instead of speaking them, they dwell on the passing consonantal sound, which introduces a vowel. So they dwell on the *b*, until instead of *break*, it becomes *berreak*, with an added vowel sound. It is impossible to sustain a consonant, if you do, it passes from a consonant to some vowel. In the same manner they dwell on the closing consonants until they add a vowel to the end of the word; transforming *berreak*, which was bad, into *berreake*, which is worse. Of course this utterly destroys enunciation, and no habit shows more affectation in the singer or becomes more nauseating to the hearers.

One of the causes that lie at the root of the matter is the lack of regard the students are apt to have for the poem to which the music was written. If they have learned the notes they appear to think they have done all there is to be done. They will sing through the music of half a dozen songs with the same quality of voice, never thinking of the

sentiment of each separate song. This does not come necessarily from lack of musical feeling, but because they have never had their eyes opened to the inner meaning of songs. In course of time most of them would learn something of it, but they can be saved a good deal of time and work by a little direction. If they would spend half or a quarter the time on studying the poem by itself, that they spend on studying the music by itself, a new world would be opened to them. Take the poem apart from its setting and let a student read it for the poem alone, then he will naturally give something of its sentiments, and bring out the verbal accents. So if he would thoroughly absorb the spirit of the poem, then when he combines the two he may have some intelligent idea of what they mean. If he has any artistic feeling in him, it will be easy to make him put some of it into his tone. If the words be sombre, unconsciously his voice will take on something the same quality; if gay his voice will change to brighter. As he goes farther he will begin to feel the shades of variation within the songs themselves, and what a singer deeply feels in his heart he will show in his voice. It is surprising the difference in a student's tone and rhythm one or two intelligent readings of the words will make. The poem to which a song is written is the animating spirit of it. Without the words the music is but half intelligible; it may mean one thing or another. Then give the same sort of study to the poem as to the song; to the words as to the notes, for the corner stone of enunciation is the understanding of the words and the desire to make their meaning as plain to your hearers as it is to you. What you wish very much to say you will find the way to make clear, either in speaking or in singing.

Students do not realize that a song has any message to tell. They get the notes and then sing them always in one way, careless whether the accompanying words be of love or hate; of life or death. Ask some young, or even old, singer, what the song he just sang means, what it wishes to tell? Note the expression of mild surprise;—it never occurred to him that it meant much of anything. If it never occurred to him that the song meant anything, it is hard to

expect that he will have found the meaning. A singer does not have to be able to express in words what a song means to him, for often that which we feel the most deeply we are least able to put into words. But he must have felt that it did have a meaning to which his heart and voice may give utterances, even if words fail him. Songs do not happen. They are called into life by the inspiration of poetry. Only as a man makes this inner meaning of the poem appeal to his hearers, so that they feel the power and fitness of the setting of music, does he sing.

Truly we Americans seem the hindmost of all the nations in this regard, worse even than the English in our respect for our language. If a German sings to Germans he must speak clearly or woe betide him. The French are even supersensitive with regard to the pronunciation of their tongue. Sara Bernhardt after a two years stay among the barbarians of North and South America, was severely criticised on her reappearance in Paris because of her carelessness in pronunciation, some of the delicacy of her accent having been rubbed off in these western wilds. Even here in America when one sings in French, or German, or Italian, the elect, who understand those languages always praise or blame as a man's accent is good or bad. But when it comes to English,—they shrug their shoulders and say, Ah they never expect to understand half the words when one sings in English. Even in England they surpass us. One of the things an English audience demands is to understand the words of its beloved ballads. A song of five or six verses repeated to the same music must depend for its power on the words; and the ballad singer tells the story so that in a great hall every word will be clear. It is the ballad training that makes the diction of English Oratorio singers such a delight.

Why then in our country alone is the language of the people slighted? If the singer of every other nationality is held to a strict accountability for his enunciation, why do Americans permit their singers to shirk or torture our language at will?

KARLETON HACKETT.

WHO IS MUSICAL?

(Concluded from page 81, MUSIC, Nov., 1895.)

I HOLD that our existing tone system has been gradually evolved in a manner not unlike that in which our existing German language has been evolved. In his translation of the Bible, Luther united many of the elements of the north and south German speech; this complex language thus made ready for literary use has been still farther and marvellously enriched by Goethe and Schiller, and the later poets and writers, each of whom in turn to whatever extent he has brought new psychological needs and conditions to expression, has added new elements to the language, which added elements in so far as they are truly made remain elements of everyday speech. Thus the process of enrichment goes on in ever widening circles, and will go on as long as man continues to evolve and to delight in expressing himself and his ideals.

An art of tones without rhythm, without melody and without harmony, in other words without order, would be simply a convention resting upon no rational basis, and such a language would reduce itself to a mere collection of interjections, a series of howls, cries, cooings, growls, roars and moans, which in tone-art, quite the same as in literature, could lead to nothing but to anarchy and nihilism. It is with music as with speech; it cannot possibly do without certain recognized principles of order and relation, not alone for the sake of the sound, but still more for the conveyance of a recognized significance resulting from the order.

I have developed this train of thought for the purpose of stating my idea that our modern music, with its development of harmony and melody, sometimes represented to us as resting upon certain conditions of mathematico-physiological formulas, has no such real origin; but is developed out of individual, social and culture needs, having

their active sources in human psychology and in human society. The only portion of our present system of harmony which can be accounted for upon mathematical-physiological grounds, is the theory of consonance; but this leaves the succession of chords, the conclusion of a harmonic sentence, and the entire application of dissonance to artistic uses, to be accounted for from the foundation. In other words, the main part of the fabric is wanting.

Convention is seen, also, in the distinction we make between the significance and the impression of major and minor mode, as "joyful" and "sad;" or as "hard" and "light." How then are we to account for the fact that the dances and love songs of the French and other culture nations stand mostly in minor tonality? Moreover, we find in the Slavic races folks-songs in minor; and even among the orientals a dance music which is almost monotone. It has been explained that all uncultivated nations have a somewhat melancholy character; that the major mode should be natural depends upon the relations of its vibrations-frequencies, and upon the agreeable impression of the unconsciously felt over-tones. I hold this explanation to be unsatisfactory. My explanation is this: That it costs more muscular effort to intone the major third and sixth than the minor; most speech has minor intervals, and the last syllable of a sentence generally stands a minor third lower than those before it. When an uneducated man begins to sing, he naturally knows nothing of a scale or mode. Thus the tone-steps of the song-melody naturally adjust themselves to the minor mode, because he has been habitually defective in exactly the intonation distinguishing the minor mode from the major. Every man speaks naturally in some key. I generally speak in D minor, but declaim in D major. When I lie upon my back and sing a scale upwards, without effort, the following appears most convenient to me, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, (Doric) descending the same. As therefore the formation of the modern chromatic scale rests more upon social and conventional motives, the formation of the major and the minor, and especially the predominance of the latter in the earliest time of music, appear to me with all nations to be

based upon purely physiological reasons (*grunde*) viz., the lesser fatigue of the vocal chords and the relation of the cadence (tone-fall) of words.

Development (*entwicklung*) in art and science proceeds like every other development, like every succession, it is gradual; every progress connects with something preceeding. After the triad was felt by many to be the most agreeable harmony, and accepted as such, all the rest developed itself in quite a consequent manner. A mathematical proof could not be given that only the triad should please, and that it alone could serve as the foundation of a harmonic system. We can only say that man in the course of his culture development experienced a joy in certain regular conditions.

This applies to the first developed art, architecture, depending on pure physical condition, on the empirically discovered laws of statics. By this, that which was originally necessary and useful became gradually amalgamated with the agreeable and beautiful. But there is a great difference between visible and audible perceptions, it is a bold thing to believe that our hearing organ measures the agreeable in the sounding together of tones according to the physical relations of intervals within the octave, as the eye does in a building by a gauge.

I cannot attribute to acoustics in the development of tone-art, any such absolutely fundamental signification as to statics in architecture, for every tone combination is possible, which is not the case with every kind of building material. I do not know what objection, physical and psychophysiological, could be made if any one maintained that the sounding together of C, C sharp, D, or C, D, E, or C, C sharp, D sharp was to him the most beautiful, that it was harmony to him and that the triad was to him most disagreeable. It is but the question whether a large public could be found which feels the same or pretends to do so, and which could listen to pieces composed upon this basis of harmony with constantly increasing rapture; a proof could not be furnished that such music is absolutely impossible or not beautiful. The majority of the public decides, and when tired of such

music, will follow others who offer them something different. It is the same with the formation of a religious sect; it owes its origin to the emotion (emppfindung, and meditation of an individual, which only becomes a wide spreading religion through the multitude of those who connect themselves with it. The emotion of one individual is certainly a past emotion of the whole in a special form, but why just the form in which it appears specially pleases few or many contemporaries, cannot be proven by mathematic or physical or psycho-physiological experiments.

Harmonic feeling (emppfindung des Harmonischen) I consider to be conventional, which gradually developed by experience, and not as something originally necessary.

[The author here quotes in detail the combination of instruments in a Chinese orchestra and theatre and their effect upon a European conducting. "The Chinese are the oldest cultured people and their music gives them the same pleasure as we have in ours. Who is right? Both. A compromise is not to be made here," adding. "It is the impression of a senile art of an age become puerile." Shall that perhaps be the end of our theatres, and of our art?]

It is the same with that which we today call melody. I do not say that before the introduction of diatonic and chromatic scales that there was no harmony or melody which we could not have enjoyed partially. Do not both words originate from the Greek where they signified at the time of their first employment certain tone successions and combinations which pleased the ear? But whether everything that the Greeks called "melodious" (from *melos*, song) would be felt today as agreeable, is very doubtful. The same applies to the music of the middle ages. Yes, even many of the Chorales, sung by the congregations, which Luther composed or adapted, often from secular folk-songs, make scarcely a melodious impression upon us as little as the words make a "poetical" impression. The memory of childhood's days and the impression of the protestant church service upon the young soul are necessary in order to feel charmed with some of the Chorales. A catholic would not feel at home where congregational singing is carried on, while the protestant would feel out of place during Mass and the music connected therewith.

What is meant by the expression "Melody?" We usu-

ally say "a series of tones rhythmically arranged and pleasing to the ear." For the present we raise no objection to it, but will examine it closer.

I have already referred to the fact that music principally developed into a tone-art by allying itself to such verbal thoughts (*Wordgedanken*) as were rhythmically numbered; it was thereby bound to a distinct form of rhythmical repetitions. Whether sung or played there was always a rhythmically well ordered tone succession, a "*melody*" which although bearing traces of verbal intonation (*Sprach ton-falls*) yet could exist without it. Thus arose absolute Music, music without words. I once heard from a Gipsy band some very pleasing chords composed by the leader; when I asked him if they had been printed he said, "Not yet. I must first find some poetry for it."

Popular dance melodies have often been supplied with verses. Thus music precedes words.

The different forms of music deprived of poetry attained by degrees a certain independence, and found in its new shape (material) the new conditions of their development. Thus arose independent (free) instrumental music. Its origin from songs of prayer, march, dance and work, is very distinctly to be recognized in the forms of our modern instrumental music. Bach's Sonatas are composed of dance song music, such as "Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte, Minuet etc." The minuet has in later times found a place in sonatas and symphonies. Also marches are found in serious pieces especially the funeral march. The rhythm of wander songs, threshing songs, smithsongs, sailorsongs, spinning songs, etc., originated from the rhythmical movements of the body. Although they have not been retained in the song form for pure instrumental music, yet they have enriched it through the divers rhythms. As language is one of the original forces which affects musical rhythm, thus the international intercourse has brought us in contact with the languages of people and their music, and our music has been enriched by taking up the rhythms of the songs and dances of the English, Scandinavian, Italian, Slavonic and Hungarian nations.

It is generally admitted that a "melody" can only be conceived when its tone succession is rhythmically well arranged, and that this rhythm can be traced from various sources. Yet this definition requires yet "a succession of tones agreeable to the ear." If it be asked "agreeable to whose ear?" the answer would be to a "musical" one, which would be followed by "What are the characteristic signs of a musical ear?"

Thus we have arrived at a circle of questions for which I have no answer. Of Rhythm we do not ask whether it be agreeable or not; the most we could say is that "a lively rhythm" is disagreeable to us when we are in a contemplative or quiet mood; but a rhythm, independent of our mood, would not easily produce a sensation of beautiful or ugly; it is otherwise with tone successions. The successions of c f-b-f also c, c, f, b, make an unpleasant impression on me. Why? because when those tones do not follow each other too quickly there remains to my ear a reverberation that I feel all the four tones sounding together and this it is that I dislike. Thus we come back to Harmony. According to the conventional idea of modern music a succession of tones is agreeable when they are in the harmonies to which we are used and which appear agreeable to us, we come to the conclusion that melody is closely connected with harmony.

Popular melodies prove this. The number of people who are musical to this degree, that they not only join in the singing of simple songs, but that they can also be taught singing in part music, is among the Germans very large. It is true that one must not criticise too closely, but the joy these people experience in music is so great that they go to much trouble to meet together for such musical gatherings. The Catholic service through music, painting and colored sculpture (the Madonnas, Christ and images of saints are always painted) exercises powerful influence upon the phantasy, from which something has an influence on our lives.

Translated from the German of Dr. Carl Bilroth.

BY WALDEMAR MALMENE.

MUS. BAC. CANTAB.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

RICHARD HOFFMAN of New York, who made his appearance on Nov. 4th, at the Clayton Summy Chamber Music Concert with the Bendix String Quartet played the Hummel Septet and other compositions by Rubinstein, Sgambati, and himself, in a masterly manner. Some of our older inhabitants may remember his first visit to Chicago, forty-seven years ago, when a mere boy. A few questions put to him while here and answered with the aid of a well worn note book, may give us some idea of the changes that have superseded the old order of concert giving in the West.

Mr. Hoffman was asked for dates and incidents, and found recorded, in the note book aforesaid, that he left New York in June 1848 with Joseph Burke, the violinist, formerly known as "Master Burke" the infant phenomenon of the Shakesperian Drama. "We left Buffalo," he said, "by steam boat; railroads were then unknown in the West, and stopped enroute at Milwaukee, and gave two concerts. We were our own managers and did everything ourselves, except take the tickets. We even turned up the gas, and in an emergency I have tuned the piano. The receipts of these two concerts were one hundred and sixteen dollars, at fifty cents per ticket, and the expenses thirty-two dollars."

"We left Milwaukee for Chicago by steamboat, and on arrival stopped at the Sherman House. We gave a concert on June 28th at the Court House—receipts \$60.00, expenses \$15.00. I played at that time on a square piano, the *grand* in those days was a *rara avis* and only made to order."

"You find things somewhat changed Mr. Hoffman; were you not greatly impressed at the growth of Chicago?"

"It seems to me marvellous, there is nothing left to recall the old days but my note book and the great lake which remains immutable."

“Did you make any subsequent concert tours in those pioneer days?” “Yes, in the East and in Canada, and after Jenny Lind came to this country, I was engaged by Barnum as solo pianist of the troupe. This was of great advantage to me, as at that time I was too young to teach, and association with such artists and musicians as Benedict (afterwards Sir Julius) George Loder and other members of the orchestra, many of whom were superior musicians, was of infinite service to me, and did much to stimulate and encourage me in my career. After this tour I devoted myself to teaching, but played frequently in public at the miscellaneous concerts given from time to time in New York. I worked very hard, giving often as many as ten lessons a day.”

“Had you any connection with other artists of a later period?” “I played often with Gottschalk who, in the early sixties, was making a brilliant success throughout the country. The Spanish dance “Ojas Criolos” for four hands, and the “Jerusalem Fantasia” for two pianos, never failed to bring down the house, calling forth enthusiastic applause whenever we appeared together on the stage.”

“How about the classics Mr. Hoffman? I have heard that Gottschalk never favored them.” “He played them very seldom: but my own love for the old masters led me to study them faithfully, although the bravoura style was the prevailing taste of the day.”

“When did you first play at the N. Y. Philharmonic?”

“When I was sixteen; I played the Mendelssohn G minor Concerto, and I have continued to play there at intervals for the last forty-five years. The Hummel Septet which we gave on Monday, I played for them on the occasion of their Semi-Centennial, when the program of fifty years before was repeated, but of course, and alas, with different artists.”

“When were you made an Honorary member of the society?”

“In March 1854, although I was proposed after my first appearance, at the age of sixteen. One old member voted against me at that time, saying: they did not want any *boys* in the society. It is necessary in order to become

an 'Honorary' that the vote should be unanimous—one dissenting voice kills a candidate, so we favored ones cannot but feel ourselves much honored, the more so when you consider how difficult it is to find a number of musicians ready to *agree* as to the merits of a brother musician."

"Were you not rather a phenomenal sight reader Mr. Hoffman? It seems to me I have heard that you possessed unusual facility."

"Well, I could read any thing that was put before me, print, or manuscript. It always seemed to astonish the old musicians, and they frequently amused themselves in trying to puzzle me with difficult scores. On one occasion when Gottschalk was ill I was called upon at a moment's notice to play at sight and without rehearsal a Trio of Carl Eckert. Eisfeld came to me at seven in the evening to know if I would undertake it. I doubt if I should feel such confidence now, but I did it then without a tremor of fear, and it is only fair to say that it went splendidly, without a break or fault."

"You played frequently with Von Bülow did you not?" "I played with him two or three times at Chickering Hall, during his first engagement in New York. The most interesting of these occasions was the Bach program, when we played the Concertos for two, three and four pianos. The Concerto for four pianos being played by Von Bülow and myself, with a pupil of his and a pupil of mine at the third and fourth pianos."

"Did I not hear that you had recently been made a Doctor of Music?"

"Yes, by Hobart College in 1893. I generally forget to add Mus. Doc. to my signature, although I have every right to do so."

"Have you found time for much writing? Such close attention to teaching would seem to preclude this." "I have reached my opus 124, and am constantly adding to the number; many of my arrangements and transcriptions have found favor and popularity, particularly the Scherzo from the Scotch symphony of Mendelssohn, which I played for you on Monday evening." "Have you not some interesting

programs in your note book?" "To make a well combined and interesting musical program is an art in itself. Those that have interested me most have been the least miscellaneous. For the past two years I have played to private audiences in New York all the Beethoven Sonatas for piano and violin, once with Mr. Adolf Brodsky, and once with Miss Maud Powell. These never fail to give the greatest pleasure to all music lovers. For many years I have given a series of Trio Concerts with Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, and one of the 'Cello players of the Beethoven quartette. We have played all the good classical compositions for these instruments, introducing from time to time the best of the modern composers. As I grow older I enjoy this ensemble playing more and more. I like to lose my own identity in these splendid combinations and merge myself in a sort of musical Nirvana, a rest well earned and appreciated after the excitement and nervous exhaustion attendant upon solo playing with its labors of memory and technique."

We hope that Mr. Hoffman will revisit Chicago at a nearer date than the one which this little interview describes. If our railroads and improved hotels are any inducement, the appreciation of an intelligent and sympathetic audience ought to do the rest.

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A.

JOHN DENNIS MEHAN.

OUT here in our Western Wild's there has grown up a man, a master of the Vocal Art. A master in the sense of a hundred years ago, when a man's theories were looked on with a more than doubtful eye unless in his own



JOHN DENNIS MEHAN.

person he could prove their truth. In spite of all the charlatanism of modern days, time was when the Italians were the masters, when the great singers of the world almost without exception were born and bred under Italy's warm sun. The sceptre has been wrested from them now, and

France, Poland, Germany, Sweden, nay even far America dispute the honor. Among us here is growing up a race of men and women fortified by art and nature, to challenge the world. The names of some of them are household property; there is another to share their honors with them.

More than forty years ago in a log hut in the depths of the Michigan forests was Mr. Mehan born. His father was an Irishman and endowed his son with a more than abundant portion of that wit, gaiety, and warmheartedness which mark the sons of Erin the world over. When still but a boy, an accident cost Mr. Mehan almost the entire use of his legs, and ruined the possibility of a stage career for which his voice and temperament so fitted him. In spite of that as he grew into manhood the human voice was ever the subject of his most earnest thought, to master it was his highest ambition. Not satisfied with what he could do, nor with the opportunities which America then offered to voice students, he began a pilgrimage to the art centers of Europe. He studied with the men of the best reputation all over the land, searching for the secret. How might he learn to sing as the great artists did nightly at the theatre? Wherein lay the mastery of that repose, that control, that abandon? He could not find it. Either his teachers could not or would not show him the pathway.

At last with a voice nearly ruined by overwork and experimenting in his fruitless search, he met with one obscure man in London, who gave him some hints. But even he could not see the whole truth and told Mr. Mehan, after working with him for a time, that while his long study and natural intuition seem to fit him to be a teacher, his voice was so hopelessly strained that he must make up his mind never to sing?

So he concluded that his throat must have been made of poorer stuff than those of other men, and that what was possible for them he might not hope to reach. But unless he felt himself a master, unless he could prove to his pupils that what he told them to do was the right thing by actually doing it himself, he had no heart for teaching. Then finally he gave up his life ambition, came back to America

and went into business, to earn wherewith to eat until it came time to die. But the voice within him would not let him rest. He knew he had had one, one that people liked to listen to. Then who could say that it was gone! In spite of himself he would give tones, sometimes tones that he knew must be right. Those tones never tired the throat, there was no scratching, no hoarseness. Then if he could make tones like that once in a while by accident, why might he not learn to make them always and know how he did it. Others had mastered the secret, why not he? His leisure hours by day and far into the night were spent in conning books and trying everything with his throat. No artist sang but there was one watching him with heart and soul to catch the minutest indication. Then he rushed home and sought to reproduce that artist's tone. Gradually a light began to dawn. From hearing so many of them he could discern that however widely they might differ in character and style of voice, yet under all there were a few fundamental principles that all observed. Just as all men have but one similar brain with which to think, though the product of that brain be a Shakespeare or a Robespierre. So he began to learn, by studying how the masters of song really sang, then himself doing likewise. But the secret of his power lies in the fact that he was never content with theory alone. He must apply it to his own voice and find that it actually accomplished what was expected of it before he would accept it as true. Many times a half a dozen theories may seem equally plausible, but there is one test from which there is no appeal; "Will each of them do what is claimed for it?" The one which stands that test is the one to trust to. That test he applied and not with the voices of others but to himself. Unless he could make himself sing he had very little confidence in his power to make others. So today after years of experiment with a voice already broken, and at a time of life when the freshness and strength is supposed to be failing, his voice is at its very best, ringing as a clarion.

You may believe a teacher even when he cannot illustrate with his own voice. But it makes "assurance doubly

sure," when whatever he asks you to do he can himself do. Then when you stand beside a man and hear him make the tones as they should be made, you know without shade of doubt that it may be done, and study with renewed vigor to master the manner of it. As Mr. Mehan says, "one ounce of example is worth tons of precept." What is true in the world of morals will hardly be found an error in the world of art.

Perhaps no better illustration of Mr. Mahan's control over his own voice may be given than the following story of a wager he won with a party of friends in London a few years since. They were talking one day of the infinite variety of tone color of which an artist is master. How according to the music he is singing he might sound now like a light baritone, now like a heavy bass. An Englishman present could not see that. A voice was a voice and that was all there was to it. Of course in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that is true enough. But anyone who has heard Maurel sing Falstaff one night as a gruff basso, and a day later Don Giovanni as a brilliant baritone, knows that the hundredth case does not go according to the usual law. Another of those hundredth cases is Mr. Mehan, who promptly wagered a dinner for all of them that he would deceive any four teachers the Englishman would name as to the proper register of his voice. His challenge was accepted and he sallied forth on the instant. They went to four different men of recognized standing, who in turn pronounced Mr. Mehan's voice, a bass, a baritone, a tenor robusto, and a pure tenor, he each time telling the party in advance what voice he should color his to resemble. Of course there was nothing to be said and the bet was cheerfully paid, but it had made their eyes stand out.

Circumstances carried Mr. Mehan to Detroit where he has established a school which bears his name and is daily thronged with earnest students. All day long he sits at the piano, his studio door wide open and he who wishes may enter. For there are no secrets to be guarded. Real knowledge has not need of lock and key. "Patents" may be stolen, but that wisdom that comes by much thought and

experience is a man's safe possession; he cannot be beguiled of it. Such is the value of Mr. Mehan's work, that although he commenced his career as a teacher late in life, already some of the best artists of our country are going to Detroit to study under his direction. His latch string is always out and he is ever ready to share what he has learned with every seeker after truth. What he has he gives without measure. As he says, it is like love. The more you give, the more you have. Nevertheless I suppose he does accept tuition. Why not?

EGBERT SWAYNE.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

IT is curious what a tendency there is for a teacher to run into a rut in the selection of the same pieces over and over, year after year. This grows out of two circumstances: The well-known pieces in the list have been sifted out of a large number, and from their attractiveness and sterling qualities accomplish the two things for which pieces are commonly given. Namely, they please the pupil, and exercise an influence upon the taste and musical life. In the nature of the case a teacher learns to adapt the pieces of his standard repertory to the needs of individual pupils. With new pieces there is difficulty. In the first place one is not so sure about the difficulties in them; for the essence of difficulty is far from having been accurately determined in piano music. A certain piece appears to the pupil impossible; another pupil takes it up and likes it, and plays it well. What was the difficulty in the first case? Was it due to lack of proper explanation of the piece on the teacher's part?

Moreover, the valuable new pieces are in new styles. The ideas run differently. There is always a kind of new tonality in all the vigorous new writers. It is not a question of some peculiarity which you can point out and prepare for; but somehow the chords and positions lie differently under the hands. I have a rather smart young pupil at the present time who has no ear for this more recent tonality. I have to go back for twenty-five years for pieces to give her. If I select some piece which was popular this long ago, she likes it on hearing, and practices it to her great advantage; whereas a modern piece of the French school, with its changing notes, its evasive cadences, and the like, she has no use for whatever, and in fact with apparently all necessary good will she never manages to play them well enough to please herself or any one else.

There are two reasons why we tend to employ classical and well tried selections in teaching. Our better acquaintance

with them and the more vigorous individuality of the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and the like, over those of lesser composers. The personal element, the mind of the composer, somehow comes out in his work, and touches and vivifies the pupils musical intuition, provided the adaptation to the individual be well made.

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So operative is this tendency towards repeating the same selections over and over in teaching that some years ago a very celebrated teacher, himself a pianist and artist, told me that he had been going through all his teaching books of the last forty years making a list of the pieces he had used. I immediately remarked "What a splendid lot of teaching pieces you must have on that list." To which he answered—"Well, no. To be frank I find I have gone on giving the same pieces over and over all this time."

Still how is one to help it? Every talented pupil wants to know the best of the best writers, whatever additional they may later put on. Hence there are certain sonatas of Beethoven, certain compositions of Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, which for reasons technical or aesthetic or literary cannot be left out. And this takes about four fifths of the pupil's practicing time. Hence the new writers find their access to the pedagogic Parnassus a trifle slow. And this without ill will from any one.

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Several years ago I acquired a great admiration for one of the older pieces of Dr. William Mason, the *Reverie Poetique*. This piece is a study rather than a poem, or a poem in the manner of a study. It consists of a somewhat vague and suggestive melodic idea, placed upon a running bass, somewhat in the style of Henselt, and the leading motive carried through harmonic changes and congenial transformations with an art much finer than anything which can be found in Henselt.

The Revery recalls Henselt, to my mind, not because of any similarity in the ideas but by reason of this arpeggio bass lying upon tenth-positions, and the sonority and sympathetic tone quality which it presupposes in a proper

interpretation. The subject of Mason's *Revery* is afterwards carried out in a variation, in double notes à la trill, with a moving second part—the technical demands being not altogether unlike those of the Schumann Toccata, only this is not rapid. It is a difficult piece to play, not to be done without good fingers, a clear head, and musical sympathy. When so done, however, it is a very valuable study and an agreeable addition to a program. But it must have a good piano.

Formerly I never had pupils able to do this piece well. By the time the technic was up to the proper grade of this work they felt too much like the colored pilot and the star. The captain left the cook in charge of the schooner's wheel while all hands were sleeping off the fatigue of several nights watching. The cook was to keep "her" head to the star. The darkey got to meditating and perhaps fell asleep. When he awoke the star was behind him. Rushing down into the cabin he desired the captain to give him another star to steer by as he "had gotten by that one." This is what happens to pupils going up Parnassus. They get by American stars long before they reach the top—or think they do. Even dying will not altogether save an American composer's popularity, though it temporarily improves the sale of his works. It amounts to a sort of "Not guilty, since it is evident that he cannot not "do it again."

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As I began to say, I have lately given this invaluable study to two pupils, with excellent results of every kind—finger, gratification and tone-poetry. One of the girls, however found the piece very difficult to remember, since the interest turns so much upon fine harmonic changes. An accidental or two and behold you are in another world. Or at least another key. Mason is awfully clever in this sort of thing.

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Encouraged by this I thought to go on with my progressiveness and so gave one of the same girls the MacDowell *Sonata Tragica*. (I am told that this means "Tragic sonata"—music labels, like those of other reme-

dies and medicines are written officially in foreign tongues). From a technical point of view this piece was fully as difficult as anything the young lady had tried before. And from a point of tonality, it was far and away more modern. It was full of changing notes, dissonances of all sorts, yet always used with perfect art, and when well done sounding like what it is, a tone poem of excellent quality. I was very much amused at the comments after about three weeks. She said: "I thought the *Reverie Poetique* was difficult to remember; but it is absolutely frivolous beside this." "Frivolous" is good, when applied to the harmonic treatment of Mason's *Reverie Poetique*.

MacDowell's piece turned out well, eventually, but it took a great deal of study. The young lady testified that the first movement was one of the most enjoyable for practice she had ever had. This means, of course, that between the music of it and the sense of doing something new with the hands, one felt that there was an interest in life still remaining, after no matter how many weary hours of the older composers.

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I do not pretend to have ascertained the pedagogical value of the MacDowell sonata. I think it was not written for a "dose" but for an enjoyment. To temporarily divert it into the uses of a dose, is perhaps to misuse it. But it is something we have to do in teaching, for the world is so large that if we take the advice of some writers and prepare our pupils by means of study, leaving all master works to be first studied when they are "ready" for them, it will end in their remaining players of studies and exercises, time having failed to acquire a repertory and the art of playing it musically.

I was struck with the great advance MacDowell has made, and, if he will pardon me, in noting how *simple* almost any of the Beethoven sonatas sounds after his. Of course I mean the earlier ones. For example, we went through the sonata in E flat, opus 7, and the pastoral sonata, after this one of MacDowells, and the writer of them might have been Mozart—for their seeming naivete in comparison.

This is due to MacDowell's persistence in the thematic mode of construction, and to the more lengthened character of his periods, I fancy. The same contrast holds between the Beethoven symphonies and any of the good modern ones—even the great *Eroica* sounds comparatively simple besides such a work as the Sinding symphony, for instance. Or rather Sinding lacks the clearness and variety of Beethoven.

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I feel it a privation that I know so little of Brahms' piano works. There must be in the works of that great writer many and many a piece worthy our profoundest admiration, without having recourse to the variations which are now about all that are offered. Of course the variations afford invaluable practice, and they show Brahms' musicianship at great advantage; but as yet we do not find them very beautiful. Still it will be only a few days from the present writing when Paderewsky will play them here in Chicago and then we will see.

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I lately had a pupil play Ludwig Schytte's Polonaise in E. It is an interesting work, belonging to the ninth grade in difficulty (i. e. about as difficult as one of the large polonaises of Chopin). I found it interesting in several respects, but after all it does not seem to repay practice to the degree that the Chopin polonaise in E flat does, for instance, or the Liszt polonaise in E major. Although well made and not badly placed for the pianoforte, it has vastly less melodic material in it than almost any leading example of the work of the composers of the first half of this century.

* *

What follows, then? Must we ignore the new writers? Has comparison a place in art? To these I should answer we cannot ignore the new writers. And it is a problem how we older teachers are to overcome our years of familiarity with the older works sufficiently to take equal pleasure in these new ones. Still more to master the new ones to the extent of accurately estimating their proper place in art and in teaching. Nine tenths of the new pieces fall still

born. Perhaps it would be better to say that ten tenths fall still; but one tenth later experiences a resurrection, through the discovery of this unexpected value, through the playing of artists or the study of good critics. On the other hand, there is a principle which operates in the opposite direction. The old pieces become stale. I have myself reached a point where I do not care to hear the "moonlight" sonata in a recital. As soon as it begins I have the "tired feeling" we hear so much about. It is a beautiful piece, but we have heard it several times before. So also it is with the principal selections from Chopin. They are so very familiar to the busy teacher that scarcely any virtuosity or artistic quality is enough to rejuvenate these great works to our tired ears. Hence every teacher living in the musical "swim" turns to new works. He generally loses by it; but at any rate they are not so very familiar. Then too the young teacher is generally a better player. He may have been acquainted with one or the other of these new composers, and he plays the new works in order to avoid comparisons with his greater predecessors—if they were greater. So on the whole, the new is bound to get its rights sooner or later.

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The city of Manchester in England is rather fortunate just now. They have there a large college of music, of which the late Sir Charles Hallé was head. Manchester was the center from which an orchestra under the direction of Sir Chas. Hallé travelled over the northern circuit.

The head of the college now is the great violinist and artist, Mr. Adolph Brodsky, one of the finest artists of the present time. I do not know whether he has got a string quartette organized there as yet; nor how far his duties as superintendent and conductor will permit him to devote time to his own instrument. But at any rate they have an advanced, genial, and thoroughly serious musician at the head of their school and to preside over their artistic interpretations, the superior of whom they would hardly find anywhere. It was a loss to America when Brodsky returned to Europe. His playing combines repose and great

artistic fire to a degree which I have never seen surpassed. And as he is an enthusiastic student and interpreter of the later works of Beethoven and Brahms, he can but prove a force in English musical development.

Few young musicians interest me so much as Mr. Walter Damrosch, for this gentleman in spite of the brilliant things he has done and is doing is still a young man, scarcely more than thirty-two years of age. There are those who will tell you that Mr. Damrosch is not a very good conductor. But I would like to ask about how many conductors there are in the world just now who can secure better performances of Wagnerian works than this same clever young man? I doubt whether there are an even half dozen. I myself do not like Mr. Damrosch's system of motions in conducting. I greatly prefer the quiet of Mr. Thomas, who has the art which conceals art. Those who know Mr. Thomas at rehearsal know that beneath this quiet exterior he carries a vast deal of musical feeling and enthusiasm. It is his idea to get the orchestra to the point where it seems to go itself. His motions have increased since he first began to lead large choruses, for an amateur chorus can not be made to realize that small motions mean anything. But as compared with any "antic" conductor of the new school, Mr. Thomas is quiet personified. Yet I doubt whether any leader exercises a more complete control over his men.

An extreme contrast to Mr. Thomas is Mr. Lohse, the husband of Mme. Klafsky, assistant conductor with Mr. Damrosch. He whirls his baton in circles in the air, works himself up to a spasm whenever he anticipates a climax, and when the instruments finally arrive you have already discounted the effect merely from watching the conductor. The question is whether these motions are an advantage to the audience by informing them of the moments when the music is supposed to be particularly intense; or whether they do not hinder rather than help. As for the players, I fancy it makes very little difference to them how wildly a conductor may gyrate, if only there remains enough of the

eat to give them their accent. Still, when Mr. Damrosch gets the excellent performances he does I am not going to quarrel with his gyrations. I think however, that more repose would be better. I imagine that the gyrating in reality costs less than it seems, else he would not be able to keep it up night after night.

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I am counting upon Walter Damrosch to be a musical power in this country in years to come. To me he seems to be more talented than his father, the late Dr. Damrosch. That admirable musician was a man of culture, a fine violinist, and an attractive personality. As I understand it, at the very moment when after years of labor Mr. Thomas had introduced Wagner's works in America and had illustrated their power, he still stood outside the charmed circle of Weimar and Bayreuth, while Dr. Damrosch was in the inmost councils of the brotherhood. It had been one of Mr. Thomas' ideals to give Wagnerian opera as soon as the time was ripe for it. Dr. Damrosch happened to find that he could get the Opera House and he rushed off to Europe and engaged a company and took the fort. It was Dr. Damrosch's fortune to come to New York when there were more or less elements hostile to Mr. Thomas. At first, more to bother Thomas than anything else, the newspapers praised Damrosch; then he began more and more to acquire popularity on his own account. And so at length he had a magnificent following.

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Dr. Damrosch died in the midst of the season of German opera in which his own personality seemed to be the one vital factor. The son, Walter Damrosch, stepped in, aged scarcely more than twenty-two, carried the season through, and acted as assistant conductor at the Metropolitan until the end of the German opera there. This was a great feat for him to perform. Of course he could not have sustained himself in a position so arduous and so commanding without very strong backing. This he had from Morris Reno and other friends. But backing or no backing, he could not have done it without great talent and good sense of his own.

It was the same with the symphony society and the oratorio society. Both these phases of his father's work Walter carried on and still carries on. He stands in peculiar nearness at Carnegie hall, enjoying the friendship of men both solid and true. All this means something inside the young man.

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Mr. Thomas is now sixty years of age. His long and splendid activity as leader, in which for forty years he has educated the American people in music, cannot in the nature of things last more than ten or fifteen years longer. Zerrahn is already upon the shelf. Seidl appears to me not likely to assume national importance. I do not know why, but I imagine it must be due to certain elements of personality adapting him to occupy a position as the oracle of a very intimate cult rather than a practical leader of the people. Of all the men left it must lie between Walter Damrosch and Franz Van der Stuecken. These two men have great ability, and an experience beyond their years. The country is large and there is room for both; yea, and for a half a dozen others, if they should be forth coming.

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There is another thing about this that pleases me. Both of these young men are Americans. They belong to the country, and while German in stock and German in education, they still have American molecules in their grey matter, and it puts us one step nearer having an American musical culture.

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Walter Damrosch has one quality which pleases me very much. He is able to keep good men and to secure from them their best work. I was particularly struck with this in the orchestra at the late season of opera. The men appeared to be doing their best, and a mighty fine best it was. There were some beautiful players in the band. Joseph Eller as first oboe, the Hungarian first horn who used to be formerly with the Boston orchestra—an artist beside whom other hornists appear like children. His tone is always so sure, so pure, so mellow, yet so strong when needed. His horn

was a continual delight. Many other superior players there were.

I saw Mr. Damrosch upon the stage and at rehearsals. I have never seen him anything else than a refined gentleman; always with a pleasant word, yet always with authority—as well may be when the conductor and the cash box are so well connected. One who has seen him much more than I tells me that this is his experience, also. With all this Mr. Damrosch is very strong in his attachments. And in a world governed mainly by laws of cause and effect it stands to reason that any young man with talents and a start like this will have a great future. Long and noble may it be!

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In this connection I have been very much pleased to find in the December *Century Magazine* two articles upon music of altogether better grade than we usually find in our popular magazines, or anywhere else, for that matter. Bernhard Stavenhagen has a short article upon Humperdinck's opera of "Hansel and Gretel," and a very appreciative and well made little story it is. Another is the one entitled "Music, Heavenly Maid," by T. T. Munger. I do not know who Mr. Munger is, but from the general tone of the article and the range of its ideas I should imagine him either of theological training or at least closely associated with this kind of ideas. His article is an attempt to account for the effect which music makes upon us as a mode of expression, and to some extent independent of the grade of the music from a technical standpoint. He seems to find the *tone* itself, in its well ordered vibration frequencies and intensities, a token of higher order than most animate phenomena of the universe show. Then when the tones are set in rhythm and in order with others harmonically, a still higher expression of order and number is reached; and in our intuitive perception of this, or rather in our intuitive feeling for this, he finds in part a reason why almost any well delivered simple melody seems to arrest us from the world-movement and to take us out into the world of the eternal and the everlasting. This, you remember, is Schopenhauer's idea. In art, he says, the momentary is seized, arrested out of the world-

movement, held before the intuition and we dwell upon it in contemplation. Schopenhauer does not find in this a seeking of the soul for something higher, but Mr. Munger, as I understand him does.

The article is well worth reading. I should judge from his musical citations that it is not written by a musician versed in the highest examples of musical art; but rather by a sincere man with true feeling, as yet partially trained in the highest musical directions. This, however, does not operate to belittle his work, for the underlying principle of it is the one which at the same time shows us why a simple melody like Patti's "Home, Sweet Home" touches every one, and not altogether in unlike manner to the way in which many higher works touch those who have ears to hear them. The Beethoven *adagio* may be taken as the highest expression yet reached of this inner spirit, this noble god-like order and beauty.

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A very important accession to the musical resources of Chicago is to be recognized in the pianist Mr. Leopold Godowsky, whose appearance in connection with the Summy chamber concerts has already been noticed. Jan. 7, Mr. Godowsky gave an entire program on his own account in Steinway hall, where he had a very good audience and a very superior piano. The program was this:

Prelude and Fugue,-- A minor	<i>Bach</i>
(Transcribed from the Organ by Liszt)	
Variations on a Theme by Paganini (1st book.)	<i>Brahms</i>
Sonata--Opus 11, (F sharp minor,)	<i>Schumann</i>
3d Scherzo, C sharp minor	<i>Chopin</i>
Valse--D flat.	
(Arranged in double notes by Moritz Rosenthal)	
Polonaise--Opus 53 (A flat)	
Sonata--B minor, (Dedicated to Robert Schumann.)	<i>Liszt</i>
Waldesrauschen (Murmurs of the Forest)	
Tannhauser Overture	<i>Wagner-Liszt</i>

The playing was very remarkable indeed. Beginning with the Bach selection, it was throughout characterized by great clearness, repose, and musical quality. Particularly must credit be given for his discreet valuations of the middle voices, which were beautifully treated. The tempo was perhaps a little slow, and the cumulative effect proper to a

sustained composition of Bach was not fully realized. The second number, the Brahms variations upon a theme of Paganini, was another illustration of the astonishing technical powers of this artist. From beginning to end nothing was blurred, nothing failed to come out clearly, and from this point of view, enjoyably. The Schumann sonata went



MR. LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

in the same way; as in all probability did the remainder of the program, and there are very few artists anywhere able to play more musically or enjoyably upon the piano. Mr. Godowsky is still a young man, perhaps twenty eight or so, a pupil of Saint-Saens. He has an enormous repertory. If one were to ask me whether therefore he is a great artist, I should not know how to answer without being misunder-

stood. Any man able to play the splendid list of master works which are under the fingers of Mr. Godowsky must be counted not only a virtuoso of rare powers, but an artist as well. Whether he plays the pieces in the most enjoyable manner possible would be another question. There is in his playing still a lack, when tested by the art of Paderewski or a Joseffy. While the tone-quality is musical and the interpretation musical to a high degree, it still lacks something which would warm you up. I think one thing is the pedal, which is used insufficiently. Probably a greater variety of touch would afford more inspiration. Still Mr. Godowsky is by no means a monotonous player like D'Albert, for instance. Quite the contrary. And whether he is as yet an artist able to go "upon the road" to the tune of some thousand dollars a night (which he isn't) is not the question immediately before the house. It is merely that the accession of a pianist in the full youthfulness of his powers, able to play in a musicianly and masterly manner practically the whole pianistic repertory, is something to be spoken of with distinct admiration. It is in this spirit that one would welcome Mr. Godowsky to Chicago. Moreover, the ministry of such an artist, who can still be engaged for recitals at prices within the resources of the smaller cities, will be invaluable to schools, musical clubs and the like; for whatever reservations we may make in his playing, it still remains sound, musical, and masterly; while as already said he has the whole repertory at his finger ends, being able to play at one sitting material enough for a round half dozen first class recitals. I cannot but hope that this young man will have a great future, and I congratulate the Chicago Conservatory upon getting him.

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I have several times railed respectfully at the philistine attitude of American college men and the universities themselves with relation to the art of music. To me the spectacle of a great institution of learning sending its glee and banjo clubs through the country as a part of the advertising system of the school, has something ignoble and unbecoming. Why should these innocent undergraduates be encour-

aged in the idea that banjos and guitars are musical instruments? And that the so-called music they "execute" upon them has anything in common with the higher art of Beethoven, Bach, and the other tone-poets? Even at Harvard, where the standard is higher than elsewhere in America, and where through the persistent efforts of a few musical enthusiasts for a series of years there is a juster idea of music as a part of culture than is to be found elsewhere in American schools, even at Harvard they do little practically beyond affording undergraduates instruction in certain theory and practice. In opposition to this, I beg to call attention to the way it is sometimes done differently. I have just here a copy of the *Russland Musik-Zeitung* (Russian Musical Journal) published at St. Petersburg, in German. In it I find some particulars of a recent concert of the students Orchestra and Chorus of the University, under the leading of Mr. V. I. Hlavac, so pleasantly known here as one of the Russian experts at the Fair. The university orchestra consists of one hundred and fifty players, all students, sixty-one being violins. This orchestra was originally organized for purposes of amusement, like most other undergraduate bodies, and played dances and light pieces, but in 1888 it came under the direction of Mr. Hlavac, who immediately began to raise the standard and at the first concert under his leading played the first symphony of Beethoven with commendable success. Since then the progress has been rapid, and now the repertory contains no less than about one hundred and fifteen pieces, all of which have been given in public performance. Among these works are plenty by Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein, Glinka and Liszt, for they are not afraid of the new in Russia.

One of the early difficulties experienced by Mr. Hlavac was the preponderance of brass instruments and reeds. Whereupon he had the fortunate idea of organizing a military band, which doing he has this also for more noisy occasions. He also organized a students chorus, now numbering two hundred and fifty, trained in serious choral work. I will revert to this interesting matter again, sometime, and tell what they are doing in a choral way.

The entire experiment is a curious one, and of great importance from an artistic point of view. It is evident on the face of it that a body of students devoting some hours a week to playing standard and new orchestral selections under a masterly leader, must learn many things which they never would learn merely from hearing. Their entire standpoint of musical art must be different. And to the same extent, the entire standpoint of the university itself and the whole undergraduate body will be different towards music in consequence of the leavening work of a students corps like this.

W. S. B. M.

HESPERIA AND ARCADY.

(*A bon voyage* to the poet.)

"Be not hesitant with me--

Let us go to Arcady."

From *Songs of Night and Day*, by F. W. Gunsaulus.

Dear voyager to those far lands
Where sunny hours, like golden sands,
Slip all uncounted through Time's glass,
And weeks and months scarce heeded pass,
I, too, grow weary and with thee
Would fain take passage. But, alas!
I'm poor in coin of Arcady.

A tale, 'tis true, reached me of late
Touching a fair though small estate;
And oft beneath yon bending sky
My thoughts like homing pigeons fly.
I would give worlds, if I could be—
But 'tis an unavailing sigh.
I am so far from Arcady!

The wandering minstrels at my door
Sing songs I've somewhere heard before,—
Songs that recall my boyhood days;
And when I ask, "Whence come these lays
Of love and home?" They answer me,
"Our feet have followed devious ways
Since first we left sweet Arcady."

'Tis vain. I may not now retrace
 That journey from my soul's birth-place.
 The great sun shines upon my track,
 My way is forward and not back;
 E'en though in dreams I seem to be
 At home again, and strive, alack!
 To make things real in Arcady.

A minstrel, lo! this very hour
 Sang at my gate with wondrous power:
 "Far in the regions of the west
 Are set the islands of the blest.
 Shrink not to tempt the boisterous sea:
 For at thy journey's end is rest,—
 And peace like that in Arcady."

Strange intimations thrill my heart,
 And hopes I tremble to impart.
 Where stretches yonder arch of blue,
 When o'er the wave 'tis lost to view
 Above Hesperia? Can it be
 The sun begins his course anew
 There, on the plains of Arcady?

My childhood's fond imaginings
 Fly forth afresh on buoyant wings.
 Again I mingle with the throng
 Whose life is joy, whose speech is song.
 No fiery dragon guards the tree
 Where the rich fruit has hung so long.
 For, am I not in Arcady?

Thy instincts, poet-friend, were right.
 My guide is faith, but thine is sight.
 Go thou, fulfill thy soul's behest,
 While I, alone, pursue my quest.
 We yet shall meet beneath one tree,
 Though thou fare east and I fare west
 To find the fruit of Arcady.

Armour Institute, Chicago.

THOS. C. RONEY.

ENGLISH MUSICAL NOTES.

WE HAVE been hearing a good deal lately about Paderewski's teacher, Theodore Leschetitzky. Years ago this king of piano professors, owing to ill health, renounced the concert stage, on which he had been pre-eminently successful, and devoted his genius to the training of other artists. What he has done in that way everybody knows: for besides producing Paderewski, he has helped towards the making of Slivinski, Annette Essipoff, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and others literally too numerous to mention. Paderewski is modest enough to attribute his success almost entirely to Leschetitzky. "As for my honored master," he says, "he is the best and most devoted friend of his pupils. His method is very simple, his scholars learn to evoke tone from the instrument, and to make *music* instead of mere *clatter*. These are principles which should be inculcated upon every student, namely breadth, softness of touch, and precision in rhythm. This is the method of methods. I had only about thirty lessons of Leschetitzky, but if I become a pianist it is to him I owe it. He encouraged me in this career, facilitated my *début*, and did all this with disinterested kindness. I am happy to render homage of my gratitude to this man, who was a noble and generous master." Another of Leschetitzky's pupils, Miss Maud Rühl, who has recently appeared with great success at St. James' Hall, has followed up this tribute with some account of her three years' experiences under the Vienna master. Leschetitzky, she tells us, is painfully precise and careful about everything. Legato passages are played from the surface of the keys, not by raising the fingers in the slightest: particular attention being paid to the thumb. In chords a great deal of grip is required so that any note sounds fully. Leschetitzky has a remarkable *crescendo*. He employs both pedals a great deal, but the correct use of the pedal is a vital matter, almost a fad; a piece must be studied note for note with regard to the use of the pedal. He requires pupils to study away from the piano a great deal, considering this more important than to play a piece over and over again. He thinks three or four hours practice a day is sufficient for anybody, because longer practice is likely to make players mechanical. There must be very little movement of the body; if he sees a head bobbing he thinks nothing of jumping up and keeping it still with his hand. Playing must be from the extreme tip of the fingers; even surface playing is a specialty of his. The fingers, dropping into their places from the surface of the keys, must depress the key as far as it will go. Pupils stay with Leschetitzky as long as they please, that is if they are sufficiently talented and he is inclined to keep them, but the minimum period of study must be more than a year.

As a rule he does not give new pupils lessons personally for some time, but sends them first to preparatory teachers to learn his method. Leschetitzky speaks several languages, amongst them Russian, French, German and Italian. He knows English too, but speaks it very rarely.

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"The poor ye have always with you," is an old saying; but in the case of musicians, never perhaps has it been so applicable as in recent years. The number of appeals that have been and are still being made for distressed artists and their families is indeed alarming; and even the most tender-hearted amongst us are coming to consider more seriously than we have ever done before where our duty begins and ends. Some of the cases to which I refer are of more than local interest. There is, for example, the appeal which has recently been made for the widow and son of Vincent Wallace, the composer of *Maritana*. Both have of late fallen upon evil days. Mrs. Wallace, now in her eighty-second year, is left with wholly inadequate means of support, while her son, who is sixty-two, has been rendered powerless to help her through ill-health and the collapse of a journal of which he has been sub-editor for some years. Mr. Vincent Wallace, in a letter addressed to one of the London newspapers, remarks pathetically upon the change which has taken place in matters musical since the early days of *Maritana*. "A great German wave has passed over the world of music, driving poor melody, with both her fingers in her ears, before it. During the intervening half century, my father's simple ballad-opera has been played innumerable times at home and abroad: it has delighted hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unpretentious admirers of melodious music, and has put money into many pockets, but during all these years not a single performance has been given for our benefit, although we have had sore need of it." Happily this last appeal of Mr. Wallace has resulted in a Government grant of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund in favor of the composers' widow. It may be interesting to note that we have just passed the fiftieth anniversary of the first production, at Drury Lane, of *Maritana*. Wallace had then only recently returned from his Colonial travels, and his appearance at the theatre, clad in a white sombrero hat and a suit of planters' nankeen, greatly astonished his friend Hayward St. Leger. He had a wonderful story to tell of his adventures: of his life in the Australian bush; of the concert at Sidney which he gave in return for 200 sheep; of his rescue, thanks to the chief's daughter, from the savages of New Zealand; of the mutiny on a whaler, mis-called the Good Intent, a tragedy of which he was one of the four survivors; of his reception at the Court of Oude; and of a concert at Santiago, where payment for admission was taken in gamecocks. Wallace made a great pile of money by these tours, at one concert at Lima, the profits were £1000, but he lost it all in 1850 in pianoforte making and a tobacco speculation in America, where also in the same year he was nearly blown up in a steamboat explosion. It was just like the usual fate of things that a man of such varied luck should die so poor that his publishers were good enough to bury him. St.

Leger declares that *Maritana*, which in 1845 ran the then unprecedented term of one hundred nights, was designed and completed in less than two months: and Wellington Guernsey says that the head of a great firm of music publishers, who had previously refused a number of compositions from Wallace's pen, called after the production of the opera and paid him twenty guineas for a small pianoforte work. The London glories of *Maritana* have long since faded, but in the provinces it remains, like *The Bohemian Girl* as popular as ever.

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A good deal has been written of late concerning the want of symmetry in the outline of the conventional grand pianoforte. The unequal look imparted to the instrument by the inevitable curve on the treble side, due to the shorter strings required for the higher notes, has especially been deemed inelegant. How to retain this one-sided curve and yet make an artistic looking instrument, has long been a problem for the pianoforte maker. Different methods of dealing with the supports of the case have been tried. For the conventional legs Sir Edward Burne-Jones has ingeniously substituted a stand somewhat after the pattern of the old trestles with which the harpsichord was provided. On the other hand, Mr. Alma Tadema has replaced the single legs by massive columns and twin-pillars, Byzantine in style. Now we have legs of different character still, designed by Mr. George Henschel, whose versatility is the wonder of his friends and the English musical public generally. Mr. Henschel substitutes six massive Jacobian columns for the usual legs. Those columns are not spiral, but are turned ball upon ball, the ball or ellipse, which is situated two-thirds of the way up the leg, being twice the size of its neighbors, thus forming, as it were, a capital to each column. These columns, further, are connected together by horizontal stretchers or beams. The latter ingeniously follow the outline of the piano itself, and are intersected by other beams meeting under the middle of the body of the instrument in the form of a St. Andrews' Cross, the lower arms of which, i. e., those nearest the pedals, are curved upwards. In regard to the pedals, too, Mr. Henschel made a departure from custom by dispensing with the usual lyre-ornament. He prefers to allow the pedal rods to work between two columns turned in the same ball upon ball fashion as the legs. Again, the castors attached to the legs are effectually hidden by means of large ellipsoidal bases, which impart an appearance of great strength in keeping with the weight of the modern iron or steel piano. The case is of solid oak which has been toned down by fumigation so as to harmonize with the rich wainscot paneling of Mr. Henschel's music room. It is relieved simply by some floral work of classical design, incised in a band round the plinth of the case, and by some delicately carved scroll work on the cheeks at either extremity of the keyboard. Four antique-looking strap hinges, of wrought iron, give a quaint finish to the top, inside of which the music desk and candle board, medioeval in style are in keeping. The disposition of the strings in-

ternally being more like that of the harp than in the generality of pianos, the outline is more graceful than that of most modern grands. The instrument, it may just be added, has been made at Messrs Broadwood's manufactory at Westminster.

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Speaking of Messrs Broadwood, a very interesting little book bearing the title of "Information Concerning Pianofortes," has just reached me from that historic house. Looking it through, one comes upon many curious items of information regarding the history of the household instrument. Now the concert grands are made with a compass of $7\frac{1}{2}$ octaves, it seems strange to read of grands with the "extended" compass of $5\frac{1}{2}$ octaves. Yet a memorandum of John Broadwood dated 13th of November, 1793, says: "We have made some $5\frac{1}{2}$ octave grands these three years past, the first to please Dussek, which being liked, Cramer junior had one." From 5 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ octaves the extension has been very gradual, and to certain pianists the "additional keys" have been a source of worry for more than a century, as the following entry in one of Messrs Broadwood's books shows: "May 23, 1793, making a box to cover the additional keys." This was a contrivance to hide the top half octave so as to prevent inconvenience to the player unaccustomed to the sight of the extra notes. The pianoforte was invented, as we know, by an Italian named Cristofori, in 1709. From an old play-bill in Messrs. Broadwood's possession it was not, however, until 1769 that the instrument made a public appearance in England. It was then announced that "Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called pianoforte." The Mr. Dibdin here mentioned was of course the tuneful Charles who sang of Tom Bowling and other naval worthies. Twenty years later the modern instrument began to supersede its precursor, the harpsichord. From a porter's book at Broadwood's we find that on the 28th of March, 1786, "Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, ordered a grand pianoforte for his own use in exchange for a harpsichord." And what the composer of the now heavy "Jackson in F" did, others no doubt did too. The Broadwood business is now being conducted by the sixth generation in succession, and in the very house where it first began in 1732, the year of Haydn's death. The premises possess many interesting associations. Here Mozart, Sr., with his little son Wolfgang, called to rehearse on the harpsichord made for Frederick the Great and now in the Royal Palace at Potsdam. Here Haydn wrote a portion of one of his compositions when he had a temporary lodging in the same street. Here Chopin gave his last recital in England, when he was so feeble that he had to be carried up stairs. Mr. A. J. Hipkins, of Broadwood's, thus describes the composer's appearance: "He was about middle height, with a pleasant face, a mass of fair curly hair like an angel, and agreeable manners. But he was something of a dandy, who always wore patent leather boots and light kid gloves and was very particular about the cut and color of his clothes. He came here (to Broadwood's) very frequently and his playing and his compositions, then almost unknown, fascin-

ated me." In 1818, Mr. Thomas Broadwood sent a piano to Beethoven as a present, which the great composer acknowledged in ungrammatical French, but with much warmth of expression, concluding his letter with, "My dear sir and friend, receive my greatest consideration, from your friend and very humble servant, Louis van Beethoven." We are told that nobody except Stumpf, Beethoven's tuner, was ever allowed to touch the instrument, to which an acoustic contrivance was attached enabling the composer to hear its sound after he had become so deaf that otherwise the volumes of music floating through his brain could not return to him when called forth from the keys. This pianoforte is now in the National Museum, Budapest, after having been in the possession of Liszt.

The subject of the treatment of music by novelists was discussed at the Musical Association the other day. Certainly after "Trilby" it would seem as if something ought really to be done to instruct our leading writers in at least the requirements of musical history and theory. An English novelist in one of his recent works pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a favorite song and accompanying himself on the bagpipe, which is a feat still happily impossible, except in novels. In one of her stories, Ouida describes a lady singing "Stabat Mater" alone in a wood as producing glorious harmonies! In a certain work of George Eliots, "a perfect accord of descending fifths" is spoken of in glorious terms as a most enjoyable and wonderful passage. One novelist makes a violin player sustain the common chord of A minor, which some of our virtuosi would no doubt be glad to learn how to do. George Meredith tells us some remarkable things, amongst them that the drum "gives vast internal satisfaction owing to its corpulency." Marion Crawford in "A Roman Singer" states that *La Favorita* was composed by Verdi; also that the hero who had to make his *début* on the operatic stage was prepared for his task by the singing master giving him blackberry syrup in order to increase his courage. In Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion," a lady plays a cantata on the piano; and the hero in William Black's "Kilmeny" wonders whether Miss Lesley "would only express a faint surprise at hearing Mozart's sonata in A sharp." If Miss Lesley were a musical girl her surprise would certainly not be faint. The best way of avoiding these absurdities on the part of novelists would be to get some professional to edit the musical references in their works. But after all, as matters stand at present, the errors of novelists in regard to music are perhaps not greater than the errors of musicians in general with regard to other arts.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

ON December 13, Gustav Mahler, Polini's conductor, gave a concert at the Philharmonic. Program—One symphony by Gustav Mahler, nothing more. But that was also sufficient for the symphony consumed one hour and forty minutes for performance, and therefore is certainly the longest one of all published ones, the ninth symphony of Beethoven and the eighth of Bruckner not excepted. An enormous apparatus, at least after Continental ideas, is demanded for the performance. An orchestra of 120 artists on the podium, an invisible brass choir, organ, bells, a mixed vocal chorus (in this instance the Stern Singing Society), and two soloists—soprano and alto.

The work itself had with the large audience an undeniable big success. That fact alone, however, would not speak sufficient for its importance. More than this public success, however, the diametrically opposed views of the Berlin music critics speak for the fact that something special, something new and something prominent, must be contained in this symphony. If one paper praises Mahler's C minor symphony as one of the most grandiose compositions of the last decade, and another one calls the work absolutely crazy: if one critic describes the alto solo which forms the fourth part of the symphony as a pearl of pure, naive inspiration, and another one designates the same episode as hyper-*raffinirt*, we have here a repetition of the same spectacle occurring from time to time whenever new, not easily comprehended compositions are sprung upon us. I for my part hold the symphony for a grandiose one in conception, not of even value throughout in the carrying out of the idea, but always interesting (*fesselnd*) and full of meaning (*bedeutsam*). Much there is in it that is very beautiful: some places, however, at first hearing sound almost shocking through the apparent harshness (*Haerte*) and through harmonies scarcely imaginable. Nothing, however, is less reliable than a first hearing. Who is there who has ever *completely* grasped something new and complicated at first hearing? And Mr. Mahler's symphony puts almost eccentric demands upon the comprehensive and receptive faculties as well as upon the ability to follow the composer's ideas. An understanding would have been facilitated if Mahler had given us a program from his symphony. Not that his music is program music. But in which connection the five movements stand to each other, what the composer wanted to express in each, set forth in a simple headline might have sufficed and would have made it easier to guess at his intentions. As it is, only the fourth and fifth movements (with solo and chorus) reveal the leading idea, which is the striving after light,

battle, resurrection and the maxium. "Man, thou hast not lived in vain." Mahler refuses to reveal his program.

"At a second hearing people will understand me all the better," the composer said to me. When will the time come that one can hear such a work in Berlin a second time in like completeness and perfection without the necessity of the creator's undertaking to pay for it?

But as I said before, the success of the public, the impression, was a deep one, and henceforth the name of Mahler, the composer, will count for something. "Man, thou hast not lived in vain!"

As a conductor Mahler who had already conducted three movements of this symphony at one of last season's Philharmonic concerts, proved himself a master of the very first rank.

The Musical Courier.

OTTO FLOERSHEIM.

A LESSON ON WEBER'S "INVITATION TO WALTZ."

WEBER'S "Invitation a la Valse" marks quite an interesting epoch in musical art; the ancient dance forms had served their purpose well, and the old masters availed themselves freely of them; the so-called lied-form had not yet been utilized as much: Weber who undoubtedly was one of the great pianists of his period, developed the resources of the piano to a marked degree. The immortal Concertstueck, opus 79, is as fresh today, as when it was first given to the world. Liszt and Henselt, and especially the latter master, were devoted admirers of his works. In a larger sense Weber was Wagner's forerunner by creating a distinctively German opera style at a time when Rossini, Bellini and Verdi dominated everywhere. The success which the "Freischuetz" made, encouraged such masters as Lortzing and Marschner to follow in the great masters footsteps.

Some of the more conspicuous and novel features of Weber's treatment of the piano are the use of continuous octave passages with added intervals, the single and octave *glissando*, brilliant extended arpeggios, intricate double passages, heavily massed chords, and long stretches.

His musical vein is distinctly melodious, always elevated, often pathetic. Of the four sonatas the first contains the celebrated Perpetual Motion Rondo, also a noble Adagio in F major; the second Sonata in A-flat is perhaps the best of the entire set. In the third D minor Sonata the opening movement out-ranks the others, and the last in E minor, is a reminiscence of his "Freischuetz" music.

The Rondo Brilliant in E-flat, Polacca Brillante in E and Moment Capriccioso should also be included in the repertoire of every pianist, and a set of variations, opus 7, on an Italian melody, though somewhat antiquated in treatment, contains much work of technical benefit.

Weber's activity included so much of orchestral work that his piano compositions more or less reflected the same; the "Invitation to the Dance" lent itself most readily to orchestral treatment as evidenced by Berlioz' fine arrangement; technically the composition is very difficult and should be studied in detail: all passage work to be practiced slowly and with separate hands before attempting any degree of speed.

The Introduction is a distinct dialogue, in its way as fine as is found in Strelezki's Study in E, opus 5, or Chopin's Etude, opus 25, No. 7: the accompaniment must of course be treated with the utmost discretion, and the cultivation of varieties of touch and subsequently the tone production, by strict attention to every detail, is indispensable. This is one of the many points where dumb pianos fail to be of any benefit: nor is it exactly a matter for muscular discipline; rather the exercise of close and attentive listening on the part of the student. Execute the long appoggiatura in the 12th measure, page 349, like an exact eighth and take its value from the following note; the turn in measure 15 to be executed on the fourth eighth count. The grace note in measure 33 to be anticipated, contrary to the group of notes in the following bar, the first of which must be played simultaneously with the chord, leaving the others to follow: in a general way I favor the anticipated grace note; when modern composers desire the other version they usually signify their intention in the text, as in Gottschalk's "Dernier Amour." Brahms and Rubinstein dispense almost entirely with the use of grace notes, and Schumann almost invariably places them in the previous measure: the fingering in measure 38 is the outcome of practical experience on my part: I consider it very convenient. As to the repeats, I should consider all of them obligatory, with the possible exception of the second portion of the Waltz part, extending from page 351, measure 33, to page 352, measure 48.

The waltz is to be taken somewhat slower than the preceding Allegro, and introduces quite a little dialogue at the beginning of its second part: the faster *tempo* is resumed in the following Con Fuoco: for an insignificant little place the double thirds in measure 52, page 352, will be found very deceptively difficult; somewhat like the opening bars of Rubinstein's fourth Barcarolle, and Chopin's Etude, opus 25, No. 6.

The opening scale in C on page 353 is a fine example of pianistic instinct. Taken at the distance of two octaves it gives the effect of the omitted middle tones in consonance with those played. Weber introduces the same effect at the close of the Polacca Brilliant, and since then it has been widely adopted by others, for instance by Schumann at the finish of the Allegro, opus 26.

The Episode in C on page 354 may likewise be played somewhat slower, returning to the original Allegro *tempo* on page 355. The piece proper ends with the brilliant chords on page 356, measures 47 and 48: the closing bars, which reproduce the Introduction have been variously interpreted: their meaning however is perfectly

obvious. Tausig's arrangement of the work presents many modern pianistic problems of interest.

Brainards Musical World.

EMIL LIEBLING.

PADEREWSKI IN CHICAGO.

THE two recitals given in the Chicago Auditorium by Paderewski, January 13 and 15, 1896, break many pianistic records, all records, in fact, but those of technical difficulty. Upon the latter head it is enough to say that the programs were first-class in composition, though the display of difficulty for the mere sake of difficulty had not been considered. Of absolutely the first rank of complexity these programs contained the Brahms variations upon a theme of Handel, and some of the Chopin studies. Everything else belonged to what has now become the material of the conventional piano recital, pieces familiar and much played. It is altogether likely that Mr. Paderewski chose pieces of this kind in part for the sake of the advantage it gives him of appealing to hearers with reference to moods and varieties of musical expression where they could immediately compare his interpretations with their own half realized ideals in the same pieces. From this standpoint his recitals became invaluable lessons to all players who attended.

The two programs were these:

JANUARY 13, 1896.

Variations and Fugue (on a theme by Handel)	<i>Brahms</i>
Sonata—D minor, Op. 31, No.	<i>Beethoven</i>
Carnival Op. 6	<i>Schumann</i>
Preamble, Pierrot, Harlequin, Valse noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Papillons, Lettres dansantes, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Pause, Marche des Davidbundler contre les Phillistins.	
Nocturne—G major, Op. 37, No. 2	<i>Chopin</i>
Etudes—Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, Op. 25	
Two Chants Polonais—Nos. 1 and 5	<i>Chopin-Liszt</i>
Cracovienne Fantastique—Op. 14, No. 16	<i>Paderewski</i>
Valse Caprice	<i>Rubinstein</i>
Etude de Concert, in F minor, No. 2	<i>Liszt</i>
Rhapsodie—No. 12	

JANUARY 15, 1896.

Sonata—C major, Op. 53	<i>Beethoven</i>
Impromptu—B flat, Op. 142	<i>Schubert</i>
Spinnerlied	
Song Without Words, G major	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Sonata—F sharp minor, Op. 11	<i>Schumann</i>
Prelude—D minor, Op. 28, No. 24	
Nocturne—C minor, Op. 48, No. 1	<i>Chopin</i>
Three Etudes—Op. 25, Nos. 1, 3 and 11	
Mazurka—B minor Op. 33, No. 4	
Valse—A flat, Op. 34, No. 1	
Legende—No. 2, F major	<i>Paderewski</i>
Au Bord D'Une Source	
Rhapsodie—No. 2	<i>Liszt</i>

The records broken by these recitals were two, mainly: First, the attendance was the largest ever known at a piano recital, and the money receipts greater. The aggregate of money in the house at the first recital was something over six thousand dollars; at the second, seven thousand three hundred. This was for Paderewski alone, with the highest priced seats at two dollars and a half each.

The other record broken, which in breaking had mainly to do with the victory above recounted in terms of cash, was that of musical playing. No other artist has ever played here two recitals containing so much music of the first order and played all of it so musically. From first to last, whether easy or difficult, whether passage work or tenderest melody, everything in Mr. Paderewski's playing appears to have been calculated from the standpoint of the musical and the expressive. This held in the Brahms variations as truly as in everything else. Even in the Schumann Carnival, which generally sounds too short to have been worth playing, each little movement seemed somehow to have gained meaning and expression, and you listened to it with a part of the good will of a continued story.

His playing of the Beethoven sonata in the first recital was very strong and satisfactory; but that of the Waldstein sonata in the second was even more beautiful and masterly. Nothing could have been more delightful. Every nuance, and above all the bravoura, went splendidly, while the rondo, in place of being run away with and made trivial, manifested a tender grace not usually associated with it.

Probably the most astonishing playing of all was that of the Chopin studies. These lovely and extremely difficult works he played with the ease which we have so often admired in De Pachmann, and with a musical expression much superior.

One might go on in this vain mentioning one work after another for praise, but to what good? Every pianist and every advanced amateur knows all these works, and understands the varieties of difficulties and musical opportunities they contain. Enough to say that the magic of Paderewski's art was that which compels attention from first note to last, without ever a single note of pounding or a moment of losing himself. In this vein the audience took it, and at the last there was the usual feeling of the hearers that more would be appreciated.

I confess that Paderewski puzzles me this year. At the first recital I sat very near, where I could see his face distinctly all the while he was playing. What impressed me most was that while he was playing with so lovely expression, the value of every note having been computed musically and so delivered, and when the rise and fall of the intensity showed that the heart of the artist must be moving with it, the face remains like that of a graven image, absolutely without lightening up of any kind. The one single movement I could catch was a slight contraction of the corners of the mouth in certain very critical passages. Formerly Paderewski had a certain large charm and quiet graciousness of manner. This year, while he was not rude, he did not seem to be at

all warm towards his audience; while he may not have desired to der them in their beds, he at least did not look like a man who would go far to hinder some one else doing it. He may have been ill; or he may have succumbed to the thirst for gold. For some one told me that he waked up in the middle of the night and desired to know whether it would not be possible to raise the price of seats at Kansas City. This is undoubtedly a lie, for while I have not now the honor of Paderewski's personal acquaintance, I am quite sure that he is never asleep so early as the middle of the night, and therefore could by no possibility wake up as alleged.

Meanwhile he continues giving piano recitals for his health, and very beneficial he finds it, and I am glad of it. I had a letter the other day from a lady in a small town in Indiana asking whether they could not get Paderewski there to play before the amateur club. I told her I thought they could if they were prepared to mortgage the town deeply enough. I mentioned an upper and a lower limit at a venture, somewhere I said between \$1,500 and \$3,000. I think a little affair of that sort would work in nicely anywhere, almost, in a lecture course.

Some tried to find symptoms of the "craze" dying down: but the box office at the last recital had not heard of it. The papers represented the first recital as having a small house. The trifling contradiction of six thousand dollars being taken rather opposes this view, moreover, there is the count of perhaps four thousand people in the house. This may not be a crowd, but it certainly is not small. It would leave about a thousand who could not by any possibility be put in Boston music hall or Carnegie hall, New York.

In March Mr. Paderewski will play here again, his own concerto with the Chicago orchestra, and later two recitals. We shall see.

Moreover, if Mr. Paderewski happened not to look overjoyed at the greeting of Chicago, let us remember that Chicago had been very rude to him under aggravated circumstances. He offered to play at the opening of the World's Fair, and came here at his own expense from New York and did so. Yet as a coda to a miserable piano quarrel he was abused right and left in the papers as if he had been a magnified and non-human pick-pocket. Any artist has a right to remember an experience of that sort. Of course all this public abuse was intended for the moment only, and to be laid up in a Pickwickian sense, only, but an artist might not remember it in that light. He may not know Pickwick.

Anyway here was a greeting to Paderewski this time which had no reserve in it. He is pleasing more people with the magic of his art than any pianist ever has before since the world was made. And I may add in passing, he has a better piano to do it upon than any artist before has had. The Steinway piano which he had here had a gentleness, nobility, sweetness and musical quality of tone, such as no piano ever had until very recently; and which when once secured by a firm of manufacturing artists entitles them to the honorable recognition of the musical world. May they, also, live long and prosper.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF CHURCH MUSIC. A syllabus with $\frac{1}{2}$ Bibliographical references, for a course of Twenty-five Lectures given at Oberlin Theological Seminary, January—May, 1896. By Edward Dickinson, Oberlin, paper 24 pages.

In this little pamphlet Mr. Dickinson has referred his theological students to what little there is to be read bearing upon church music from the historical side. Any one interested in ascertaining what this amounts to can obtain the pamphlet by sending its price to the Conservatory at Oberlin. In one respect this effort of Prof. Dickinson strikes the receiver favorably. Whatever tends to enlarge the intelligence of the coming ministers with regard to the real nature of music and its place in religious service, is good. It is open to question, however, whether a general cultivation in music, a sort of inoculating the tender theological sprouts with a love of music as she is when she is most musical, would not go farther than merely causing them to read up about the empirical practices of the church in all ages.

A well-known musician lately invited to address a congregation upon the place of music in church declined without giving a reason. The reason is said to have been this: He felt that there was a deeper question needing to be resolved before he would be in position to declare what the place and function of music should be in service. The question was, What is the object of religious services, as commonly carried on? Is it instruction, amusement, devotion, moral reform, or what? A close observer will find all of these elements more or less noticeable in it. But when we come to examine closely it is quite plain that no church, or very few, live up to any very high standard in their church music. Curiously enough they mostly fail to obtain from music exactly the elements which it is best able to give, and the elements which the public service of religion most needs. Music's office is to awaken or intensify what the German's call a "tuning," an emotional fame. This music can do most effectively. But how? Instrumental music can do this in proportion to the grade of its own feeling and to the success with which this feeling is carried over to the hearer by the performance. Now if we take the ordinary hymn of the evangelical service we will find the music rather commonplace, and further deprived of its effectiveness by its habit of playing fast and loose with all sorts of texts which happen to agree with it in the number of syllables in a phrase. The same melody having done duty with all sorts of stanzas, comes at length to have merely an impersonal and Pickwickian sense. Whatever it might mean, it really does mean simply liturgy.

Now liturgy is not to be despised. I am not sure but it is one

of the most important elements in the public religious service. I notice that where they have a comely liturgy, the service always maintains a certain dignity which it never falls below; and upon rare occasions it may rise very high. Whereas in the non-liturgical services the level is sometimes very low and barren.

From a musical standpoint nothing is worse than the Moody and Sankey dispensation. It may be good liturgy, but it is neither poetry nor music. It is doggerel. And so there is a very large question to be determined. Now to me nothing is more devotional than a good Beethoven *Adagio*. It is deep feeling, and is full of ethical spirit. No man can be wholly bad who loves one of these noble and true tone-poems. Wagner like many other writers is as distinctly secular, or nearly so. Sometimes he is sensuous; sometimes he is quasi devotional. Elizabeth's prayer and the Pilgrim chorus from "Taunhauser" are both devotional, and better religious music does not exist.

On the other hand, nearly the entire literature of anthems of the English and American school, is barren of power as music, and is capable of effective use only through association, and out of textual or liturgical considerations. If Mr. Dickinson's lectures finally reach the heart of the matter he will have done a great good to his hearers; and if he permits his light to emerge from under the Oberlin bushel, he may do an equal good to the great outside world.

Nevertheless it still remains to be determined what is the real object of the gatherings of congregations in alleged religious services. There are many churches in the city, where the music is very respectable. The services in effect are concerts with a prayer and sermon obligato, and generally *obligato brevissimo*. "Cut it short in righteousness," might stand as a motto.

Even the venerable church of Rome is not able to maintain a proper standard in her musical services, and to her great discomfort she knows it, which most of the protestant denominations do not. Whether it is possible to go back to the music of Palestrina and secure from that the missing influence is a very open question. Palestrina was a great artist, but his music is very polyphonic and to our modern ears (let us say it reverently) queer. It requires an initial cult before even good singers can correctly sing it, so wide is it from modern developments of the art. Whether in this remoteness there is more of religion than in the seriousness of Beethoven, the sweetness of Mozart, or the occasional nobility of Wagner, is a very open question. The strange and the archaic are not necessarily the religious. That there is art of high grade in Palestrina's music there are some thousands of singers in the world ready to maintain.

In Oberlin, one may say, they have had for many years a very strong illustration of church music, according to protestant standards.

Formerly they had one choir of upward of a hundred singers, trained to sing together such works as the "Messiah" and "Elijah." Now they have two, and the organs are handled by men far better able than Tubal Cain, the father of the organ handling business.

Dignified music is sung in a simple and well trained manner. Occasionally, most likely with real religious feeling. For choirs, of all people, are most liable to the leaven of the pharisees, a regard, namely, for the opportunity and the function rather than for the end to be subserved by the service. Condition of vocal chords, questions of difficulty, weather and all sorts of temporality too often take the place of the single minded religious rapture which the music seeks to intensify; and with the hearers the same leaven also works, the breadth of the phylacteries, good qualities of voice, and pleasing nature of performance, too often absorbing the entire attention.

The art of religion has first to be acquired; then that of religious music.

We do not know whether this conclusion is reached in Prof. Dickison's lectures, but at least his magnificent breadth of view may be complimented. Whether he will eventually succeed in hitching his chariot to the star towards which he has aimed his course, he will at least make a brave effort.

PRACTICAL HARMONY. On a French Basis. By Homer A. Morris. Parts I and II. Pp. 91 and 124. H. B. Stevens Company Boston, 1895.

The standpoint of the present interesting work is stated in the preface as follows: "to enable the student to analyze with ease and clearness the complex musical compositions of the modern school, and to stimulate the instincts of those endowed with the gift for composition." The work covers the usual ground, being nearly commensural with Richter's harmony, with the addition of quite a proportion of exercises for harmonizing given melodies and a small amount of instruction in musical form. It belongs to the very large number of text books in this department written by those desiring to attain something better than the pendent results of always writing upon a figured bass.

The present work manifests the customary indifference to scientific exactness in its definitions, which are perhaps even more than usual derived from the eye rather than from the ear. Harmony is the doctrine of chord succession. It includes tonality, modulation, and cadence. Everything harmonic is something to be heard and to be felt by the musical feeling. Every definition becomes exact, therefore, when it touches these inner somethings which the musical feeling perceives. Almost all text books fail grievously, and Mr. Morris has not missed his own opportunity. For instance: "The distance from one note to another is called an interval. Intervals are reckoned upwards and are measured by the number of degrees they occupy. By degrees is understood the lines and spaces of the staff. "A chromatic interval occupies the same degree. A diatonic interval occupies contiguous degrees. An enharmonic interval is a different notation of the same sound as given by the organ and piano." The foregoing are among the most objectionable which a casual examination has disclosed.

The handling of the successive elements covered is fairly good. And the value of the work in actual teaching will at last depend

upon the use made of it. Freedom in harmony results from a great deal of writing. The scheme of harmonizing melodies in preference to working always from figured basses is a good one. The reviewer has for several years been in the habit of carrying a student as far as the secondary sevenths in Richter, Emery or Jadasohn, and then digressing into counterpoint, beginning with two part work. Carrying this through all the orders, the pupil is kept in three part work until the American hallucination that a 6-4 chord is about the best chord to stick in when in doubt ("when in doubt trump the trick") we then return to the inversions of the sevenths, and so on through. Musical form belongs to a different set of exercises, and perhaps in most cases is best arrived at by practical analysis. The method here outlined results in a good working knowledge of harmony. The old German method also results in this provided the student carry it far enough. The trouble with the American application of Richter is that students expect to know it all when they have worked a while in it; whereas it is but one part of a larger whole.

There is a new method by Dr. Clark, of Philadelphia, which also has the peculiarity of working much with melodies to harmonize. As for the present work it does not appear to the reviewer to be a material improvement upon some we already have. It may be nevertheless. Use alone will determine. Should the work finally get the benefit of the doubt the author will owe it to his patrons to clean up the definitions and make them conform to the inner things of harmony, which the ear perceives. The books are neatly gotten up, and are probably sold at a moderate price. A very important question in any work of harmony is whether the basses given are musical. Those in Richter are musical to a very high degree, and this is the main value of his work. The reviewer has doubts about those in the present work, judging from some samples which he has tried.

The author ignores one of the vital points in any text-book of harmony. He assumes scale to be synonymous with key, and nowhere tells us what belongs to the key, although he does commit himself to the rather reckless statement that "the form of the major scale as used today has remained stationary for about two centuries." This, taking it in the strictest possible interpretation is perhaps susceptible of support; but taken as a statement of the doctrine of tonality, it is simply wide of the truth. It may be news to Mr. Morris, and again it may be so well known to him as to occasion the undue reserve he observes upon this point that nowhere in any musical authority, so far as the present writer knows, (excepting Julius Klausner's *Septonnate*) are the limits of key defined.

The concept of Hauptmann was that a major key consisted of the tonic, subdominant and dominant keys: and whatever other chords might be made from these materials. But the minute we pursue the lines of almost any good modern composition we encounter many other elements than these where nevertheless a modulation plainly does not exist.

Klausner defines the key to consist of the diatonic tones, five

"up-mediate" (the sharps), five "down-mediate" (the flats), five secondary up-mediate (the double sharps) and five secondary down mediate (the double flats). The primary mediate resolve into the d tonic tones; the secondary mediate resolve into the primary mediate. He is therefore able in the very first key examined, C major, to form every possible augmented and diminished chord, and to show its proper resolution and its musical feeling. Moreover, by carrying this exercise through all the keys the student arrives at a thesaurus of musical notation and orthography such as by any other system he will not arrive at until a very remote period of his musical studies.

At all events harmony is a doctrine of chords; and the unity of chords is in tonality. Scale is merely an accident from writing the tones of a key in the order of the pitch. The folks tonality, or tonality of folks music is diatonic, pure and simple; that of Bach is chromatic and that of Beethoven still more, while that of Wagner is enharmonic. These three concepts represent different ideas of the contents of the key. It is greatly to be desired that a true teaching upon this subject should underlie all our harmony teaching, for without it modern works, while perfectly plain to the musical sense of the clever student, remain unexplainable from a theoretic standpoint.

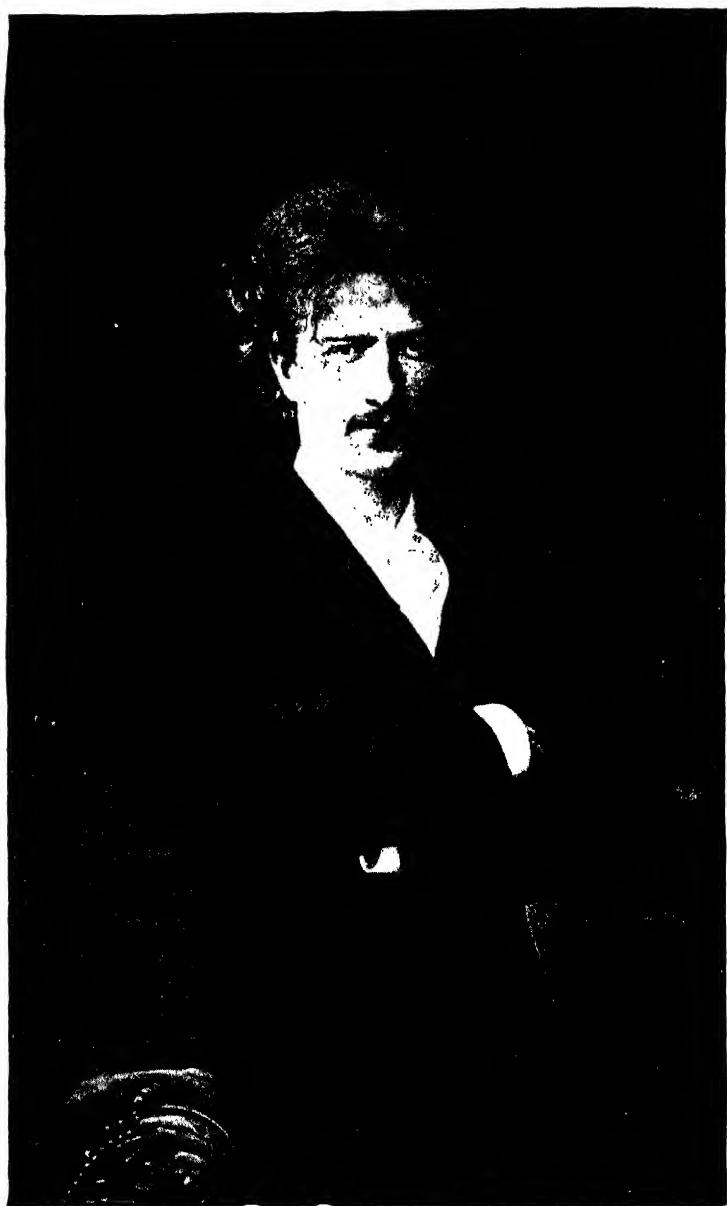
In saying this it is not meant that Mr. Morris is less fortunate than other makers of text-books. He has perhaps not seen certain obstacles well enough to avoid them. Personally the reviewer doubts whether the harmonization of given melodies can be better arrived at than through the gate way of three part counterpoint: nor does he regard it as at all difficult. Moreover, approaching it from this side results in a more fluent and musicianly leading of the voices, and a better appreciation of good musicianship in master works.

The reason of these extended comments is to be found in the importance of the subject, which has the greatest practical bearing upon the results of large expenditures for instruction, and large consumption of time in arriving at practical musicianship.

W. S. B. M.

Mr. Buck's "The Golden Legend," was nothing less than a most agreeable surprise to those who heard it for the first time at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening. It is rather singular that this cantata, written over fifteen years ago, should be presented for the first time in Brooklyn this week. This might naturally suggest that the composer was without honor to his own city, although we know that such is not the case. An interesting fact associated with this work is that shortly before it was completed Mr. Buck received from the Cincinnati Festive Association an invitation, accompanied by an offer of \$1,000, to write in cantata for its forthcoming festival. Mr. Buck replied that he had such a work almost finished, but suggested that the money be given as a prize for works submitted in competition and that his composition take chances with others.

Brooklyn Times.



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

MUSIC

MARCH, 1896.

CONCERNING MUSICAL MATERIAL IN GRIGGSVILLE.

LAST month Beethoven-Boggs, a big-headed, long-haired, second cousin of my wife made us a visit. In part its object was to renew the kindly acquaintance which should subside between kindred, but three parts, were he confided to me that he might refresh his soul and mind, and if possible collect material for a "magnus opus." Beethoven, be it known, is a composer and calls each of his inventions an "opus." As circumstances have cribbed me up to a round of duties at once monotonous and arid, I was naturally fascinated by this personality whose circuit of activity takes him into regions at once enchanting and to me unexplored, and even now when I should be busy looking up the ancient Edomites, Moabites, and Hittites, and other quarrelsome heathen, I find my attention still fixed upon Beethoven, or as he is careful to sign himself, Beethoven-Boggs. It is mere history to say that Beethoven was not born to that hyphen. He took it as Bonaparte did his empire. His father was Jedediah Boggs, of North Gypsum, who ran a cider mill and a vinegar factory by day, and refreshed himself playing the flute evenings. All the Boggses are more or less musical.

Griggsville is spoken of descriptively in the country history as "a flourishing village." It has about eight thousand inhabitants, and is situated upon the Erie canal, and the

New York Central railroad. We have twelve churches, not counting the Salvation Army and the Christian Scientists, two paper mills, three lumber yards, a pulp mill, two grist mills, and at the East village there are two immense woolen mills. We have, besides our public schools, Robinson Seminary open to both sexes, and Miss Talley's Classical School for girls, and we think of ourselves as far above the average in refinement and attainment.

Beethoven's home is in the great city of Zoar, and when he first arrived he talked in a lofty way about the vulgarity of its prosperity, founded as he declared entirely upon corn and wheat, pork and iron. He seemed to have small respect for the powers that can transmute these products into the gold which can evoke all the gods of beauty at will. "I hate," said he, "the sound of thousands and thousands of hands forever turning the wheels that grind out money! I hate the steady beat of thousands of feet running after it! Above all I hate the reek of sweat, and over-spent bodies, that comes up from the toilers digging in the mud after the ore! I am worn out rubbing sleeves with folks as I walk out to look at the sun, and breathe the air. I long for simplicity, for calm, for serenity, to look at brows unlined by vexing envies and petty ambitions!" But curiously enough he had not been here a week when he declared he saw more cankering worries and ignoble emulation in our town than he had seen in all Zoar in a decade, and that even in the matter of fashion, we bowed lower, and more fatuously before the Juggernaut than the city folks. "Give me a desert!" he cried slapping his head. "Give me any place rather than Griggsville! There is nothing, absolutely nothing for me here!"

It is but just to record that the noises pervading our neighborhood during his visit were a shade worse than common. Our church organist was away, and various amateurs came and provoked really dreadful roars and rumbles out of our big instrument of worship, which stands only fifteen feet from our parlor. Miss Daboll sang over her sewing, and flatted and sharpened with unusual originality, and all the little Fitches being shut up with the mumps amused themselves

thumping their dulcimers and twanging their banjos. The fowls kept by Mr. Wimbling, a retired farmer, living in the place just back of ours and across Turkey creek, spent most of the nights, crowing, cackling, quacking, squawking, gobbling, and screeching, after their kind, while his be-reaved cow bellowed for her calf. Of course the whistles at the East village shrilled, the town clock struck vociferously, and the cracked bell in the Seminary cupola clattered every thirty minutes. But Beethoven's criticism that the "racket made the place a pocket edition of Bedlam," seemed over-stated. The social honors showered upon him did not improve his opinion or his temper. Mrs. Senator Bradawl who dotes on lions of any size, got up a soiree for his benefit, and the Griggsville string quartette did a program of his compositions in a way that made him glare, and all but swear. He told me it was a kind of murder. Our Mozart club gave him a banquet, and four young men sang "The Pirate's Farewell," music by B-B., while we worked through the confectioner's messes. Mrs. Dr. Lambkin gave a high tea for him, and had some of the Seminary young women to do duetts, and Mrs. Dr. Sanders, whose husband is an eclectic, not to be outdone gave a luncheon and had the Appleby twins sing the duo from B-B's operetta, "The Siren." But when he set out for Zoar, Beethoven was cruel enough to say he was thankful he was going where if he heard a great deal he did not want to, he was sure to hear something he did want to, and that for intellectual poverty and barrenness no spot equals a country town, where one can see nothing, and nothing happens, and all is vexation and desolation of spirit. Having lived in Griggsville twenty years and identified myself with it, I began to ask myself if this allegation were true, and since then I have gradually become like Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, "full of matter," and like him I want to speak, "to refresh myself."

My recollection of such music as I have heard when I have escaped so to speak into the world on a vacation, is that the great composers have made free use of the Bible. Now that book belongs quite as much to Griggsville as to

any place. Angels, arch-angels, demons, fiends, and witches know no special home, and when it comes to ghosts we have two or three at least in this vicinity, of whom I will speak later. All this region was once inhabited by the "people of the long bouse," those tigers among the red men, and he who has it in him to tell the story can have material a plenty for historical romances like *Sienkiewicz*, or fiery tone pictures like some of *Tschaikowsky's*.

Chopin might have dreamed his impassioned melancholy nocturnes boating on Turkey creek in June, and between this place and the top of Cole hill are a series of landscapes as full of romantic and tender suggestion as any that inspired Haydn, and Beethoven, Schumann or Dvorak. If, as Schumann says, it is the artist's duty to shed light on the depths of the human heart, it is my conviction that about every sort of heart can be found beating in our village, not excepting a Czar's, or other despotic potentate; and if an artist, I mean of course a master, could but have the views I have of the backgrounds of these humdrum, quiet lives, he would have subjects galore to weave into wordless tales of love, self-sacrifice, and heroism.

There is plain Fanny Daboll over the way. When I came to Griggsville she was a pretty young thing with rose-pink cheeks, and eyes as blue as chickory blooms, and was engaged to be married to Tom Barrett. One morning word came that the First National bank of Excelsior had closed its doors, and Simeon Daboll, Fanny's father, had a stroke of paralysis. He had been as hard as a rasp file all his days, penurious to cruelty. His other children being boys had run away as soon as their legs were strong enough for the journey. Mrs. Daboll died soon after the bank failure, and young Barrett unwilling to enter the Daboll home, as he must if he now married Fanny, sailed away to Hongkong after a fortune. He died on his way out. Father Daboll, true to his nature slowly, in a way recovered. He has all these eighteen years been growing more and more witless, only the money passion remaining intact. He steals Fanny's earnings as he has opportunity, and hides them about with the cunning of a crow. Fortunately the home remained, and

their needs are few. Never once have I ever heard Fanny complain. Perhaps her unsatisfied longings she puts into her quavering singing of songs in vogue in the fifties. She has the tireless patience of a mother with her irritable and foolish father, and watches over his comfort with a tenderness that has often brought tears to my world-worn eyes. "He's all I've got," she once said to me. "Of course he seems just a childish, old man to others, but—well, your father is your father."

The little Fitches whose dulcimers and banjos are my pet abominations are all foster children, no kin to each other or their foster mother.

The Widow Fitch lost her husband thirty-three years ago at the battle of Fredericktown. She adopted a child from the slums of Zoar, then another, and another. She has reared twenty. She now has five with her growing up to clean and wholesome lives.

Mr. Wimbling, whom I have before referred to has a face as gnarled as a hickory nut, and a voice like a buzz-saw, and came to the village that his crippled daughter might have advantages for education and society impossible to her on the homestead far up the heights of Cole hill. He devotes himself too her like a lover, potters about tending flowers for her, and brings her branches of what he secretly considers pestiferous weeds, as butter cups and daisies, because she thinks them beautiful. He draws her to school in a little wagon and carries her up the steps in his arms, and when there is a concert or a lecture in what we call our opera house, he carries her up the two flights of stairs and puts her in the best seat to be had for money with a love on his face one who beholds it can never forget. She is seventeen, is Mary, with wistful, brown eyes that change and glow, and flash at the sight of a beautiful sunset, or at hearing some strain of music that touches her. The father, as he confided once to me, has no taste "for reading matter," but the relation between the two is exquisite.

Round the corner on Butternut street are two white houses which have witnessed the living of what is supposed to constitute "a romance." A first-class French novel rarely

contains more. The tall, dark Mr. Snow, is only a third-rate lawyer, and the squinting Mr. Teeple keeps a coal yard. Mrs. Teeple is snubby-nosed, and always more or less squawby in figure, and pimply of complexion. But one spring morning when the red honeysuckles were in bloom Mr. Snow and Mrs. Teeple eloped. He left three children behind him, one an infant in arms. She left a little daughter. "It's pure love, Lavinia," wrote Mr. Snow to his wife. "Emma Jane adores me, and I cannot leave her. She has left the whole world for me, and I cannot do less than to devote my whole being to her."

The sequel may not be capable of musical treatment, but it has literary and psychologic values. Something happened after some months, possibly it was old habit resuming its presence, possibly love, or money gave out, at all events the two returned to their respective homes. Squint-eyed Mr. Teeple forgave his wrongs, and pretty Mrs. Snow swallowed her chagrin, and the two households resumed the old tenor of their ways with the memory of this episode to give zest to the glimpses they have of each other across the locust hedge dividing their grounds.

We have heroes in Griggsville quite as worthy of epics as some immortalized in verse. There is Jake Flinn who saved a child from death the night of the big fire in the East village and lost the sight of one eye as the price, and Sam Updyke who tends the Turkey street railroad crossing, and lost his right leg but saved his passengers by sticking to his engine in the great disaster on the P. G. & Q., the summer of '88. The Grizzled Grand Army men say that dry, little Dr. Scrann was a hero in the sixties. Old Nat Graves likes to talk about him between his labors at his quid of Climax plug. "Little Pills," meaning Scrann, "would start out in a scrimmage as cool as a clam on ice, armed only with his box of instruments, and some lint," he says "and if there should be another war, and I should enlist, which I wouldn't, and I had the choice between going into battle under the care of a regular built angel out of the sky, or Old Pills, I'd take Old Pills everytime. You wouldn't catch him a lightin' out in any other business so long as there was anybody to help.

There is an old yellow house on the road to Dexter long uninhabited, in which a strange old Frenchman lived many years alone, and at last hung himself. No one cares to go that way after dark for there is a legend to the effect that the poor, old man comes back and walks moaning, and sighing about his whilom home. Of the shapes that haunted the Burch place for almost a century I heard from Grand-pa Burch himself, only the past December. I drove over one frosty morning when all the world seemed an ethereal, misty green. Even the sky was green with jewel-like tints along the horizon. Apple creek which is really a swift rushing brook had gleams of Indian red and yellow here and there glowing in its banks, and all the dry iron-weeds, great willow herb, and boneset took on bright ocherous hues. The Burches had just moved into their new house, and Grand-pa said he was "Thankful to Moses." "I was born in the old house" he explained, "and I always lived there, for I was the only son that grew up, and father he died before I was married, and fust and last I see all I can bear to see. Father he built the house himself, an' he was terrible sot in his way. When they was a digging the cellar they come to the bones of two indjuns, a he one and a she one, an' old Peter Dextater, he was the Onondaga Injun preacher, he footed it way over from Five Chinnies to warn father to let them bones be. Mother's told me she tried to persuade him to run his wall out the other side, but father as I said was set, and he said long as they was dead they couldn't be deader, and he gathered up the bones an' put 'em in a box, and buried 'em in our lot in the cem'try. Well father he see them Injuns walk first. It was just afore my oldest sister died. Then mother see 'em, and father died, and then she see 'em again, and Jane Martha died, she was my next sister. Then I see 'em, and mother died. I see 'em afore each of our three children died, and the last time was when Sarah, my wife died. I think that was the worst of all."

"You saw them, you are quite sure you saw them?" I said feeling myself a clod-pate before this white-headed old man who spoke of the walking of phantoms as quietly as he would of weeding onions.

“Certainly. It’s just as I’ve been telling you, always afore a death. There was a long rest afore my wife died, and I somewhat forgot she could go and leave me behind. It was June, and the Michigan rose that run along the back veranda was in blow, and there was a smell of grapes a formin’, and the grass pinks were full of blooms. I never smell ’em but they make me faint-like since. Well she’d gone to bed, Sarah had, and I set out a smokin’ my last pipe, I was kinder stirred up over the next election, an’ I was havin’ a row with Jake Vedder over my back line fence, and I wanted to get composed. A whip-poor-will had come into our big hickory, and he was callin’ an’ so was a tree toad, and there was fire-flies, and the moon was just past the full, an’ rose late; an’ though it was light, it wasn’t. It was all a kinder glimmer and shadder, and I’d finished my pipe and was a sittin’ there a thinkin’ of nothin’ at all, unless may be it was high time I was abed, when past the barberry bushes come them two. One tall, the other shorter, and both young. The moon came out of a cloud and shone on ’em and I could see ’em as plain as I see you, and I see they were dead faces. The next mornin’ I slept late for I was restless, ’till the chickens began to make a noise. I woke with a kind of a start and put my hand out. My wife was a master to rise early, but she was there beside me. Perhaps I expected it. Well, she was dead. The doctors said it was the heart.” He put his purple veined hand up to the silky head, so like a thistle top, and drew a long, sobbing sigh. “Folks sometimes take pains to find out what is goin’ to happen,” he added after a moment. “But I’ve found out there aint no mercy like our not knowin’. When we could pull down the old house the first thing I did was to get what was left of these bones and put ’em in the place they was dug from, and I had the place all leveled, and I hope they’ll rest quiet.”

When I drove homeward the sun was going down into a crimson sea between Cole hill and the Tug, and both were covered with snow and took on opalescent hues. The bare trees etched themselves black as ink against the sky and the firs and white cedars seemed hung with millions of pin points

of fire. Afar shone the lake, "White Cloud on the Blue Sky," the Indians named it, and as the shadows lengthened I could almost fancy alert, bronze-tinted forms, and crested, snake-like heads were lurking among the purplish thickets of alders fringing the roadside. An intense feeling of happiness rose within me, and I hugged myself that I was there, and despite the cold I let Bucephelas, my lazy, white horse, have his own meditative way, as to tempo, and his way is always a largo.

Oddities abound in our corporation. It would make the fortune of any author could he adequately set forth Posy Cooper who owns a green house on Turkey creek down Coughdenoy way. Besides his flowers, shrubs, and trees, he sells root beer, and black berry cordial, raspberry vinegar and wild cherry tonic, all manufactured from the wild harvests along the banks of the creek, and he makes a specialty of elderberry wine, making a kind he claims from the '*male berry*' of special value to men, and from the '*female berry*' of special value to women. Then there is Madame Beaubien who tells fortunes and knows where lost things are, and can concoct love philters, and cure bewitched cows, and Washington Beebe who believes he has lived without sin these ten years, and cures a cough by a prayer applied on brown paper; and Elnathan Dada, who finds the secret springs by means of a witch hazel wand, and knows all about the effects of the moon in its various appearances, and bets on elections; and Hiram Pepper, who is sure he is on the point of discovering the secret of perpetual motion. I might go on indefinitely, but I think I have given some indication of how rich in material is one country town for the story-writer, the poet, or the preacher. Here are certainly characters and situations the most diverse and interesting, and each has a peculiar emotion, and we are told that music is the art of arts to express emotion. Much candid reflection upon these facts has compelled me to the conclusion that unlike all other artists the musical composer does not use his material at first hand, but only after it has gone through a certain change, either within him or without him, as the ferment which makes flour and water edible bread. How else can we explain the fact that the son

of an obscure peasant, born in some grubby, kraut and sausage consuming hamlet, say of Prussian or Russian Poland, out of his own soul, and what he knows of the souls of others, and has breathed in with the air, is moved to a tone expression that seems to speak the joy and woe, the aspiration and failure of all the world? All facts are capable of explanation though we may not be able to compass it. Possibly the secret of our tone dumbness is that we have not as a people grown to feel music a vital need, as an expression of the wordless zone of feeling, a something for which the heart pines, and without which the imagination shrivels. Back of this may be the absence of a friendly micro-coccus or bacillus to set going mysterious new arrangements of atomic cells, or as the chemists would phrase it "molecular change." Chemistry tells us that two compounds of exactly the same composition may differ widely in their properties, and with scientific ingenuousness adds that, while we understand well the elements of many compounds, we really know little of the way in which these elements are grouped together in any particular case. Thus starch and sugar are each composed of twelve atoms of carbon united with a certain number of atoms of water. The difference between the two is the result of that occult grouping. What we lack in Griggsville is, I am convinced, not new material, but a new molecular structure in the old; and when the proper solvent, or micro-coccus arrives to effect that necessary change, I am confident this town will be heard from by all such as love "the sound of the organ and instruments of ten strings." But this opinion I make haste to add is but the ratiocination of an amateur.

URIAH XERXES BUTTLES, D. D.

ELSA BREIDT, THE ARTIST.

IN reading the record of Mozart's life, we find many happy references to the early days of his career. He appeared in concert with his gifted sister, "Nannerl," and together they created a distinct sensation. But the genius of the boy, Wolfgang, afterwards to become a master whose fame was undying, showed itself at such a tender age and



developed in such astonishing ratio, that the stories told of him sound like fables. There was evidently no difficulty in gaining a hearing for him. Prodigies were not then often heard of. The people wished to hear this "*Wunderkind*," and the court and nobility were also highly interested and often showed their appreciation in a substantial fashion.

And thanks for the cause of true art, all this precocity did not end during these early years, but the boy fulfilled that higher prophesy of his nature and lived to produce a corner stone in the great history of music.

Today we find still a deep and abiding interest in genuine talent and that rarer quality, genius. But the horizon has been somewhat obscured by the constant and fitful appearance of those children whose talent, real or fancied, has led interested relatives to project them upon an unsuspecting public. After a brief and intermittent flash, the light goes out. No one knows how many demands are laid upon the patience and courtesy of the conductor and artist, by these well-meaning parents and friends, who insist upon a hearing for their particular little star. It is Mr. Opie Read who confesses to no fear under the sun but the fear of the infant prodigy. He has been way-laid in season and out of season to hear these would-be elocutionists and embryo orators, and is haggard with the experience. Mr. Damrosch, in his lecture, 'Sigfried' in this city recently, gave us the illustration where this hero attempts to imitate the voice of the bird, with the rude reed which he has cut from its stem. The blurred and dissonant intervals appeal to his sense of humor and he lays the improvised instrument down in despair, as it in no way expresses his ideal. Mr. Damrosch, with the instinct of self-preservation which all of us contain, felt this a rare chance to use the incident, "to point a moral and adorn a tale." He spoke of the contrast in this case, to that of the fond mothers, who brought their children to one in authority, that he might hear their wonderful voices, "So natural, that they sang as do the birds," and "They couldn't read a note of music, *not a note.*" It was not difficult to surmise that Mr. Damrosch had often been the victim of well-meaning but mistaken individuals, and he enlisted the hearty sympathy of his audience too, and probably takes this means of defending himself from future invasions.

But there are two sides to this question and he did not intend that that presentation should be taken as all of it. He could not have known that in his audience, at the opera, sat a little child, Elsa, (named after his dear Wagnerian

character, herself), whose heart and soul and fingers responded to every chord that orchestra spoke, and whose gifts, intuitive and absolute as to pitch, enabled her to follow the score as though it were an open book. Had he realized *that*, it must have given him the keenest pleasure, for it takes genius to recognize genius, and Mr. Damrosch's own endowment is so liberal, that he would have answered



responsively to this child, a child only in years. One can only approach a nature like that of Elsa Breidt, with reverence. The editor of *MUSIC*, in a recent article concerning Mrs. Zeisler, spoke of the wide circle of pianists, which narrowed down to a very small one when it came to great artists. A parallel case is felt in this instance, when one sees *many* people interested, a smaller number who compre-

hend faintly what it is that Elsa is doing, and a very small number indeed who quite understand her.

If one wishes to trace this endowment from the standpoint of heredity, it is of value to know that the grandfather, Mr. Schoenfeld, of Milwaukee, had a large place in his heart for music. And there was always, therefore, music at home. Among the five children of that household, Mr. Henry Schoenfeld has devoted himself to the art and is creating in the larger forms, his symphony having been produced by the Thomas orchestra last season. But one of the daughters had a most extraordinary passion for music. As a family, they attended all the good concerts and operas, and this daughter would go home, filled with the thought of the music and of its message, preferring this form of diversion to any other. As she became familiar with the best works of art her standard grew and an ideal came to dwell with her. She would reproduce the music she heard, but as a musical education was not arranged for her, she had but an imperfect expression of the art within. But the *ideal* burned clearly and steadily. This young woman was married to Julius Breidt, whose mother was a singer. He played the violin as a recreation from his regular employment, that of a jeweller. Shall any one say that the cunning of the hand and training of the eye, as he worked with the precious metals and stones and fine tools, and that the ideals of this mother have had no effect upon the endowment of this child, who has come to them? Certainly they have had. Elsa is born with lofty conceptions and ideals. She is fulfilling the dreams of her mother, who had no opportunity for expression, and who quite unconsciously stamped her own desires and longings upon the child, naming her after the "Elsa" of "Lohengrin," as before stated, because Wagner's music was a most beautiful thought to her.

Chicago has always been the home of this little girl, who was born in 1886. When a mere baby, she gave indication of the music slumbering within, by giving earnest attention to any sound that met her ear. She developed an especial love for Schubert's "Wanderer," leaving her playthings to

creep into a corner where she could listen until it was ended. Then she used to hum to herself, when familiar songs were played. One day, as her mother (who plays only by ear) was giving forth the old German song, "Kammt ein Vogel geflogen," Elsa stood by the piano and carried the melody to la—la, clearly and distinctly. At a later date, her mother was in another room, and was astonished to hear some one playing the above mentioned song. Knowing no one but Elsa was in the house, she rushed in to find the little one standing in front of the piano playing the song with *full chord accompaniment*. She was three and a half years of age at that time and gradually played many melodies by ear. When scarcely four, she accompanied her father with his violin, in the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." Soon she could reproduce Rubinstein's melody in F, some of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, and Schumann's pieces. When she was a little more than five years old, her parents decided to have her begin lessons, and she was soon able to read music very readily. She made rapid progress, and gave a recital when about six years old, at Lyon & Potter's. Among her audience, were some of the leading musicians of the city, who all marveled at her playing. As she plays the pedals with her *head*, as well as her feet, it was obviously impossible for any one to perform the office of assistant in this capacity, so a box was arranged, that her little feet might carry along the stream of melody, uninterruptedly. She manages these same pedals with the finest sense of tone-values.

At this time there was much being said about the early appearance of children who ought to be in bed, when bedtime came, and of course, Elsa was relegated to this category by unthinking people. Her parents, who are most conscientious and sensible and who fully understand the nature given to their keeping, are also sensitive, and concluded rather than be misjudged, that they would not consent to any further public appearance for the time being. So nothing was heard from the little music-flower, with a very few exceptions, until of late. There is a mistaken impression abroad about an imaginary harm which could come

to such a child as this. In the first place, she lives in her art and it is no drudgery for her to practice. And as a matter of fact, she spends comparatively little time at the piano. An appearance in public does not excite her. How can it, with ideals before her vision? It is her part to do her best always. No adulation or compliments, or flattery appear to affect the simplicity of manner which is her chief charm. Neither her parents nor herself have aggressive spirits, and this modesty of the household of Breidt, is the finest of atmospheres for the indwelling of this spirit of music.

Elsewhere reference is made to the absolute pitch possessed by her. Her "inner ear" is so acute that she can tell instantly any combination, dissonant or consonant, without the effort of thought. When this power is allied to a musical nature, the revelations of the orchestra are marvelous. Each Saturday night finds her in her place with her mother, absorbing the real meaning of the Thomas orchestra programs with their range of classic and modern literature, and when she goes home the themes are her companions.

It will naturally be asked if other things than music interest her. No one can hold this endowment without a broad appreciation of all that is beautiful and true and of good report. When quite a child she asked her dollies to sit in a row and be her audience, conducting them forthwith to the sofa. There they have remained in fancy, ever since, outgrown for something larger and more alive. And now, the black kitty, who is her companion, lies under the piano when there is music. Recently she grabbed him up with a loving hug, after she had been playing some beautiful compositions and improvising, and said, "You know all about it, don't you, kitty?"

Her artistic nature cries out for expression in color and she has even attempted to catch the fleeting glints of the opal. Lately, when a friend brought to her some water colors of a finer quality than those she had used before, her joy knew no bounds. Her appreciation of the browns, and other subdued colors, was even more intense than of the glowing primaries, showing the utmost refinement in this

province. When sketching the outline of anything, she holds it off critically, and says, "But it isn't as good as it ought to be," showing that same striving after ideals. In her studies she is fortunate in having lessons in German, English, Arithmetic, Geography and History, of a private teacher. She literally absorbs these branches. Her instructor, who is familiar with all grades of intellect, through her association in the training school, says that Elsa's grasp is far and away ahead of the most brilliant pupils she ever taught. In one short year, with but a single hour's instruction each week, she has advanced from the primer to the work of the fifth and sixth grades, thoroughly assimilating her studies. Her chirography is a model of neatness and her expression of language in both English and German, is remarkably fluent. She composes essays on different historical themes, and allows her fantasy free play in inscribing the same to this beloved teacher, in some such fashion as this, "To my dear Miss Chrysanthemum," "To my sublime evening star," etc. During this lesson hour, she sometimes catches the sound of her father's musical whistle, and suddenly says, "There, that is Lohengrin," or, "Do you hear Tristan." These Wagnerian characters are very entities to her, for this active imagination of hers peoples a world of its own.

At this writing Elsa is playing in the most artistic way, compositions like Grieg's "Butterflies," Godard's "Gavotte," Chopin numbers, Schumann's "Bird as Prophet," etc. There is a maturity in her conception and interpretation which makes one scarcely believe their own ears. But it is in her own compositions that the wonder of it all comes in. She will improvise on a given theme and thread her way through intricate harmonies, always preserving her equilibrium, though her listeners tremble at the audacity of her harmonic effects. Her hands, which do not cover an octave easily, sweep over extended arpeggios and chords without the least effort. The freedom of childhood is hers, and the influence of the modern school, with Grieg and Wagner as exponents, has colored her creative thought, which however, is perfectly original.

Fancy the sensations of the father, when she composed for him a ‘‘birthday greeting,’’ several years ago. Money could not buy such a gift, but love and genius produced it. And the compositions have come ever since, some of them recorded by interested friends, while others vanished into the air, as she had not then learned the symbols for the thought within. Her ‘‘Fantasie Impromptu’’ would interest artists and composers, alike, and should be caught while it is fresh in her memory.

It will be seen that this sketch is not the record of a prodigy, but rather a glimpse of a rare spirit of music, who has come to reside among us.

The accompanying photographs, tell the story of Elsa. The baby picture, shows a *spirituelle* quality, very unusual, while in the one of later date, every line and feature, and the pose itself, speaks the artist soul within. That two wise and loving parents are back of this nature, one cannot be too thankful. The unfolding of her wonderful gifts will be watched with keen interest by those who have followed her career thus far.

MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

THEMATIC AND OTHER SIGNIFICANCES IN GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

GOUNOD'S representative work is so familiar to the present generation of opera goers and to intelligent music students that analysis of any part of its contents, musical, emotional or dramatic, seems superfluous. Nevertheless, it is to be questioned whether the full burden of the employment of repeated motives in it—repeated motives as distinguished from what we understand as leading motives—be as well comprehended as is due to one of the striking traits of a beautiful *chef-d'œuvre*. They have not a little been lost to sight in the popular acceptance of "Faust" as a whole. Gounod did not employ them with the close and constant relationship to the text or the situation that Wagner and the Wagnerian school of psychologic music-makers so conscientiously illustrate. Indeed, one is occasionally surprised at what seems a slighted opportunity for a theme's recurrence or modification. The French composer's system seems more a semi-system. It appears desultory when compared with the contents of "Tristan" or "Parsifal." But it is a system seriously thought out by Gounod; sufficiently firm in development to be impressive. It turns Gounod's opera into a score by a moral philosopher. A spiritual and intellectual undercurrent comes to notice that the casual or less thoughtful auditor never suspects, and for which "Faust" as merely a thing of musical beauty is not a whit the worse. We find that its passionate tragedy has a secret office, as strenuous as Goethe's play.

Gounod may be said to build "Faust," as to its strongest philosophic emotionality, on the familiar theme which we meet first, not in the Prelude, but in the opera's first act, where Faust tells Mephistopheles what he desires most. (In citations, I shall quote the French text, with occasional

use of the Italian version as well.) This chief, and so-to-say master, theme is, of course, the cry, "A moi les plaisirs." ("I wish for delights.") The musical phrase runs thus (Ex. 1):



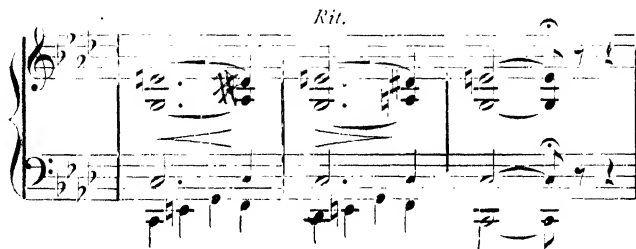
We shall find that throughout the opera this figure is re-introduced, modified, turned about, made now major and now minor in mode, augmented or diminished, all in a most remarkable relation to the emotional episodes in hand. The phrase pervades the opera, from act to act. Moreover, from the conclusion of its first development, from a fragment of it (Ex. 3):



is made a significant allusion in the latter part of the garden scene; and, in an equally subtle way, in the last scene of the opera—where this fragment comes forward again with Marguerite's address to Faust, "Oui, c'est toi, je t'aime! Me voilà sauvée!" By the employment of this one musical figure we will presently discover that Gounod has worked out in "Faust" a declaration that has nothing to do with music, but which has a great deal to do with morals. It is not new. It is contrary to most comminatory theology. This French opera insists that human love is ever divine in essential quality; that mortality is not to be chastised in another world for the expression of love in its supremest degrees in this one, let it lead toward what error and frailty it may; that, through its inseparable kinship with celestial love, it redeems in eternity, does not damn. The poet and playwright, Robert Buchanan, says: "What is pure one moment, I surmise, is pure forever; in a world's despite." This is a dangerous audacity in the ears of the Church, or even in the general ranks of secular and social life. The despised world hardly is prepared to admit it. It can perhaps consider such an idea with less horripilation when the tract is an opera. This striking moral in a score we shall

meet for more particular study in its place in the present essay.

"Faust" opens its descriptive Prelude with a single chord, fortissimo and prolonged, from the strings and wind. It stands evidently for an outcry of Faust (which the first scene will shortly elaborate) against life as it has come to be life to him. The orchestral ejaculation condenses the longer and later vocal outcry, "Maudites soyez vous, O voluptes humains!" To this violence succeeds a mood more normal to the disappointed magician. In arid, somber, groping harmonies from the strings is pictured a deeper gloom and disgust. The only variation in its current (not one for its relief) comes with the phrase (Ex. 3):



There is suggested a regret, simple regret, in this. Then comes again the former hoarse outcry, a spasm of protest and appeal, followed by reactive depression and submission—and by the same specific sentiment of regret; it may be for lost youth, for vanished physical force. After it, Faust's mental misery closes around him to the degree of inertia. Violins, violas and 'cellos portray a burden too heavy for revolt. Yet this mood lightens, at last. Faust appears to



(Ex. 4.)

question, twice or thrice, whether all sense of success, all capacity for enjoyment is dead or unavailing. The tympani

accent such interrogations as being without any answer. (Ex. 4):

With this, however, Gounod either abruptly turns aside from pursuing the philosophical and descriptive development of the Prelude; or else—as is more likely—he continues a section of it in much lighter vein. This change is indicated by the sudden rise of the figure on the harp, as introduction to the clear and serene melody of the clarinet (Ex. 5):



be it a softer train of thought, possibly of hope, on Faust's part, or not. The change from description of Faust's mood is further indicated by the little group of pastoral antiphons or *stornelli*, respectively for the clarinet, horn and oboe, beginning (Ex. 6.):



and then is vaguely advanced an ecclesiastical hint that comes with the final church chords of the Prelude, like a strain of celestial music, full of suavity and beatification. This whole Prelude is not easily ciphered out into coherent relationships, nor to be arbitrarily considered as more than music, after it passes the middle episode, and the passage noted as Ex. 4. Gounod has further impaired any intellectuality in its later course by using for the *entrée* of Valentine, in the second act, the melody for his cavatina, (Ex. 5), which becomes the well known "Dieu puissant, O Dieu d'amour!" Even the grave organ chords *pp*, at the Prelude's end are but vaguely allusive. All through the opera, Faust and heaven are not very directly and mutually concerned; albeit the matter is quite different as regards Marguerite.

We leave the Prelude. The first scene of Act I opens with a more direct and detailed description of Faust's dejection.

tion and disgust than was that of the Prelude—naturally, for at this time Faust's own thoughts and words will enhance it. These gloomy gropings of the wood and strings, those sighs, that relentless throb of the basses, which during eight or ten measures reiterate their low A—all this belongs to quite descriptive scoring. Passing two interruptions to Faust's soliloquy, the Harvester's Songs (both interruptions from without), and finding Faust reverting to his former agitation, we reach his call, "A moi, Satan!" The appearance of Mephistopheles from the wall, and his reply "Me voici!" with the harsh uproar from the orchestra, is succeeded by five chords, abruptly gentle and contrasting. They are of distinction as a motif. (Ex. 7):



Not anywhere throughout "Faust" has Gounod ticketed Mephistopheles with a really characteristic and recurrent theme that seems to be enough of an insistent one, in view of the fiend's prominence in the action of the opera. But the above figure recurs, as we shall see; and it refers to Mephistopheles several times with unmistakable reiteration. With sundry variants as to their harmony and instrumentation, these chords are Mephistopheles' personal property. In making it grave and ecclesiastical, instead of affixing to his demon some eccentric or noisy phrase, Gounod either burlesques with much refinement, or else writes into his score a bit of spiritual philosophy. This devil is to be no red and yellow and sulphur-reeking fiend. He is to be a more malignant and self-contained enemy. He is to be the churchman's devil—a devil of intellect, a devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, who needs none of the usual lurid musical *entourage* of his race. In a sense, this Mephistopheles is an ecclesiastic turned upside down, wrong side out, much as Lucifer, his

master, is an angelic perversion. In Mephisto is a good deal the kind of devil that one associates with the *Messe Noir*.

In reply to the fiend's question of what he, Faust, most desires, there springs up Faust's instant, passionate longing for pleasure; for the pleasures of the senses only, physical joy. The musical phrase is that specially significant one referred to by Ex. 1. We will call it the theme of Faust's Desire for Pleasure. Its vocal context is of course the words, "*A moi les plaisirs!*" Next is to be noted also a particular Mozartian reference; at least it is something which Gounod, the student and adorer of "*Don Giovanni*," must have written with intention. The reader will recall the reserve of the trombones in the score of Mozart's opera until the doom of darkness closes about the hero, when they are brought in to enhance so much the effectiveness of the score. As Mephistopheles tells Faust, "Here I shall be at your command; but down there you will be at mine" ("*La-bas, tu seras au mien,*") Gounod suddenly and solemnly brings in his brass, throughout a group of some five measures (Ex. 8), in a way eloquent of Mozartian inspiration. The likeness is unmistakably not accident, in view of the situation: (Ex. 8.)



It is hardly necessary to note that as Mephistopheles discloses Marguerite to Faust in the anticipatory "vision," there is heard not only a descriptive figure from the violins, as accompanying the movement of the spinning wheel, but phrases of the coming Garden Scene—the "*Je veux t'aimer,*" etc., and the "*O nuit d'amour;*" here prophetic, just as in the final Prison Scene they are retrospective.

With the brilliant allegro for Faust and Mephistopheles,

on the theme of Faust's Desire for Pleasure, the act ends. The recurrence and emphasizing of it suggest that with Faust all now is eagerness, ardor and ignorance of the cost of his coming gratifications. In his rejuvenescence, he already is helpless to avert what is to be reaped. It has been more than once observed by critics that in this interview between Faust and Mephistopheles the music allotted to the demon hardly is in full keeping with so malignant a personality. It smacks more of persiflage than of perdition—according to some censors. But we have in it only a fine instance of Gounod's nice sense of a situation and appreciation of types. Mephisto does not terrify Faust. Mephisto does not reason with Faust. He does not wish Faust to reason, to waver over his proposal. He treats it as airily as he can, in making it. The few touches of solemnity are as if involuntarily and apologetically slipped in. They are sufficient.

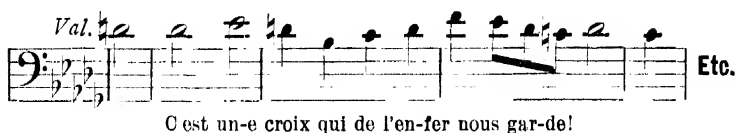
Act II opens with an admirable example of sustained humor in choral episodes. There is nothing Teutonic in Gounod's "Kirmess." These convives, students, village-maids and matrons, these soldiers or gaffers, are all very French. Few operas can boast such a string of vivacities as leads up to Valentine's appearance. To Valentine, the "sainte medaille" in his hand, presently falls the suave cavatina, "Dieu puissant, O dieu d'amour!" identical, in not much wisdom, with the bit from the Prelude whence it was taken, and with an unlucky effect of desultoriness. As comes the resistance to Mephistopheles' arts, made by Valentine, Siebel and their companions, there occurs what is practically a theme for a German church-chorale. It is, as such, appropriate to an exorcistic episode; and is appropriately Teutonic and ecclesiastical in spirit (Ex. 9):



De l'en-fer qui vient e-mous-ser nos arm-es.

And presently (with an equally fitting reference to the Church as the bulwark of exorcism), occurs another chorale

idea worthy of Bach, very German and positive. One could make an organ fugue out of it (Ex. 10):



The discomfited Mephistopheles, once more alone, is joined by Faust. He turns to Faust with his question, "What do you wish of me?" We hear at once the theme of Faust's Desire for Pleasure, from the clarinet; the score expressing faithfully what is in Faust's mind and at his tongue's end. It is as if Faust was saying to himself, "This 'delight' that I was promised, that pleasure which can come only with youthful passion,—where is it? Mephistopheles is slow in paying his promises." In evidence of his eagerness and suspicion he bluntly asks, "Ou se cache la belle enfant que ton art m'a fait voir?"

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA.

OF ALL the bright and interesting talkers I have met among musicians, there are none more ready, or keener to observe than this quiet leader of what is now perhaps the best military band in the world, John Phillip Sousa. And there are very few musicians, if any, whose thinking covers a wider range of musical interest. So much at least impressed me in a not long talk I had with him the other day, during his Chicago engagement.

Mr. Sousa was not originally a player in a band. He was a violinist, and at the age of seventeen was conductor of an opera company, a profession which he followed for several years, in fact until the offer of the leadership of the Marine Band at Washington induced him to change to this field. The proposition was repugnant to him at first, and there is a letter still extant, which he wrote his mother while the matter was pending, in which he deplored the grievous alternative of giving up almost everything which the world of music contained for him in leaving the orchestra, or enduring the hardships of "the road" for the sake of not being musically impoverished by the brass band. However, when he got home to Washington matters were successfully put to him in such light as to over-balance his hesitation, and then ensued the ten years brilliant success with the new organization.

It is lucky for somebody that Sousa hails from the District of Columbia and is not disposed to go into politics, for if he were to try this field he would be a distinguished success. Few men have as much personal magnetism, and very few indeed so shrewd an observing power and tact. An incident will illustrate. When he first took the Marine Band, it occurred to him that he would need copies of national airs of all the nations represented to our government, for complimentary use on official occasions. So he quickly began to gather them and presently had a little book of them ar-

ranged for the band. These books always went along upon official occasions where the services of the band were required. It happened upon one occasion that Secretary Tracy of the Navy Department was escorting a number of foreign visitors to Mount Vernon and sent an assistant to ask Mr. Sousa whether he could play the national airs of any of these people. Whereupon Sousa asked for exact information concerning the nationalities. After a few minutes the assistant returned with about thirteen nationalities, and it happened that Sousa was able to fit them all but one or two. This incident led to the preparation of his large work upon national airs, a collection of some hundreds of airs officially representative, and the merely popular airs of the country.

"I take the ground," said Mr. Sousa, "that we have no national air in this country. The nearest we come to it is Hail Columbia, the music of which at least was written in this country, for this was known as the 'President's March' for a number of years before the words of 'Hail Columbia' were adapted to it." No!" he continued, "I do not consider this or any of our patriotic songs very dignified or of much musical force. The Star Spangled Banner, you know, is an English melody, and our so-called America was a German song, which is now also English. We have no national song and will have none until an occasion arises. I have no idea what that occasion will be; but some day in the great future, the national heart will be stirred to its depths, and then American patriotism will find a worthy expression in song; song free, dignified, expressive, grand, like this nation in its best estate."

"Speaking of national songs," continued Mr. Sousa, "you know that national airs are often changed, new ones are officially adopted, representative of a new government or party. A case happened when Brazil was made a republic. It happened that the Brazilian squadron was in American waters, having left Brazil before the change had been made in the national song, and the Brazilian admiral heard the new national air of his own country for the first time from our band in Washington."

Speaking of patriotism, Mr. Sousa mentioned an incident which occurred at Toronto during his recent visit there. After the concert he was had up to the leading club, where he found a great adverse feeling against the United States, because, as they had it, we wanted to annex them. As soon as Mr. Sousa had grasped the situation he replied something like this: "You are entirely wrong, we do not desire to annex Canada. I have been across the continent in every direction and in every principal city and town. I have met and talked with all sorts of citizens. And I tell you the United States does not desire Canada. I have never heard more than four or five men in all my experience who did desire it. The reason? Why this is easy enough. You are English. English feeling is not friendly to our country. The Englishman is a good kicker. You grumble, find fault, and do every thing but put your shoulders to the wheel to make the national car go the way it ought. Our most patriotic American citizens as a rule are not those of English extraction; but the Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, all of whom become assimilated to American customs and make hearty citizens."

This was a new view, and it changed the atmosphere of the meeting. I rather liked the nerve of taking the bull by the horns in so characteristically an English way, by not only denying that we wanted Canada but even holding it to be undesirable.

"Talk about territory," said Sousa, "why I have ridden for days in our country where you would scarcely see an inhabitant. We have land enough and to spare. What we want is citizens, mutual helpfulness, and sincere patriotism."

Just here I asked a question in regard to the band and how far the work of the band in its present condition should be considered better or worse than the work of the best bands years ago. "Whatever opinion may be held regarding the late Mr. Gilmore," said Sousa, "whether you take him for a good musician or not, I cannot say. I was not near enough to Gilmore to understand his measure. But one thing is sure. It was he who made the concert band as we now have it. When he went to Europe he found one combination of instru

ments in France, another in Germany, another in Austria and still another in Italy. He came back and organized a band with all the instruments that any of them had. The consequence was, that we had more variety of tone, more delicacy of color, and were able to represent the effects of an orchestra better than had ever been done before. Then we must remember that Gilmore had some very remarkable players. His leading men were picked virtuosi from all the world. I have a number of splendid men who were with Gilmore, and although I am gradually picking up new young players who represent still higher developments of technic, we still depend upon our cosmopolitan selection. Mr. Blakely thinks that the Garde Republic band of Paris is the best he has heard. I believe that if he were to hear it now he would not be satisfied with it. We have several important instruments which they lack, and without them a certain richness and mellowness cannot be raised in a military band."

"With regard to orchestra arrangements," he continued, "I do not know what your position is. I often refer to the bespectacled gentlemen who write musical criticism and have the horrors whenever we undertake to play something which was written for orchestra. Of course I need not tell you that we have no other course in a concert band. We are offering the public an entertainment which they like; they have certain composers in their minds whom they wish to hear, Wagner, for instance. At the same time we are trying to make our work better appreciated in its musical value. This we never can do by playing marches all the time. We wish to illustrate these new instruments and to bring our work into comparison with the most artistic work of the few first-class orchestras. That is why I play such a selection as the "Siegfried" potpourri. You spoke of my playing so many verses of the Sword song; I did it, as you immediately saw, because Wagner has worked out each verse so differently, and in so very strong a way for the wind instruments. Violins? Of course I recognize the lack; and the clarinet is not an adequate representative. But such a piece as this Sword song is much more perfectly represented

as we play it than it can be in any manner except a full orchestra. And what we wish to show is that our players do the wind work better than you ever heard it in an orchestra, even the greatest and best, because we have more and finer artists of this kind. You spoke of our horn quartette the other night. I hardly think that combination of players can be surpassed in the world."

"One thing we Americans lack is self-respect in art. We fully believe in ourselves in invention, business, literature, and the like; but when it comes to art of any kind we start out with a weakness at the center. Every American has the instinctive feeling that all kinds of art are better done abroad. I went to Europe in this spirit myself a few years ago; but when I had been around through the leading countries I discovered that in art we were by no means so far behind. I heard no band better than Gilmore's or ours. There was no orchestra at all equal to that of Mr. Thomas; none so refined, so intelligent and so artistic, so finished. America has more musical talent than any other nation. You can see this easily enough. Look at American singers upon the stage. Look at American players. We stand very high. And what we need now is simply to go on and work out our national disposition in art with the same courage that we put into everything else, and it will not be very long before we will stand as high in musical art as we do in invention or in any other department where intelligence and courage dominate the way."

Just here I took occasion to say something about our musical productions, and Mr. Sousa went on: "You took me to task once because I did not write chromatically enough for modern taste. I have written chromatically. In my '*Pompeii*,' for instance, I have carried chromaticism about as far as it can be carried. It is a piece which I expect will maintain my reputation after I am dead. But when it comes to pleasing the public, why the chromatic element is not in it, or if so only to a limited extent. I watch this thing carefully. While I do not write for the mere sake of adapting what I write to a certain low grade of musical intelligence, I *do* try to write simply and in a direct and straightforward

manner, so that every man will understand what I am at and will enjoy it. You can judge how far I think I have succeeded when you consider the popular demand for some of our pieces.”

“There are other things, however, upon which I put a great deal of work. In that new suite I took more pains with the idyl ‘I, Too, Was Born in Arcady,’ than with all the rest of it.”

Just here there was an interesting light upon Sousa, the business man. It was told him that Mr. Lyman J. Gage had said that it would be necessary to make a bid of so and so much in order to get a desired \$10,000 of the new Government bonds; and that the price would probably be between 4 and 10 premium. Whereupon Sousa immediately said that he would put his money into mortgages. And upon some irrepressible Chicago man suggesting that Chicago had this sort of truck to sell, Sousa immediately answered that Washington was good enough for him, for he knew every foot of land in the city.

I inferred therefore that since Sousa had found himself in the music business for his very good health he would take care of his sanitation, which also is not a bad idea.

I am waiting curiously to see what Mr. Sousa will make when he puts into force his favorite idea of having an orchestra of his own. What will it be? And when?

W. S. B. M.

UPS AND DOWNS OF MELODY.

AT RARE intervals in life one does, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, find that which is a realization of a preconceived ideal. It is with genuine pleasure that I acknowledge the discovery of a rural resting place where a remarkable number of scenic attractions are combined with a minimum of the discomforts which usually attend a sojourn in the country. An idyllic repose pervades the entire region, which is enveloped and rendered physically desirable by numerous cubic miles of mountain air.

And what relief to find the humming of the trolly replaced by the buzzing of the bees, the tooting of steam whistles by the hooting of the owls, and, above all, the incessant chatter of the civilized sparrows by the infinite variety of singers to be found only where man has not conspired against nature!

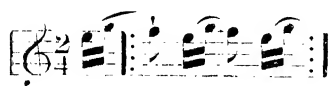
One of the features of the place is a grove of young red-woods, located on the mountain side, furnished with a few seats and cleared out in a manner suggestive of a sylvan amphitheater. As if it were to carry out the idea that this rustic auditorium were really prepared especially for their performances, these nature-birds favor us from time to time with improvised and, of course, informal concerts.

Having selected this amphitheater for my study and reading-room, I have enjoyed this feature very extensively, and count it a privilege to have enlarged my knowledge of musical literature a bit, to say nothing of gaining a few ideas concerning voice-production, etc. A characteristic feature of these impromptu matinees is the peculiar arrangement of the programs, which resembles not so much the set order of a concert, but rather that of a display of fireworks, where a series of Roman candles, flowerpots, skyrockets and fire-wheels is followed by another round of candles, pots, rockets and wheels.

For instance, there being no nests in this concert hall, it

is accessible to all birds who light in pairs or flocks, as their nature suggests or the notion may seize them. At one time a shower of notes from a number of wild canaries descends to my writing table. At another the knowing, familiar whistle of a bird, as if calling to a friend (he is always alone, by the way). Then again I hear the twittering and chirping of numerous species which owing to my lack of ornithological lore I am at a loss to place. To those who maintain that there is no real music in the songs of these birds I must say that to a certain extent they are right, but not altogether. Some of them call out to each other in sounds which correspond to our spoken dialogue, while others sing in tones so musically true that I often amuse myself by writing them down and then verifying them by a repetition on the piano.

One of these singers I am forced through ignorance of his true name to designate as "the Eighth Symphony Bird," for he never tires of repeating the first motive of the Allegretto Scherzando of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony:



Etc. ad libitum.

The most versatile and generally gifted bird whose themes I have gathered are the larks. Some of them, I admit, have calls which, like that of the robin, resemble rather impassionate speech than song; but many of them possess notes as true as a flute, and in all the following specimens it is easy to see that good execution is necessary:



By comparing the various measures in No. 5—a with b, c with d and e, and then again f with a, b, c and d—the at-

tempt at thematic development is so good that the possession of true musical talent is at once evident:



Yesterday's matinee concluded with a few selections by a lark, intoned with such a depth of feeling, that I determined to interview the singer and learn from him a few more themes, if possible. Now, the singers ordinarily locate themselves in the top of the tree and are consequently invisible, but this artist had for some reason remained in the green-room, on the down-hill side of the auditorium.

Pushing aside a branch of alder which closed the passage, I entered and presented my card. The artist evidently feared an unfavorable criticism, for he showed signs of flight. But I reassured him at once by telling him not only of my satisfaction with his own efforts but also of my admiration for his entire family. In order to relieve his evident embarrassment and to make him talk, I told him how Richard Wagner while working on his "Nibelungen" trilogy one day heard the song of a bird, which so delighted him that he wove it into the beautiful "Waldweben" in "Siegfried."



I told him that the more I studied that theme and compared it with those I had written down, the more I was convinced that it was a lark who had inspired one of the greatest musicians to write one of his most beautiful numbers. (If the reader will compare No. 6 with No. 5, d, it will be seen that the rhythm is similar, and the same notes of the scale relatively are employed.)

But my friend remained silent and sad. He hopped down upon a lower branch and I noticed that his right wing was in a sling, while his left was draped in mourning. On asking the cause of this he heaved a sigh and related how himself and his family were out in the field near a Marin county

village one bright Sunday morning, and while he was in the middle of one of his very best selections a terrible noise interrupted him.

“When I regained consciousness I found my wife had been killed and enough shot had entered my wing to disable me. I managed to escape, but it was several days before I was strong enough to fly from that cursed region.”

I expressed my sincere sympathy, and he continued:

“Nor is this all. I learned through a friend that my poor wife was buried beneath the crust of an ignominious pie!”

The recital of this act, which added insult to injury, was more than he could bear. He choked, faltered and then broke down completely. I sought to comfort him by telling how the ladies of the Century Club in San Francisco had heard of similar outrages, and were going to see what they could do to prevent this slaughter of the larks. The motion has been laid upon the table, it is true, but the club intends taking it up again.

“Could you not get some sort of a game law passed so that we might be safe certain times of the year?” he asked.

“That would be rather difficult just now,” I replied. “When there is such an indifference shown in reference to the shooting of human beings, you must not be surprised that larks and other birds get so little sympathy. As there have been no efforts made to pass game laws limiting the season of shooting human beings, so that in certain months of the year one might feel absolutely safe, I fear that we must wait for some time before the lark game laws are in vogue. But let us not despair. The women of this country have begun and carried through several reforms, and if the Century Club sets about it we may hope for much. If they fail, we may appeal to the children who read *The Examiner* to help save the larks from becoming involuntarily extinct.”

My lyrical friend looked at me with a half suspicious eye, and taking my card in his beak for future reference, flew to the valley below.

EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

FROM BARD TO OPERA.

ONE of the most remarkable facts in the history of a race, and a fact that can be connected with no other people than the Welsh, is that they have centered their national recreation in musical and literary competition. Almost from time immemorial, while their English and Irish neighbors have found pastime in prize fighting, bull fighting and other semi-brutal amusements, the Welsh people of all classes have found an outlet for their energies in the more refined contests of art and letters. This has not been without its appreciably beneficial influence on the Welsh people. They are today a nation of singers. Even in the working classes there is ingrained a taste for music, poetry and literature in general which we do not find evident in any other people. It was a great event for Wales, a cause for national rejoicing, when, several years ago, a choir of one thousand voices, composed exclusively of working men, their wives and children, from the coal mines and iron works of Glanorgan, carried away the laurels from the best choir in London, made up chiefly of professional singers.

Proficiency in the art of musical and poetical competition has always been characteristic of the Welsh. In ancient Gaul and Wales the priests, known as Druids, celebrated their mysterious rites in the forests, and the bards, or musical priests, sang the deeds of heroes to the accompaniment of the harp. There is something quite remarkable in the almost unbroken succession of Welsh bards for nearly two thousand years, and the preservation of their language and Celtic music and customs substantially intact, in a country so long ruled over by the Saxons, an utterly alien race.

The Welsh bards constitute a very venerable class. The word in the Welsh language is "*bardd*;" plural, "*beirdd*." It is a purely Celtic word, meaning that which makes conspicuous or elucidates. In its secondary sense it signifies a

scientist, a philosopher, a teacher; and finally, if we may use the expression, a singing poet. The root of the word is *bar*, meaning the top or summit. We find the word a foundation for other words of kindred meaning. Thus, *barddas* means poetry, *barddawd* history, and *barddoniaeth* philosophy. In ancient Wales the bards formed an organized society, with recognized hereditary rights and privileges. Their principal duty was to celebrate in song the national victories and to sing hymns of praise to God. Indeed, their class was slightly analogous to that of the Levites among the ancient Hebrews. They were exempt from taxes and military service, and were held in the greatest reverence. The society of bards was regulated by laws said to have been first distinctly formulated by Hywell Dha and afterward revised by Gruffydd ap Cynan. The bards were of three classes. One class sang religious hymns and songs in praise of victories. A second chanted the laws of the nation. A third gave poetic genealogies and family victories.

The Welsh is a very ancient language, not a mere dialect of English as many suppose. It has a living literature and indeed it has been estimated that there are over fifteen thousand printed books in the Welsh language. The Welsh, themselves, it is claimed by some ethnologists, are descended through their ancestors, the ancient Cymry, directly from Gomer, who was the eldest son of Japheth, son of Noah. They came to Britain many years before the Christian era. Even then they were a musical people, and tradition says that Blegywyrd ap Scifyllt, the fifty-sixth supreme king of Britain, who reigned for twenty-eight years and died in the year 190 B. C., was such a wonderful musician that he was known as the "God of Music."

The eisteddfod, or congress of bards, at which prizes were contested for, and at which princes and nobles were frequently umpires, is the most ancient literary institution of Great Britain, perhaps of all Europe. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Its history can, however, be traced back with almost certainty to the close of the fourth century of our era, when Owain ap Maxin Wlegig held an eisteddfod in South Wales. There are historic records extant of one

in the sixth century held under the direction of Maelgwyn Gwynedd near the ancient town of Conway.

The history of these earlier eisteddfodan has unfortunately been lost to the world, tradition says in this way: A few Welsh nobles, taken prisoners of war by one of the earlier English kings, were lodged in the Tower of London, then known as the White Tower. They received permission to have their libraries of MSS. and illuminated volumes brought from Wales and kept in London for their entertainment and recreation. This grew to be the custom, and after a time the Tower became quite a repository for Welsh literature. Then, one fine day, a good-for-nothing named Scolan, of whom we know nothing but his name, for some unexplained reason, burned up the entire collection. Gutto r Glyn, a bard of the fourteenth century, waxes wroth over the memory of this loss, and thus berates Scolan in one of his poems:

“The books of Cymry and their remains
Went to the White Tower, where they were hid.
Cursed was Scolan’s act
In throwing them in heaps into the fire.”

“Yr eisteddfod” means literally “the session.” These eisteddfodan were held at irregular intervals for several centuries under the direction of the native Princes of Wales, and when Wales was formerly annexed to England in the time of Edward I, that monarch was politic enough to sanction this national institution by the famous statute of Rhuddlar.

One of the most remarkable eisteddfodan (eisteddfods we English would say) was held in 1177 by Rhys ap Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales. He gave a magnificent entertainment, a sort of house-warming, in his then new castle of Cardigan, or Aberteivi. There were “deeds of arms” and a great contest between bards from North and South Wales, all especially invited by the Prince and all assembled with great ceremony in the large castle hall. The chief prizes for poetry were awarded to the bards of North Wales and those for music to the bards from South Wales. After several centuries we note a famous eisteddfod held at Llandonery in 1872. At this, one of the chief musical prizes was won by

a young Welsh girl, the daughter of the famous Gruffydd, domestic harper to Lady Llanover. She was dressed in the full national costume.

The musical contests did not consist merely of solo singing. The bards sang parts. In fact, from very ancient times, the Welsh have had a knowledge of harmony or counter-point. A South Wales writer, Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says: "They (the Welsh) do not sing in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts." Another and rather curious evidence of their acquaintance with the harmonizing of music is seen in the "Four and Twenty Games, *cwm cwydd pedwar ac accennu*," "singing a song in four parts with accentuation." A rare old MSS. in a Welsh school now at Ashford shows these "Four and Twenty Games" and is said also to contain manuscript pieces written for the harp that are in full harmony, and supposed to be as old as the eleventh century. Indeed, we may say Wales has always been celebrated for its choirs and choral singing. One of the most famous of these choirs was that at Bangor, an old monastery whose name was derived from the words "ban" and "gor," or the famous choir.

Eisteddfodan are held on all scales, in towns, in counties or shires and, greatest of all, for the whole nation. The national eisteddfod is an event of the first importance to all Welshmen. It generally lasts for four days. An enormous pavilion, sometimes capable of accommodating fifteen thousand persons, is frequently erected especially for that purpose. The opening ceremonies are very impressive. The arch or chief bard stands on the logan-stone, a great stone in the center of a circle formed by other large stones known as the "gorsedd," or seat of the bards. After the trumpet is sounded the arch bard repeats a quaint and beautiful prayer, the very words of which were no doubt first uttered by Druid lips. Following is a literal translation, wanting, however, in the beauty and rhythm of the original:

"Grant, Oh God, Thy protection,
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just;
And in the knowledge of the just to love it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love of God, God and all
goodness."

At this point the arch bard unsheathes his sword and exclaims, "The truth against the world!" After an impressive pause he asks "Is there peace?" At this those within the circle (*gorsedd*) seize their naked swords and shout in chorus "Peace." This question is asked and answered three times. Then the bard repeats the last line of the prayer "And in the love of all existences, the love of God, God and all goodness" and adds, "In the face of the sun, the eye of the light, I declare the *eisteddfod* open." Then follows music on the harp, the national airs are sung by the assembled congregation and generally an opening address is delivered by some person of note. Then come the competitions.

The *eisteddfod* has been of incalculable benefit to Wales. It has created and fostered a taste for music, poetry and literature generally among even the working classes. It has developed a spirit of nationality which has tended to unite all classes, thus stimulating patriotism. A still further beneficial influence must be ascribed to it. Many, in fact most of the poets, literary men and musicians of Wales have come to public notice and prominence through the medium of the *eisteddfod*.

After being sadly neglected for many generations a new era in Welsh music began with the present century. A great *eisteddfod* was held at Abergavenny at which there were diplomatic representatives from several foreign countries including even Prussia and Turkey. Many persons of celebrity have attended the *eisteddfod* of later years. Bunsen, Prince Kalomaki, Queen Victoria; her mother the Duchess of Kent, Gladstone, Jerome Bonaparte, Prince Henry of Battenburg, Carmen Sylva, the poet *ceaffi* of Rumania; Patti, the queen of song, and others of world wide note have been present at these musical festivals. Patti, indeed has sung more than once at the national *eisteddfod*. She has a fine castle residence, Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, where she spends much of her time.

The national instrument of Wales is the harp. It is now giving place to the piano which is superior in some respects though not in elegance of sweetness. All typical Welsh music is essentially harp music.

The Welsh harp is of very ancient origin, the three-stringed one, tradition says, being the oldest form. Upon this harp the genius of the ancient bards wrought fierce, wild melodies, tocsin calls to war, or sadly sweet strains, like those which centuries before, from the harp of the Hebrew shepherd boy, exorcised the evil demon in the breast of King Saul.

One of the principal features of the early *eisteddfodan*, and indeed of those of late times also, was the competition of bards in music on the harp. Bardism was at its zenith in the time of King Blegwryrd, the British monarch already referred to. That is, when the Romans invaded Britain. A Welsh writer says, "There is no reason to doubt that the tune called '*Glan Meddwdod Murn*,' '*O Let the Kind Minstrel*,' came to us from the time of the Druids, and it is probably a correct specimen of Welsh music of that early period." The harp, however, has been sadly neglected. It has been claimed that it is not a Celtic instrument, because the name is of Saxon origin. But Dr. Owain Pughe, a high authority, says that "*tylin*" (the Welsh word for harp) comes from the root "*tel*," meaning "that which is straight or drawn tight," referring, of course, to the harp string.

Perhaps the oldest and most characteristic method of singing to the harp is *pennillion*. There are many of these old *pennillion* or epigrammatic proverbs, like stanzas, in the Welsh language. A skillful singer will adapt these to different metres and cadences. The mode of conducting *pennillion* singing is peculiar. The harpist plays over the tune. The vocalist sings, as suits his fancy, beginning with the third, fourth, fifth, or even last bar of the tune, and while the harpist gives full reign to his imagination in different forms and variations of the tune, the singer is careful to keep in correct harmony and always end exactly with the last note of the melody. The fanciful variations are almost legion with a clever singer. Here is a specimen *pennillion*:

"*R ydwyv yma val y gweli,
Heb na chyvoeth na thylodi;
Os meiddi mi gydvydio,
Dix gei ran o'r vuchedd honno?*"

[Despise me not for being poor,
I am not even rich, 'tis true;
But if thou canst my lot endure
I shall be rich enough in you]

Many of the most ancient of the Welsh popular airs, which are all remarkable for their pathos and tenderness, have for words these old pennillion, composed when or by whom no one even can guess. Morfu Rhuddlan, Rhuddlan (that is red) March, a few bars of which we reproduce below, is one of the most beautiful and popular of these:

MARCH—MORFU RHUDDLAN.

Welsh words by the Rev. Evan Evans. (Irwan Glan Giniomydd.)



Cil - ia'r haul draw dros ael bryn-iau hacl Ar - fon,

The Welsh words of the modern version were written by the Rev. Evan Evans. The event described is one of the notable ones of Welsh history. This is what the song tells: In the year 795 the Saxon began operations against the Cymry with great vigor. A terrific battle took place between two armies on Rhuddlan Marsh on the banks of the Clwyd in Flintshire. The Welsh, who were commanded by Caradoc, Prince of North Wales, were defeated with dreadful slaughter, and their leader was killed on the field. Those who escaped the swords of the Saxons perished in the water by the flowing of the tides. Tradition says that this melody was composed by Caradoc's bard immediately after the battle. It is a very popular song but difficult to sing. Llew Llywyo, a noted basso, sang it with wonderful power and effectiveness. He was a perfect genius as a vocalist.

Another very old but still popular song is "Symlen Ten Bys." This is one of the very oldest Welsh melodies extant. The Welsh used to sing it in Nghaerdroia, before they came over to Britain.

SYMLEN TEN BYS.—THE BECKONING FAIR ONE.



This is also sung to many pennillion words.

Perhaps the most characteristically Welsh of the old melodies is "Dalydd y Gareg Wen," "David of the White Rock" or "The Dying Bard." The melody is sad and plaintive:

DAVYD Y GAREG WEN. — DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK, OR
THE DYING BARD.



In Carnarvonshire there is a general tradition that a bard of the name of Dafydd, lying on his death-bed, called for his harp and composed the plaintive tune, expressing a desire that it should be repeated at his funeral. Ever since the air has been called by his name. According to the same tradition the harper's grave is in Ynys Cynhaiarn (Cynhaiarn Island) churchyard, near Port Madoc, North Wales. Sir Walter Scott has written words to the same melody, the bard introduced by him being Cadwallon. The Welsh words by Ceiriog Hughes are very touching and pathetic, especially the verse which reads:

"O! elleddech fï gartef yn hen Ynys Fon.
Yn llwch y Derwyddon, a hon fyddo'r dom.
Y dydd yni gosodir y'n isel fy mhen.—
A'i fysedd chwareuent yr 'Hen Gareg-wen.'"

[O lay me in Mona, the Isle of the Blest!
Mid the graves of the Druids my body shall rest;
As I lay soft asleep in the Island of Mon
The birds shall sing sweetly The Old Druids Stone.]

The story of this song had a remarkable repetition, in fact, at a recent eisteddfod. The method of competition in practical composition at the eisteddfod is as follows: All poetical and literary productions competing for the great prize, which is generally a handsome chair, a bardic throne, must be sent in by some stated time before the date of the eisteddfod. They must be signed by some *nom-de-plume*.

The adjudicator or judge of the compositions is then sure of giving a fair verdict. In the case referred to, after the adjudicator had commented on all the productions sent in, he especially commended the author of one which was greatly superior to all the others, and awarded him the chair, a peculiarly coveted honor to every Welshman. But, just as the award was being made, and the fortunate author was called upon to come forward and receive his prize, a message was received stating that several days before he had died and was buried. A great hush fell over the assembly, and for a moment the stillness was painfully impressive. Then a singer, a lady, stepped to the platform, walked up to the chair and, with her hand resting upon it, sang with wonderful power and sweetness "David of the White Rock, or "The Dying Bard." The act was so beautifully appropriate and solemn that the whole company present was melted to tears.

"The Ash Grove," "Llwyn Onn," is a very old and typical harp song.

THE ASH GROVE.—LLWYN ONN.

Andante.

Yn mhal-as Llwyn On gynt, fe drig-ia pen-def-ig,

Ef e oedd ys-gwei-ar ac ar-glwydd y wlad.

Many different popular words are sung to the air.

A fine old battle song, full of fire and martial poetry, is "The March of the Men of Harlech." Harlech castle is a strong mediæval castle in Merionethshire, North Wales. It is said to have been built in 530, A. D., by Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

N. Y. City.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE: A SYMPOSIUM.

(Continued from page 403 in February number of MUSIC.)

FROM MR. J. D. MEHAN.

DETROIT, MICH.

NO 1. Yes, most assuredly, the words *are* an essential part of any song whatever. Whether good, bad or indifferent, the words should be regarded first; that is if the song be considered at all. The work of the composer cannot be appreciated without an understanding of the words, for it is principally through the words that the ideas are conveyed. Doubtless the composer studies the poetry before writing the music, and endeavors by his composition to aid in giving expression to the ideas of the text—else why not write an instrumental piece instead.

No. 2. I do not. And even if they could follow sympathetically the singing in a foreign tongue, it would not warrant the singer in discarding his native language, the language in which he has spoken, studied, thought and felt during his entire life. Does the German, Frenchman or Italian, in his own country, take pains to sing in English—simply because there happens to be a sprinkling of English speaking people in his audience? Not that I know of. He has too much patriotism and common sense to indulge in any such foolishness. If he were to so far forget his dignity as to undertake such a thing, his own countrymen would probably hiss him off the stage.

No. 3. None that I call to mind. The German language seems easier than French or English for the German; the French easier than German or English for the Frenchman; and I argue that the English language is more natural than Italian, French, German, Polish, Russian, Norwegian, Turkish, Chinese or Cannibal Island to the native born American.

The singer should (after having mastered the difficulties of his native tongue) study two or three languages besides

his own, and be able to adapt them to the needs of song; but he deserves to be ridiculed when pretending that he can not adequately express himself without employing the language of a foreigner. English is the best language in the world for Americans, and he who argues differently may well be judged ignorant or affected.

On patriotic grounds alone I refuse to admit to either the Italian, Frenchman or German that his language is better than mine for the purpose of expressing the thoughts and feelings of my own mind and soul. The idea is preposterous on its very face. I say this with no disrespect to any body, wishing only to give emphasis to a conviction that for the people of this country there is no language equal to our own beloved mother tongue, whether for oratory or song.

The American who cannot express his thoughts and feelings in English, has my undivided permission to stop all public endeavor to express anything.

No. 4. I think English words might be secured or prepared to fit almost any song, provided the carpenter knows his business, although it must be granted that many of our published song books are sadly askew in the matter of accent, emphasis and sentiment. This, however, is no fault of the language. An idea is an idea, and in my opinion does not depend upon any one language. Of course, certain ideas may be popular with one Nation and not so with another, but, nevertheless, if a French idea is to be presented to an English audience, the true inwardness of the thing can best be obtained through the English language. I have observed that those who are so prone to assert that French ideas are so much prettier in French than in English do not in most cases themselves know anything about French.

No. 5. It is. They do not. He certainly would, notwithstanding the statement of Mme. D'Arona that ninety-nine artists out of a hundred do not pronounce perfectly." If they do not pronounce perfectly will the distinguished lady explain why she calls them artists?

The leading singers of the Damrosch Opera Company pronounce German so that not a word is lost. It should be

insisted upon that English singers do as well. Ferdinand Sieber wrote, "The vocalist who fails to pronounce his words so they can be distinctly understood, no matter what the language, nor the singers' position upon the stage, does not deserve the title of *Singer*."

No. 6. No! No!! No!!! And this stand should be taken by every patriotic, self respecting English speaking music loving citizen of this great Country.

Very Respectfully,

J. D. MEHAN.

FROM MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 16th, 1896.

Please to pardon my seeming neglect of your communication of a few days since. I have had no time to consider the questions therein propounded until now, will attend to it at once. Should you deem my few remarks unworthy, reduce my paper to ashes, and thereby send the opinions off in smoke.

1. I consider the text, the words, the poetry of a composition to be the fundamental portion of the fabric; upon which the melody, aria, song, recitative, etc., are built, from which the composer of the music forms his ideas. The words and music should have but one signification, and together explain the character of the song, piece, scene, opera, etc. The writer of the words, poetry, (as it may be) should have the character of each person in mind, to personate even to the manner, attitude, gait, etc., of each person in the opera. The composer then, appreciating justly the situation of each individual, writes music descriptive of such character. According to the composer's interpretation of the text, and the text itself, the artist forms his character. So we see there must be a oneness between these three, poet, composer and artist, to make the work complete and a success.

2. In regard to the audiences understanding the words: I do not suppose that a tenth part of the people who attend the opera performed in German, French or Italian, go with

the idea that they will be able to follow the words with any degree of understanding or enjoyment therefrom; some of the most intelligent, or fortunate, get an idea of the story, they go upon that and the love of the music, and enjoy the performance to a certain degree. But, how many more would go, and how much it would enhance their pleasure, if the words were to be heard distinctly in good English, with a clear and proper enunciation.

3. There is no reason why English words should not be sung, recited or declaimed in opera, as well even as in Italian; and certainly very preferably to German or French. We have no difficulties in the English language which can not be easily overcome, with the help of good instruction; the voice being emitted according to the Italian school. In German and French there occur so often nasal and guttural sounds, (that is to say when those languages are well sung), which to me are unpleasant to hear; example, the words "Mon Dieu, in French; and in the singing of the German by some, the language seems to be half "Ich, mich, lich." We have no difficulties of any kind in the English language, I repeat.

4. I have seen adaptations of English to foreign operas; good translations, closely fitting sentiment, emphasis, accent, etc., entirely satisfactory. There are those who can do this work well; but they want more pay than the publisher likes to give; so as a rule the translation, or the adaptation, or both, are bad, very bad. Rhythm can be employed without being fettered with rhyme; especially in translations and adaptations; for, binding oneself to rhyme often makes the verse very clumsy; but everything considered, I deem the English language good for singing.

5. Indeed it is desirable to have opera done in our mother tongue. The drama, humorous comedy, tragedy, all, in musical form and beauty. To be seen and heard often is presently to be understood. The true artistic expression may be learned and appreciated more or less by the entire public, even to the finer shading of poetry and music. The unlearned become wise in their taste and judgment, and soon understand what is good and true. With understand-

ing comes admiration and enjoyment; they see and feel the beauty in every verse and every song; and what they like they will run after.

6. "An Artistic School of American Singers?"

If I understand what you mean by this, it is; To establish yet another Institution; and this one for the purpose of making singers: Good!!! There should be such an institution in America. You would require that the staff be formed of English speaking teachers, artists who have had a proper schooling, who have run a successful career, skilled in teaching, can demonstrate by giving example of what they require the pupil to do; who will interest themselves in the task their duty calls them to perform, with a cheerful dignity of character, a kindly urging persuasiveness with their pupils; showing them, helping them, making them to see and feel the necessity of working regularly with mind, heart and voice, as the only way to arrive at greatness and success. These properties in the teacher work in the pupils a respectful esteem for their teacher, and induce them to obey his commands with cheerfulness. Let us have such an institution; not with an idea of pomp and foolishness, to see how much money can be got together and squandered; but see how much good can be done with a little money, and soon be not only self supporting but to pay a dividend. A proud thing for America to have the greatest establishment in the world for producing singers. Why should it not be?

Very Sincerely Yours,

ALBERTO LAURENCE.

FROM MR. GEO. J. HAMLIN.

CHICAGO.

Gentlemen:—I have many times given much thought to the subject upon which you base your several questions, and I wish to compliment you on what I consider a display of energy and good judgment on your part in bringing before the musical public a subject which lies so close to American singers and to American musical audiences. In reply to your first question I would say:

I consider the words the *most* essential part of a song

and believe it utterly impossible to properly appreciate a song without understanding the text, for the reason that the composer's main object (understand, I speak only of composers of merit) is to have his music express the meaning of the words as far as he is able, according to his ability as a composer; music is simply the highest mode of expression of poetic thought.

Second: To my mind that part of an audience which follows and fully understands the meaning of a song sung in the *English* language, is in the minority; therefore, I believe that that portion of the audience which understands and appreciates the text when sung in a *foreign* language must necessarily be very small in the majority of cases.

Third: I think every one will admit that there is no language like the Italian for singing, but between English, French, and German there is no particular preference.

Fourth: I believe that only in a very few cases is it possible to translate the words of a song so that the original sentiment, emphasis, etc. remains. At any rate, it is a fact that the translations which one is obliged to use are almost without exception, most awfully bad, and I have at times, in my own experience, been obliged to sing a song in its original language, when perhaps I would have preferred to sing it in English, because it was impossible to get a translation fit to sing. I do not wish to convey the impression that I advocate singing a song in any other than the language in which it was originally written, quite the contrary. I am a firm believer in, and have a great admiration for, the method of Miss Villa Whitney White. I believe her's is the only way out of the difficulty. She sings her songs in their original form, but before singing explains the meaning of each by a translation and short description. I consider the habit of printing the words on the program, so that every one may be able to follow and understand what the artist is singing about, a most commendable one.

Fifth: I believe there is much more satisfaction in hearing an opera sung in a language which is familiar, whether one is able to follow the verbal and musical nuances intelligently or not however, a translation from the original text

always has its serious objections, if such should be the case.

Sixth: I presume we will have an artistic school of American singers at some future day. We are very young yet, but growing fast. As our native composers increase in number and fame, the use of English in vocal music will gradually obtain a stronger hold and receive its proper dues.

Yours truly,

(GEO. J. HAMLIN.

FROM MR. TOM KARL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1896.

The pressure of many duties must be my excuse for not having answered the queries set forth in your communication of the 20th of last December.

I answer your questions in order.

1. The words to me are most essential to the song, and if they are not good I hold it an impossibility to give proper expression to any music.

2. No, though they may, being music lovers enjoy the music, yet if the same music be sung by a person who aims at clear, distinct enunciation the effect will most certainly be added enjoyment.

3. No reason in the world why English cannot be sung as distinctly and clearly as either German, French or Italian. In fact, I hold a singer ought to learn to sing well in his own language before he attempts foreign tongues, and ought never sing in the latter unless he understands them as he does his own.

4. It is by no means impossible to adapt from foreign tongues into English, but it is my opinion that a musical literary man ought always to make the adaptations so that he can, being a musician, select words that sound more harmonious than others.

5. By all means we ought to have a national opera in the *English language* and I hope some musically inclined millionaire may help this along and establish a fund to give us good opera in English with English speaking singers, not Germans or other foreigners.

6. No we will never have an American school of artis-

tic singers until we cease to be creatures of *fads*, and honestly give ourselves to the work of singing English artistically and well.

Faithfully yours,

TOM KARL.

FROM MR. WILLIAM NELSON BURRIT.

(CHICAGO.

Yours of Dec. 20th did not reach me until Jan. 14th. I will endeavor to answer the questions as briefly as possible. I would that I had the time to write more fully upon No's 4 and 6.

1. Yes.

2. No.

3. No. I think not.

4. Perhaps not impossible. But, as a rule I prefer to give and hear Schumann and Schubert songs and those of other great composers, in the original or not at all.

5. Yes—No—Yes.

6. No—I presume not.

Very Sincerely Yours,

WILLIAM NELSON BURRITT.

FROM MRS. O. L. FOX.

Chicago Musical College.

1. Song is the musical expression of poetic thought, therefore the words are not only the essential part of a song, but it's foundation. The music is written for the words not the words for the music; and an intelligent understanding of the poetic text is absolutely necessary for the singer and hearer, otherwise it is music, not song.

2. I do not suppose a small majority of any audience, can follow enough to understand songs, sung in any language except English. It requires familiarity and a thorough knowledge of a language to follow poetic thought, and in song, the sentiment alone would be about all the ordinary linguist could expect to understand. The present fad of presenting songs in German and French is to my mind a straining after intellectual and linguistic honors, rather than

a display of artistic musical ability. It is not uncommon to attend a concert and not hear a single English song—a fact which has had much to do with making musical entertainments unpopular with the masses.

3. There is *no* reason why English cannot be as well sung as any language. It may be a little cold in form of expression for the more passionate lines of poetry, but is easily mastered in singing.

4. While not impossible to prepare English translations which fit the music in accent and sentiment, we seldom find songs translated as beautifully expressed as in the original. The translator and poetic arranger is usually not a musician, and seldom a singer. No one can give the correct accentuation without the proper knowledge of rhythm in music and language, as associated in song. Publishers make matters worse by requiring an original setting to cover copyright, and avoid infringement. Popular foreign songs are republished so many times, that literal translation cannot be considered. The singer who is a linguist naturally turns to the original as a better form of musical expression. This is a singer's privilege if not abused: but when a good translation can be secured it should have the preference.

5. In an operatic performance the action is a wonderful help to the development of the musical and dramatic thought, even in English opera, the action explains more than the words: I am therefore of the opinion that grand opera is more perfect as a whole in its original setting than in a translation, so literal as to be unpoetic, or poetic without regard to musical construction.

Long association with opera has naturally prejudiced my mind in this direction, still in recalling the days when grand opera was presented by artists in English I do not remember the pleasure or comprehension to have been enhanced by the English setting. I think the dignity and breadth of Handel's "Messiah" would be lessened by being presented in German or French no matter how well translated. So I believe the dramatic force of an opera is weakened by translation.

6. An artistic school of American singers depends largely upon the taste of the American people; and the public says to the American aspirant for musical recognition and honors, "Go abroad and we will hear you—otherwise we still consider you an Amateur.—" While the public thus decides we cannot expect to hold our singers long enough to perfect them in an artistic sense. Those who stay and struggle for place, find themselves distanced by European talent of a few months training. The manager demands it as an advertising medium, the musical clubs demand it of managers, and the public wants it as an inducement to patronage. We can never have American art without American patronage. We think ourselves an independent nation, but in musical art we are still Colonies.

MRS. O. L. FOX.

FROM MR. CLEMENT TETEDOUX.

CHICAGO.

The manner of your questions is in itself an opinion of the matter, which, published under your own names, will have much more authority and influence than under my signature.

Yours very respectfully,

CLEMENT TETEDOUX.

FROM MR. BICKNELL YOUNG.

Chicago Conservatory.

In reference to your first statement, permit me to say that if a singer knows enough of the construction and vocabulary of a foreign language to understand what he is singing, there is surely no objection to his singing the original words of a song instead of a translation, especially if his pronunciation is correct and artistic.

1. Most assuredly the words are an essential part of a song, so essential are they indeed that if it be a song worthy of the name, the words cannot be misplaced without destroying, in a measure, the beauty of the composition which has its reason of existence in the original poem.

2. I do not suppose that the majority of audiences understand the foreign words often sung before them, but

the books of words often published as a part of the best concert programs have helped considerably to make many foreign songs clearer.

3. Any language that is euphonious enough to admit of sonorous declamation, can be sung. Vocally, I prefer French to English and English to German, although the latter has certain rugged characteristics that give it a charm all its own. Italian is of course the ideal vocal language. But there is no reason why English cannot be perfectly well sung; indeed there are many fine singers who are habitually singing it perfectly well, which is in itself a sufficient answer to the question.

4. It is impossible to translate the words of a song in such a way that the accent, emphasis and sentiment answer the purpose of the composer. One must admit, however, that some translations are fairly good and are perhaps more desirable from the standpoint of the audience than the original words not understood. It seems to me that the German songs translate more readily into English than those of France or Italy. Translations from French to Italian, or *vice versa*, are generally quite like the original. Foreign songs hurriedly republished in this country are frequently turned out without any regard to the poetic meaning of the text and with no regard to its accent. The words which the composer has thought and dreamed over perhaps for weeks before setting them to music, become in the hands of the vandal publisher and his cheap translator, entirely different from the original, if not utterly meaningless.

5. It is most desirable to have opera in English; and while I do not think it generally possible to have translations of the best songs on account of the subtleties of the original poems, it does seem to me that nearly all libretti, which are of rougher form, could be turned into English quite good enough for stage purposes. The native opera would be the thing, but even as executants we have not yet shown ourselves to be an operatic nation, and certainly not as poets and composers. Furthermore, the American public does not go to hear music, but is attracted only by celebrities. It would be manifestly impossible to have English opera

with great singers and the public would not go to hear opera, however well performed, unless some great names were connected with it. Of course the public does not understand what it hears in Italian or French or German, not even with the help of libretti.

6. What do you mean by "an artistic school of American singers?" Patriotism cannot bound art. An artist belongs to the world, just as art is universal.

English is a good language for singing, but it needs to be studied for singing purposes. When it is actually well sung it is delightful to hear, but it must be English, and if our foreign friends insist upon singing in English, surely it is worth their while to learn to pronounce it correctly, and with artistic emphasis and accent.

BICKNELL YOUNG.

FROM MR. WILLIE E. BACHELLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan., 20, 1896.

It gives me pleasure to answer your questions in these words, and to question No. 1. presuming the reference is made to the works of the best composers only. The words of a song are its personality which the composer clothes with music to enhance their meaning and beauty; it is, therefore, most necessary to understand the text to appreciate fully the work of the composer.

No. 2. No—and yet good diction always carries power whether it be in English or a foreign tongue.

No. 3. There are certainly no (vocal) reasons why English cannot be sung as well as any language.

No. 4. It is not impossible for the "general run of songs" to have good English translations suited to the composition in accent, emphasis, sentiment etc. I am glad for this comprehensive "general run of songs" for it gives me a chance to stow away many of the fine German songs as well as Italian, for it would seem little less than sacrilege to think of translating such songs.

5. It is desirable to have opera in a language understood by the hearer. If opera could be given in English

with its original force and unity, both verbal and musical, it certainly would be preferable to us an English speaking people. Can it be done?

6. We need to feel that English can be sung as well as any foreign language. It has difficulties; and so has any language, ugly consonants and tight vowel sounds, but this is the task of the singer to make such difficulties his servants.

In this which I have written I do not wish to convey the idea that it is not necessary for the student, who aims at a broad, comprehensive art life to study the languages. It is his privilege and duty to know the modern languages as a mariner his compass.

Yours Respectfully,

WILLIE E. BACHELLER

MUSIC IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE fight for the rightful place of poetry in music is centuries old, and the first born and best beloved child of poetry and music, is music in the language of the people. Though battle after battle has been won against the forces of prejudice and convention there are still strong holds to be stormed. Especially here in America, where we are today making traditions which shall govern succeeding generations, is there war to be waged. The struggle for the rights of poetry in modern music began in Florence in the last years of the sixteenth century. When "Eurydice" was performed at the wedding of Henry IV and Maria di Medici in 1600 it marked the dawning day of modern music, dramatic, romantic, poetic. The polyphonic school had reached its climax in Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso, but side by side with their masterworks were the abuse and stupidities of their contemporaries until it was evident to all earnest students that a change must come or music was sung into a bottomless slough.

The polyphonic school did not consider words nor the spirit of poetry as of any account whatever. Music was a science built according to the immutable laws of mathematics, and it was for the greatest technical skill that they lent all their energies. If it was correct by the letter of the law they troubled their minds very little about how it sounded. The music for the service of the mass was the largest form then known, and was founded on the Gregorian Modes. These do not resemble our scales but were indirectly derived from the Greek, back in the Dark Ages. The *first mode* however corresponds to our scale of D, but with F and C *natural*: that of course is not a *scale* but a *mode*, and on the eight *modes* the *cantus firmus* or *plain song* of the church was founded. About it was woven a counterpoint in many parts, frequently twelve or fifteen, and there is a story of one mass with eighty independent

parts moving in strict counterpoint. Regardless of the words these parts had to enter and leave according to set laws, and the masters of the olden time were not so sensitive as we, since one or more parts used to move in parallel fifths and octaves with the *plain song*, "because of the beauty of the effect." Music written in such a manner was far too rigid for poetic expression. But more than this it had run into abuses and extravagances such that the Catholic church nearly banished it from the service altogether. Instead of considering the beauty of the words of the mass or having any devotional feeling, the composer merely considered the mass an opportunity for the display of his ingenuity, and he who could write the greatest number of parts and the most intricate counterpoint was the best composer. There were certain recognized airs, one a French love song, which each man must make the *plain song* of a mass and set in a different manner from that of any other man before he could be considered of the first rank. It was but a step farther when they took the street songs, even drinking songs, for the mass. The climax was reached when they retained the original words of these songs in order to show more clearly their own work in the net work of counterpoint with which it was bound about. Then the scandal was heard when in the divine service of the church the tenors would shout out the refrain of some tavern song in its native Italian, while the other parts sang the sober latin of the mass.

In the last years of the Sixteenth Century a little band of Florentine poets and musicians were so aroused by this desecration of music that they cast about among themselves to see if some way might not be found whereby poetry might not be enriched and ennobled by the union with beautiful music. They took for their model the old Greek drama, with its chorus and rhythmic, chanted declamation, and tried to restore it. They did not bring the Greek drama back to life, but they did create a new art form which by the efforts of the masters from Jacopo Peri to Wagner and the octogenarian Verdi has been developed into what we know as Opera. It is worth remembering too, that the

name *opera* was not used for a half century, but it was called *drama per musica*, or *music drama*, a name which explains itself and which was used many years before this present century. And the end is not yet. The aim of the pioneers was to find means whereby music should enhance the power and beauty of the poetry. To release music from a bondage of laws, once necessary, then so fettering expression that it was becoming a lifeless convention. To bring back life and passion to that most moving of arts. This was the first battle fought for the liberty of modern music, the poets against the professors. The war has raged unceasingly from that day to this, is raging with unabated fury today. The poets, musicians of poetic feeling whose aspirations were to give voice to the truths of life in the noblest form; who were seeking to give greater scope to music that it might better express the myriad shades of meaning in the poetry. On the other hand the professors, living in the past, ever striving to bind growing limbs with the fetters of past generations; forgetting that they were denying that growth to the young which had been the glory of their fathers. The similarity of thought and speech between men living centuries apart is always startling. With the theories of Wagner, the last great reformer until now, we are thoroughly familiar, yet his fundamental principles were but a reaffirmation of the principles of the first writers of opera, and which have been iterated and reiterated by each master in turn. Even the name, *Music Drama*, and the concealed orchestra, came from the first reformers.

The writers of the first music dramas were Italians writing for Italians. It is therefore easy to understand why the first opera was set to Italian texts. At first they were reserved for great ceremonials, such as the marriage of princes, and were produced with a magnificence of stage setting such as would be the despair of our most "enterprising managers" to day. For instance the opera of "Bernice," produced at Padua in 1680, required a chorus of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, one hundred horsemen in iron armour, forty cornets on horseback, six mounted trumpeters, six drummers, six ensigns, six sackbuts

six flutes, twelve minstrels playing on Turkish instruments, six pages, three sergeants, six cymbaleers, twelve huntsmen, twelve grooms, twelve charioteers, two lions led by two Turks, two elephants, Bernice's triumphal car drawn by four horses, six other cars drawn by twelve horses, a stable containing a hundred living horses, and a forest filled with wild boars, deers and bears," all of which would tax the stage of the Auditorium pretty severely.

This new art form, this drama in music, conceived by Italians and written in the language of the people, so powerfully appealed to this nation that soon the nobles could not reserve it merely for their gratification. The people demanded their share, and the Republic of Venice by the courage and perseverance of Monteverde was the first to establish a theater to be devoted entirely to opera. So in 1637, just thirty-seven years after the production of the first opera, the theater of San Cassian opened its doors, the first Opera House. The opera soon had a home in all the larger Italian cities—Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan—and sank its roots so deep into the hearts of the people that its power has never been shaken. It speaks to them in their own tongue, voices their emotions as only music and poetry can, and is truly a necessity in the life of the people.

The French court was closely allied to Italy by marriage and interest. All the art of Italy was imported into France, and of course the opera soon followed. As a court function it held its place for many years, the singers and musicians being all brought from Italy. But it had no part in the life of the people. Several attempts were made to establish Italian opera in Paris, but they all failed miserably. The people had no interest in opera, an incomprehensible new form of entertainment, where they could not understand a word. But the cultivated among the French, especially those of the court, many of whom doubtless spoke Italian, and had been brought up on Italian opera, held that the French language was entirely unsuitable to musical setting, and that if it were, there were no artists capable of adequately interpreting the music. Does not that sound strangely familiar? It needed an Italian to establish opera in France.

Lulli, though born in Italy was taken to France in his twelfth year, and there spent the rest of his life; so he perhaps may be considered a Frenchman. He stood in high favor of the Court of Louis XIV., but was exceedingly jealous of the Italian opera, which was constantly being brought to France. He quickly saw that the only way in which to successfully combat it was to interest the people, and that the first necessity for popular support was opera in the language of the people. So strong in the friendship of the king, he received letters patent for the directorship of the Royal Academy of Music, the official name of the opera, and in 1674 began his fight for opera in the French language. He is the father of French opera, and during his lifetime he succeeded in awakening such a love for opera in the hearts of the people that though there were many hours of darkness before the final triumph, the power of the opera was never broken! Again, the cornerstone on which he founded the opera was that it be sung in the language of the people. Still the war between the French opera, considered by the cultivated to be of much inferior quality, and the imported Italian article, raged a hundred years. As it needed an Italian to establish it, so it needed a German, Gluck, to rescue it from the senility with which it had been nearly overcome, and forever end the matter so far as France was concerned. During all the time that the grand opera was fighting for existence, starving along in hide-bound conventionality or crying its passion in an unknown tongue, comic operas and parodies on the grand opera were convulsing all France. Mind this is not barbaric America that preferred light opera it could understand to grand opera it could not, but France, art-loving France. But why did it need Gluck, a German, to fight the good fight in France? Had he so conquered his native land for the right that there were no more Philistines to destroy?

Opera in Germany. Opera in the home of music—deep, honest, sincere Germany. Scarcely had Jacapo Peri's "Euridice" been sung in Florence than it was translated into German and given at the Court of Dresden. But such good beginnings bore only disappointing fruit. It depended on

the caprice of a prince, and after a sickly life it sank into an unregretted grave. The one bright spot in Germany is the city of Hamburg, where, in 1674, the opera was established on a popular basis and had thirty years of brilliant life—then it, too, was heard of no more. After the light of Hamburg faded, all Germany sank into abject bondage to Italy. Opera became merely the costly plaything of princes, a court function, meaning perhaps but little to the princes themselves, nothing at all to their people. The first opera-writers of the day, Handel and Scarlatti, wrote altogether in Italian. Bach never wrote an opera, confining himself to the cantata and oratorio, where he could speak to the people in their own tongue. The oratorios of Bach we know—where are the operas of Handel? Italian was the language of song, and no refined, cultivated German would for a moment have entertained the barbaric idea of singing opera to a German text. It was preposterous.

So grand opera, or opera seria as it was called, became merely a convention, without purpose or life, a fit companion for the elegant landscape-gardening of the day, which prided itself on clipping trees into the forms of flowerpots and roosters. The eighteenth century was the time when the singer ruled all and the composer was his slave. Towering above all was that pampered child of unreality and convention, the male soprano. "The opera consisted of detached airs, loosely strung together by the poem. The *prima donna* was queen of the theater; she claimed the privilege of the escort of a page when she made her entrance; he held the train of her robe and followed her every movement. The tenor was obliged to be either a noble father, a traitor or a tyrant. The basso was restricted to *opera buffa*, for it was thought that his voice was naturally too grotesque to be heard in opera seria. The castrate was monarch of the scene. Singularly enough he was called the *primo duomo* and given the lover's part. His very person was sacred on the stage. Others might slay and be slain; he was inviolable, and his head was always crowned with aurel. It was the rule in Italy never to admit the murder of the chief singer, though the piece itself might reek with

blood. The male sopranos were spoiled children. One must make his appearance upon a horse; another insisted on descending from a mountain; another would not sing unless his plume was at least five feet long. The moment they finished their airs they left the stage, or remained upon it sucking oranges or drinking wine. They made their demands upon the composer; he was obliged to write a *bravura* aria, or an air *di portamento* with perhaps a trumpet obligato, according to their caprice. The chief singer and the composer between them made the opera, for there was little ensemble work. The custom was to finish the second act with a duet between the castrate and the first soprano; to end the third by a *tergetto*, in which the tenor was admitted." Such was opera in Italy, and German was Italy's proud slave.

At this time the first great man who sought to express all there was in him in the opera, Christoph Wilibald Gluck, came upon the scene. He was most powerfully attracted by the dramatic possibilities of the human voice, and lent all his energies to the mastering of the means of expression in opera. After years of study and experience in writing operas both for the Italian and German stage, he settled in Vienna at thirty-four to begin his serious work. For a time he adapted himself to writing according to the prevailing fashion. But his innate dramatic sincerity and love for poetry, though long in asserting themselves, finally won the day, and in his forty-eighth year he stepped forth as the champion of the new with "*Orpheus and Eurydice*." Perhaps Germany's bondage may be better understood by noting that every opera that Gluck, a German, addressing Germans, wrote for the German stage, was set to an Italian text. Five years later he again entered the lists with "*Alceste*," to which he wrote a preface which may be considered his confession of faith. He says:—"In setting the opera of *Alceste* to music, I have endeavored to avoid all those abuses which have crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of singers and the unwise compliance of composers, and which have rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being as it once was the grandest and most im-

posing stage of modern times. I have endeavored to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry, by enforcing the expression of sentiment and the interest of the situation, without interrupting the action or weakening it by useless ornaments. My idea is that the relation of music to poetry is much the same as harmonious coloring and well disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animate the figures without altering their outlines. I have felt that my chief endeavor should be to attain a grand simplicity, and consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the cost of clearness. I have set no value on novelty as such unless naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression; in fact there is no rule I have not felt bound to sacrifice for the sake of effect." Wagner did little more than reaffirm these words. But he did that wherein Gluck failed; he made the cornerstone of his structure a national opera for the people, *in the language of the people*. Gluck never even dreamed of the possibility of *opera seria* in German.

But in this same Germany, Gluck's consecration to the highest ideals and his open warfare with the commonplace and conventional raised a perfect whirlwind of opposition. On the production of his tragedy, "Alceste," they said:—"If any tears were shed they were due to exhaustion." The most distinguished critic of Berlin, not on the spur of the moment, but after deliberation, wrote as follows:—"What the Chevalier is pleased to call 'a noble simplicity' is in our opinion no other than a miserably empty, or to speak more clearly, an ignoble stupidity arising from lack of skill and knowledge. In short Gluck's sort of noble simplicity resembles that of our bar-room artists, which has simplicity enough it is true, but at the same time much that is repulsive." So it went until Gluck, the first opera-writer of his day, was driven out of Germany and compelled to finish his great work in a foreign land among strangers. He went to Paris, where he had friends at court, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, being a pupil of his. Matters were bad enough at the opera, which seemed to be dying for want of fresh air and life. Then, too, a hundred years after Lulli had first laid

the foundations of French opera there was still a large class of people who held that French was so unsuited to musical setting that any attempts to establish a national school of opera in that language was foredoomed to failure. So great a man and ardent a Frenchman as Jean Jacques Rousseau was so convinced of the truth of this that he published an Essay on French Music to prove that from the very nature of the language, opera in the vernacular must fail. Even though he was a warm partisan of Gluck and his artistic ideals, he was forced to conclude that his efforts to bring about lasting reforms in the opera would be futile. But the power and dramatic truth of Gluck's music proved to him his error. He wrote that the music of Orpheus had reconciled him to existence. He was, too; man enough to publicly retract what he had written against the possibility of setting the French language to music. Since Gluck's time no man has dared speak against opera in French. But let both them and us remember that a hundred years of bitter strife was endured before the structure begun by an Italian was completed by a German.

Meanwhile where did Germany stand in this great struggle for dramatic truth against conventionality? Mozart, the greatest of them all, was in the heyday of his powers, writing operas for all Germany, but of all he wrote one only had a German text; the rest were Italian—that one “*The Magic Flute*,” being written for none of the grand homes of opera, but for “a little theater,” no better than a booth, where comic operas were played and sung. After he had sunk under the weight of too much work and too little food the next to step in advance was Von Weber. As composer to the Court of Dresden he wrote that opera which marks an epoch in the history of the German stage, “*Der Freischütz*.” Yet so powerful was the influence of the Italian opera in Dresden that at last, in despair of ever overcoming that opposition, he was forced to turn to Berlin for its production. Here as in Dresden the musicians and “people of cultivation” were against him, but his music spoke straight to the hearts of the people and set them on fire. Soon all Germany was aflame. Here was something that

spoke to the mass. That which reaches them cannot be opposed; that which leaves them unmoved is an exotic dependent for life on the caprice of fashion. It concerns us not. "*Der Freischutz*" pointed out the way but it needed another German, as truly of "blood and iron" as Bismarck himself, to tear down and stamp under foot the dead conventionalities and let opera speak to the people. Wagner's war cry was a national school of opera for the German people, in the German language. He spoke to the German people and they responded to him with an enthusiasm that we can scarcely appreciate. Yet before he won his fight he was driven out of Munich by the stones of the mob. Yet he won, and the fight he fought is too recent to need comment. He won the battle of German for the Germans, he cannot win that of American for the Americans. He cannot speak to us in our tongue, voice our national sentiment, arouse our pride. The mass of the people care nothing for the woes of Tristan and Isolde, sung in German by Germans. All praise be to him for what he did, but we must fight it out for ourselves here. If the American who is to give us national opera does not yet appear, we may well remember that the ploughing, the harrowing and the sowing precede the harvest. Neither is it any reproach to us that so many of our musicians are of foreign birth. France may not forget that among the most honored names of the grand opera at Paris are Lulli, Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Bellini, Donizzetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi—names which hardly have a French sound. Yet when any one of them wished to address the French people he had to do so in the French tongue. Germany may not forget that when Gluck was driven from Vienna, Porpora lived like a prince and had Haydn to clean his shoes. When Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave Salieri was the favorite of the court and a man of mighty power. When Schubert could not even get a hearing for his opera and was, too, dying of starvation, Rossini was a god in Vienna.

The history of the opera in those countries where it has established itself as a necessity in the daily life of the people—that of an expensive amusement for the aristocracy

to which the people have gradually won access. So long as it appealed to the cultivated alone, so long as it was imported and sung in foreign tongues, it was the mere toy of fashion, without life of its own—while side by side with this sickly hothouse plant, grew a vigorous indigenous flower, the light opera, in the language of the people. We are merely repeating history. While grand opera is an impossibility without the subsidy of fashion, the Bostonians, Francis Wilson, and the rest, nightly fill the theaters with enthusiastic patrons. Just so surely as France and Germany fought their way out into the light, so will we, fashion, pedagogues, and the whole race of Philistines to the contrary notwithstanding. The struggle between the few, rich and cultivated, and the many, poor and ignorant, the classes against the masses, begins with the dawn of history. Yet in spite of every advantage of wealth, position and intelligence the aristocracy has always been overthrown in the end. In America least of all is there room for a self-constituted obligarchy of Musical Pharisees to rule our destiny. They may hinder, but so surely as the sun rises they will be swept aside. When that music is written that speaks to the heart of the American people they will rend these chains of convention as though they were of straw.

KARLETON HACKETT.

A WEEK OF GERMAN OPERA, FROM THE STAGE.

“GLEER de staich! Sst! Aus! Aus!”

A scurry of feet, a burst of light from the borders, and the curtain goes up on the first performance of “Scarlet Letter,” with a German chorus murdering Mr. Lathrop’s most excellent English to an accompaniment of Franco-Prussian music. On the stage, before the prison and the church, the crowd are cursing and waiting for Hester, while Mertens, as Chillingworth, sneaks around and looks inconspicuous, keeping meanwhile well within range of the prompter’s box. While a half dozen super soldiers in green coats guard the prison door, Galski and the rest of us stand behind the prison door studying closely the printed score and watching for our cues. Frau Galski is somewhat nervous in the waiting, for the English *th* has proven an insurmountable obstacle to her. But her cue is given and she goes out guarded by the supers, while Berthald, Behrens, Stehmann and I hasten around to the right and enter through a scenery house. “Scarlet Letter” is staged much better than anything else our company has given, and the scene is very real. The supers are the only drawback. Damrosch, Berthald and I are really the only ones in the company who speak good English, so it has been found impossible to communicate with the supers and give them their parts. They stand huddled disconsolately in a corner, screened by the regular “super girls” of the house. Their costumes are truly touching, in spite of the efforts of our excellent tailor, Schultz. Over there is one, a young man from “Tech,” who has been down every night, wearing a pair of tights large enough for two. Slippers flop about lonesomely when the men shift from one foot to the other, while shirtbands protrude above the necks of the puritan costumes (that were peasant costumes in *Freischütz* and pilgrim in *Tannhaeüser*). Doing their best to interpret

the gestures of Frederick, the super captain of the company, the poor fellows try to look mad and shake their fists in time to the music. But it is a hard job. However, the audience is busy listening to Berthald's touching appeal to Hester to tell the name of her lover. Gadski as Hester is superb, and stands there upon the pillory like a statue, except for the change in her expressive face. Again and again she refuses to disclose the name. Finally Bellingham sentences her to wear the scarlet letter, and we all follow the mob into the church to sing "Old Hundred." I may say right here that it would be useless to have this company sing in English, since when they sing "Scarlet Letter" it is impossible even for us on the stage to understand any except Gadski and Berthald. Used as they are to sing in a language not understood by the audience, their enunciation is barbarous.

The scene behind the scenes (nominally inside the church) is good. In the immediate foreground are we artists and the choruses singing "Old Hundred," directed by a young man of the manager's staff. All around, among the scenery-stacks are the supers and the super girls, who are not to go on again till the last act. Pretty super girls are a rarity, and are to be located by the crowds of college supers surrounding each one, whom some more favored individual immediately guards, out of range of the eagle eye of the stage manager. Outside the play goes on, and at length down comes the curtain, to be raised again five times while Gadski, Berthald and Damrosch bow to the audience. While the curtain is down the fair dames of Boston come back to see us artists and to compliment us on our work, and to see the scene-shifters rushing here and there with brooks, trees, and such like furniture, while Bob, the assistant stage carpenter, raises and lowers the drops by hand from a gallery, and sets the foliage borders in the same slow way. Gadski and Berthald retire to their rooms for a little rest and new powder, Damrosch stalks about in gloomy silence or smiles now and then to some acquaintance, and the men of the German chorus, now transformed into immigrants, and looking like gypsies, begin a hot discussion on the relative merits of degrees from Harvard, Oxford and Heidelberg. A lot of col-

lege supers understand enough of this to take offense, and a fight is imminent, when, the warning "Sst!" from Manager Harder announces that the curtain is going up.

Nothing happens in the second act except the meeting between Hester and Arthur, and between Arthur and Chillingsworth. Chillingsworth accidentally knocks down the bridge over the brook. A band of pilgrims, with a big wagon, drive across the stage singing a beautiful May song that is one of the gems of the opera. It is one of the few melodic bits that one can remember. The second act is soon over, and this time there are eleven curtain calls, and cheers for Damosch. There is again the rushing of scenery and the first scene is re-set. The supers reappear in breastplate and helmet as the "ancient and honorable artillery" of Boston. The chorus again become puritans, and the curtain rises on the last act. The noise behind the scenes during this act is very loud, and one wonders if it drifts across the orchestra and reaches the audience. The super artillery and nobles march on and Dimmesdale confesses his guilt and falls dead of heart disease across the steps of the pillory. It is a most uncomfortable position, and Berthald can be heard cursing under his breath while Gadske sings her sweet death song, takes poison, and falls dead with an arm across his mouth, which effectually stops his breath. Slowly the curtain comes down to a slow chorus of foregiveness, while Gadske shakes with suppressed laughter at Berthald's efforts to dislodge her arm without moving perceptibly. The moment the curtain is down there is a mad rush for the dressing rooms, and Bob and the sceneshifters clear the stage.

So it goes all through the week. Tuesday night Klafsky sings Agathe in *Freischutz*. As a heavy opera singer Klafsky is a great success. But her efforts to be a giddy maiden are funny in the extreme, and the languishing smiles she throws on all are simply awful. The staging of *Freischutz* is ridiculous, though the devil scene in the forest is pretty well done. In the last act the four pages on the dais become the object of the wrath of Mr. Egner, because they keep laughing at the jokes of the supers while the corpse of the unlucky Caspar lies below them. A long-legged super

from Harvard, standing next to the girls, whispers away till a sharp "Hist! Stop dat! Mind your peesness!" from behind the scenes keeps him quiet. Herr Fischer dies like an amateur, but finally accomplishes it, and is borne away, and the curtain falls at 12 o'clock.

If Klafsky did poorly in *Freischütz* she fully redeemed herself in *Götterdämmerung* the next night, when she sang Brunnhilde, with Alvary as Siegfried. All during this play we who were behind the stage were kept in a state of terror by the antics of the fiery carthorse which Alvary and Klafsky were to ride. In the first act it, with Alvary, was put on a truck and shoved out into the back of the stage. As the truck stopped the horse half fell and shambled across the stage, followed by an audible "*Damn!*" from Alvary. When Siegfried died in the next to the last act and four chorus warriors bore him off, the exit was found too narrow for the bier, and the chorus came to a standstill. One of the men slipped and dropped his corner, and Alvary would have fallen ten or twelve feet to the stage, but for the quick work of a super in catching the corner of the bier. The curtain was rung down, but stuck half way up, and there were about two minutes of terrible suspense before it finally came down. Then how Alvary did rip and tear! It was a caution. And Klafsky liberally backed him up. The whole of the last act was a fiasco, from a scenic point of view. As usual, the horse was part of the fuss. Klafsky was mortally afraid of it, and when she left the stage to ride over the imaginary funeral pile, she grabbed her skirts high and scurried by the beast, crying to one who had addressed her, "*Nein. Ich bin nicht nervous!*" but trembling from head to foot. Muffled in wraps, she awaited her final cue, crying "*Ein athem, ein athem!*" and interjecting an occasional mild cuss-word.

The supers were responsible for a great deal of Frau Klafsky's agitation. She simply cannot bear them. She imagines them all muckers, while really they were all college men. And they would persist in locating near her and proceeding to hug the super girls in a way most trying to one of an artistic temperament. But even *Götterdämmerung* had an

end, and Klafsky was relieved. So was her husband, Herr Lohse, whose antics while conducting appear truly funny to one on the stage.

Tannhaeüser and *Fidelio* went off without incident, and with the usual racket behind the scenes. The usual string of ladies came back to see us. Damrosch wandered here and there, overseeing everything. And finally Saturday afternoon came, and "Scarlet Letter" was again given, with the same effects and the same results as on Monday evening. *Tristan and Isolde* wound up the engagement, and we all packed up ready to start for Springfield in the morning. The sceneshifters lowered the drops that belong to the company, and rolled them up. The standing scenery was packed, and everything left bare for the next comers. Schultz, the tailor, packed up all the costumes the supers had not stolen, and everything was left quiet except a group of German chorus people, proud of having been imported by the elder Damrosch. They stood in a corner discussing Americans, as usual, and this time it was the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. "Dose tam Americans," I heard one say, "tey ton't know noddings. Tey shust mimmic te English, ant dake any kint of music te Germans vill gif tem." And being an American myself, though in a German company, I mused on the truth of this as I walked over to the Vendome to pack my grip for Springfield.

A. S. INGER.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE outlook for the art of music in America is brighter than at any previous time in its history. In some respects we are distinctly ahead of other nations, not excepting the foremost in musical traditions. Nevertheless we still have everything to learn. For which reason teachers exist and will continue to be in demand.

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One of the most encouraging circumstances is the fact that grand opera in our own language is now being given successfully in two leading cities by local companies, after the manner of a theatrical stock company. In another part of this issue will be found an account of the remarkable operatic season at the Castle Theater, Boston, a season which has now lasted for more than five months, and has succeeded pecuniarily. The other example I know less about, but from Mr. Constantine Sternberg's letters to the *Musical Courier* from Philadelphia, I think it is clear that the season of grand opera in English under Mr. Gustav Hinrich's direction is proving successful.

The remarkable consensus of opinions of leading vocal teachers in regard to the rationality of song in our own language, and the musical capacity of that language, which the previous and present issue of *MUSIC* contain, points quite in the same direction—namely, that while for money-making purposes grand opera, with expensive stars, can best be undertaken in foreign tongues, we are rapidly nearing a period when something much better for all of us will be inaugurated—to wit, opera by the month together in our native language in all our leading cities. When this time comes, we will have reached the same point as that attained by the Germans about fifty years ago, some of the particulars of which Mr. Karleton Hackett so well recounts in another part of this issue. I will say that I am rather

proud of the distinguished array of names and at the still more able array of good sense which these letters from vocal teachers show.

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On the whole I think the most striking circumstance of the immediate situation is the production of Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" in Boston Feb. 11, sung in English, Frau Gadschi taking the chief role. It was a great feat for Mr. Damrosch to have brought out his opera in English with a German company. True, many of his people, like Fischer and Behrens, have been singing in English for a long time. But this was not true of most of them. Here it would have been fortunate if he had happened to have some of our German-American singers who know three or four languages equally well, and in some cases (Mme. Hastreiter, for instance) sing all of them perfectly. Miss Brema, also, is equally at home in English and in German.

* * *

This "Scarlet Letter" production marks a distinct advance within the past few years. I suppose I betray no confidence when I say that it is understood that if Mr. Seidl had remained at the head of German opera at the Metropolitan another year, Dudley Buck's grand opera of "Christopher Columbus" (I am not sure of the title) would have been translated into German and brought out there—an American work written in English and produced in our largest city in our most prominent opera house, in a foreign tongue! Even this would have been a great advantage to Mr. Buck, for as it stands the American composer of operas has to imagine them simple. There is no chance of bringing them out.

* * *

Another very gratifying feature of the existing American musical situation is the fact that we have here at least two of the best orchestras in the world—two out of a possible four. The Boston Orchestra, according to all accounts, has fallen off little or none since Nikisch left. True, the programs have not been very artistic, and the range of

selections has been a little hide-bound; but the playing (and consequently the drill) has been admirable, if perhaps a little stiff and uninspired. I speak from hearsay, only, having never had the pleasure of hearing anything under the direction of Mr. Paur. The Boston Orchestra has now reached the point where it is pecuniarily self-sustaining. It is in fact an artistic delicacy for the few, the prices of tickets being high and increased by the premiums paid for privilege of selecting seats. It is greatly to be regretted that its ministrations could not be made more available by means of more concerts, or occasional concerts outside the subscription. However, when you are once in with the group of the Boston symphony patrons, you are in for good and all so long as your money holds out. This is not quite the ideal principle of natural selection in art, but at least it is better than nothing.

* * *

The other best orchestra in the world—need I add?—is our own Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of that great master and artist, Mr. Theodore Thomas. From an artistic point of view I have never heard better playing than this orchestra is doing this year, particularly as they did it in the Heroic symphony of Beethoven, and in the Tschai-kowsky symphonies and the novelties. The playing is everything that orchestral playing can well be—musical, united, sympathetic and spirited; the whole, of course, being the expression of Mr. Thomas' interpretations. In one point we are distinctly ahead of the Boston Orchestra; our programs cover a wider range of material, contain more novelties, and are better arranged. Speaking of arrangement, any lover of good programs will do well to look carefully through the group of concerts arranged for the Chicago Orchestra in the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, during the third week of March. They will take ninety men upon the road, so that the number of players will be almost the same as at home, even in the selections requiring the most liberal appointment of extra instruments.

In one respect our Chicago Orchestra is upon a better footing than that in Boston. There it is a question of one-

man power. Mr. Higginson, from all accounts, must be a man of liberal nerve and great capacity for minding his own business and going his own gait. The seating capacity of Boston Music Hall amounts only to about 2,500 as against our 4,800 in the Auditorium. This of itself is a serious handicap to them, since the expense of keeping up an orchestra of that grade amounts to somewhere about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In Chicago our orchestral association consists of influential men enough to give the enterprise considerable weight independent of the name of Mr. Thomas, although if for any reason he were to leave us, it would be impossible to find another man to take his place and carry the work along so easily as he does.

Mr. Thomas' hold in Chicago is something wonderful—or No! not wonderful, for we live in a world of cause and effect. But the causes have been so long at work that the present result is really wonderful. Only the other day a sharp observer, a musician, and one in no personal way friendly to Mr. Thomas, told me he believed that there were a hundred men in this town who would go down in their pockets to the tune of a thousand dollars a year each rather than have his work here cease. They are proud of him, believe in his artistic sincerity, and take him for what he is, one of the greatest musical artists now living.

* * *

In this connection I may mention another circumstance, which is that the draft upon the guaranty fund of the Chicago Orchestra will be far smaller this year than ever before. And this, I will say further without having an intimate knowledge of all the circumstances, I believe to be due to in part to the natural growth of the work, and in part to the rare managerial ability of that remarkable woman who has administered the commercial side of the orchestra for two years, Miss Anna Millar. Miss Millar is one of those quiet persons who goes along and does things without fuss or feathers. She is not always looking to make sure her name is printed in the bills, and in type of flattering sonority; but she "gets there all the same." Her capacity

for bringing things together is great, and she has shown herself a blessing to the enterprise. This is my opinion—and I hope that I am right and far inside the facts, for the possession of a manager of this capacity will be invaluable to the Chicago Orchestra. I only hope it will also be valuable to her.

* * *

Of course I count it for something encouraging that two grand opera companies should be doing so splendid a business as those of the Abbey and Grau people and Mr. Damrosch. The former sings in almost any language wanted, excepting English, which has no status therein. It contains a brilliant array of singers, such as Melba, Nevada, Nordica, the De Reszkes, Maurel, etc., and gives the standard Italian, French and German repertory in as many different languages—generally only one language per night, but sometimes they combine several of them—all except the chorus, which splits the difference between all of them and sings a tongue not calculated to offend national partialities.

It is a credit to a country, in one sense, that it is able to bring here and keep here so many of the most celebrated singers now upon the stage. It is something to remember to have heard some of these casts, for they are not likely to be surpassed. When we have Biblical dramas, with all the twelve apostles in each one of them, it will not be easy to surpass them unless the suggestion of the manager be taken to have twenty. Indeed it is not easy to see what shape a future desire of surpassing these casts can do unless it be to double each role, and in place of having one great prima donna at four thousand dollars a night have two or three, singing in unison, at four thousand dollars a night each. *Procul este, o profani!*

* * *

Anyway, between the Abbey and Grau company and that of Damrosch, we are getting grand opera about as well as it is given anywhere, and they do say rather better. It shows at least that money can be had in America.

Nevertheless, it also shows that we are still at that stage of our musical development in which it is more a question

of *Who* than *What*. Art, however, has to do with the latter aspect. And in this point of view the stock operas at Boston and Philadelphia are further along upon the road than these cosmopolitan barbecues of grand and plutocratic expenditure.

* * *

It is proper to observe, moreover, that even in this craze for the most celebrated and expensive singers only there is also an encouraging element of significance for the future of American music. It shows that the national ear is delicate, and capable of appreciating vocal quality, and willing to pay for its gratification. Look at the money taken at Patti and Melba concerts. And look at the Paderewski receipts. Oh yes; look at them! Wouldn't we?

* * *

Another feature in the same line is the singular improvement of the American musical press. We have more musical papers of one sort and another than any other country in the world; and we have also the best—I think I may say. I will except the beautiful *Italian Musical Review* of the Bocca Freres at Turin, but this is one of those extremely fine productions appealing to the inner brotherhood alone. It is written mainly by artists for artists. Its circulation must be small; but it is a lovely work and a great credit to Italian enterprise. It has absolutely no advertisements worth while, and must be carried somehow out of its receipts or else by some kind of selfsacrifice on the part of its editors and publishers.

MUSIC, as our readers know, intends to appeal to several grades of musical ability. To artists it offers opportunity of saying things about art; to current readers it presents many passing aspects of one of the most universal arts of our time; and to students and teachers it brings in the course of a year many ideas of practical utility. It is therefore neither precisely one thing nor another. Not a newspaper, for news once a month is a contradiction in terms. Not exclusively for artists, for artists are still few and not given to subscribing to any other opinions than

their own. Not for students and teachers exclusively. But for all. "Of the people, for the people, and by the people"—by "people" meaning the people who look at music seriously.

* *

I never read the *Musical Courier*, lately, without a new feeling of admiration. There are three writers in it who would distinguish any journal. First, from a news standpoint, I place Mr. Otto Floersheim, who writes every week a letter from Berlin, in which we get undoubtedly the substance of the musical season there. Often he occupies himself with topics which are intended to be valuable to somebody later; as when he writes up young artists intending to come to America and desiring the way to be opened. But when you have subtracted all this sort of thing, you have left a most valuable and interesting miscellany, the news value of which is hardly impaired at all by personal likes and dislikes. It is of lasting value as a record, and the amount of it is great, the weekly letter generally covering two pages, or about six thousand words, equal to fifteen pages of this matter.

Another very brilliant writer in the *Courier* is the *Raconteur*, Mr. James Hunneker. The *Raconteur* generally gets away with about two pages of the *Courier* (the same as the former.) And what kind of matter will show up out of histeeming and many-colored reflections upon passing things, I doubt whether even Marc Blumenberg himself knows in advance. He writes about everything, sooner or later, Hunneker does, and always with levity and breeziness; sometimes with seriousness and point. Often he dallies with the stage unduly; and many a queer notion comes to expression in the course of a year. But then, what would you? We are in a world where the unexpected happens (at least Hunneker is) and what would be the good of a glass set at one fixed angle week after week, like the mirrors outside the window, showing always the things which take place upon the next corner and nothing else?

Exception can be taken to some of Mr. Hunneker's matter on the score of taste. He does not always write for *la*

jeune fille; he knows too much. But then when the daily papers are covering all sorts of ground, why should *la jeune fille* have qualms in her musical department when she has none in her daily life? I think myself that Mr. Hunneker is sometimes writing much better than he knows, and that a very little discrimination would bring his average up to the grade of what they call "literature" as distinguished from journalism. Anyway here he is, a great good humored sight-seer, with boundless stores of information, wide acquaintance with leading personalities, and placed where he can use his eyes and pen to the utmost.

Still another writer of this great three is Mr. Phillip Hale, the Boston correspondent. I believe Mr. Hale to be one of the best informed practical musicians and literary men who at present are writing about music in this country. He may *not* be this; but I believe him to be. I did believe Mr. Apthorp to be the latter part of this lay-out until Hale said publicly that he was not. I am waiting now for them to settle it between themselves. Mr. Hale has a world of curious literary reading, and as a musician he is, I understand, a virtuoso organist, a good pianist, and a composer. As a writer he has a most unpleasant knack of telling the truth as he sees it. This vice will ruin any man's journalistic opportunities unless he overcomes it, and I give Mr. Hale this pointer I hope in time. The art we want, as Col. Sellers remarked of heat, is not so much truth in all its repulsive nakedness as "the appearance of truth," which is far more nourishing.

As I said, inexpert delivery of truth is more likely to harm a man's journalistic chances than any other vice whatever. One must be like Eolus in Virgil, knowing *when* to give loose rein and *when* to restrain.

Mr. Hale makes a very entertaining letter, and it has value as a record. I fancy that later he will improve his style, acquire ease in his dallying with myriad aspects of truth, and so at last perhaps come to be buried as a great and creative poet in a corner of Kings Chapel, next adjoining the corner bit off for the mortal remains of Ben Lang. May they rest in peace, with Apthorp at their feet!

The *Musical Courier* has a vast amount of other matter, some of which is good. It is like a great net let down into the sea, bringing up fish small and great, a few eels, jelly fish, and sculpins, with some lovely sprays of seaweed. You unpack the net and sort to suit yourself. What you don't like you pack fresh to a friend. And the great net comes in every week.

* * *

I have often wondered what Marc Blumenberg would do next, for in this off-hand way I designate the editor-in-chief and proprietor of the *Courier*. After a career as editor of a trade paper which has subjected him to about as much unfavorable criticism as Boss Croker encountered as a reward for his patriotism, he has reached the point where halos begin to dangle not too far above to be invisible. And I wonder what he will do, whether transform the *Courier* into an organ for the Salvation Army, take up university extension, go in for purity and reform, sell out the commercial side of the *Courier* to Hunneker, or what? He has a great opportunity; dozens of them. What will he do? Meanwhile he goes on enlarging the *Courier*, and I trust his blooming bank account.

* * *

Another illustration of musical journalism that has interested me very much is the *Song Journal* of Detroit. This monthly was the organ of a music firm there, having a very small circulation. Two young men bought it and in one year carried the circulation up to a very flattering figure, mostly in the region watered from Detroit—which, I suppose everybody knows, is a beautiful city, with several very distinguished musical industries and art developments. One of the most interesting features of the *Song Journal* has been the letters of Henri Marteau, in which he every month discusses people and places he has visited upon his artistic tours. Meeting always the best musicians and all the leading composers, he writes of them with the modesty of a good young man, but with the truth-telling instinct of the sweet child who as yet has not learned the great lesson I have set above for Mr. Phillip Hale. Children can tell the truth

with comparative impunity. In all respects they have made this an entertaining periodical, and the experiment is a very interesting one and its success gratifying.

* * *

Among the established periodicals there is the *Etude*, published by Mr. Presser, which has perhaps the largest circulation of any musical journal. It aims at teachers and students. Latterly Mr. Presser has been trying to bring out young writers, and teachers, and his success will be watched with interest. It is all very well to say to the readers, "Go to! Let us watch this young man and see him grow." The readers may not have time to wait, but will remark: "When I have a convenient season I will call for him."

The Musician is a precisely similar periodical started last month in Philadelphia by a new company, seceders from Mr. Presser's establishment. They begin with the most of the old writers, and perhaps will retain them.

I have intended several times to mention the *Musical Visitor*, by James R. Murray, and published by that pushing and able-bodied corporation, the John Church Company. *The Visitor* was originally addicted to vocal music exclusively, and that of the plainest; later it has participated in the onward movement and now is treating topics interesting to piano teachers and players as well. It does not seem to me that *The Visitor* has quite assumed its destined form. Mr. Murray is an experienced musical man, having edited the *Song Messenger* for Root & Cady, as far back as 1870. He writes agreeably and with versatility. *The Visitor* gives musical pages, and has not yet forsaken the old-fashioned form established by Brainard's *World*, now merged in the *Etude*. (Mem. But the *Etude* did not know the difference.)

* * *

Speaking of musical journals, the list is very long, and you cannot take up a copy of any of them without encountering evidence of sincere good intentions toward music and the music trade, although some are more fortunate in concealing this sort of thing than others. We have in Chicago for instance, the *Indicator*, edited by Messrs. Armstrong and Fox; the *Musical Times*, edited by Mr. Harger; and the

Presto, edited by Mr. Abbott. The *Presto* has come out in a new and very telling cover. It is primarily a trade paper, in which it holds a position distinctly strong if not pre-eminent. The *Musical Times* seems to be growing into a valuable place as a musical newspaper. I suppose it is a question of money and patience, and local support.

* * *

Not wholly disconnected with these journalistic amenities, is another question: What is the place and office of explanation in art? This is something which every critic has to learn and settle for himself. The constructive and helpful side of criticism turns upon one's being able to carry over to the reader some part of the impression a beautiful work of art has made upon him. And when the work has not proven consistent within itself, but like Nebuchadnezzar's image is of gold at the head, tapering down to clay at the feet, it is the critic's art to praise the gold and the silver after their kind without getting mired in the clay prematurely. For, you remember, it was only the toes which were of clay; but our modern Daniels seem to make nothing of the gold, the silver and the iron, but come to the clay, and there they wallow hopelessly.

I have had this question brought forcibly to my attention this season, in making the analytical notes of the programs of the Chicago Orchestra. I take it that what we have to do in this sort of thing is to place our readers in approximately as good advantage ground for hearing the work enjoyably as we occupy ourselves. Every work selected for performance by a great director with practically unlimited musical resources, as Mr. Thomas enjoys, is so selected for reasons. It is important; it represents a school or tendency; it is novel and deserves to be tested; it is standard, and the folks owe it to themselves to have heard it. Whatever this reason, the notes might bring this standpoint to the reader without formal notice. Then, too, every notable composer deserves to be remembered as part of a larger movement, or even as the inciter of it; this comes out in the notes. Finally, but mainly, the work itself aims at such and such merits; and proceeds by such and such

traits of treatment. The leading subjects should be given in notes, in order that the listener's attention may be more surely fastened upon the real subject instead of the accessory. And whatever is peculiar and fortunate in the work, this should come to expression in the notes.

But not a word of criticism or detraction. It is not a question of concealing facts or qualities; but of putting the best foot first. When Mendelssohn's overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream" is brought forward, it is not a question whether it is as important as Beethoven's third "Lenore" overture, or as complicated or as noisy as "Tschaikowsky's" 1813. It is simply to renew our acquaintance with a great and epoch-marking work of the romantic school, a work full of beauty and pleasing qualities. So with the symphonies. Here was Sinding's symphony in D minor. It is very elaborate, but it is immature and very monotonous. Nevertheless it pleased the audience because it contained so much which reflected telling ideas of some one else. But it would have been in the highest degree indecorous to have alluded to this fact in the notes. One might as well introduce the guest of honor at the dinner: "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing the guest of honor of the occasion, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith's name is well known to all of you, and though his stature is small and he has a wart on the left side of his face, and his honesty has been seriously questioned by many, such as he is, *here* he is." This would hardly do, you know.

The question comes, however, whether any kind of annotation or explanation is an advantage to appreciation in art; whether it is not liable to do more harm than good. I believe that explanations *are* useful in their place; and that program annotations along the lines mentioned above are helpful. Nevertheless, the question still comes whether real appreciation of any great work would not form itself more safely if the work could be heard without any kind of intruding explanation or comment? I am rather inclined to think it would be better; but it would take so many hearings that time would be lost. I have elsewhere mentioned the patent fact that we hear great orchestral works but sel-

dom. I do not think that I ever realized how little I really knew about orchestral music until I got fairly at work upon this series of programs. One imagines that he is a volume of untold lore; but let him open the volume at a definite page and he is too apt to find that the page is blurred if not torn out altogether. Of course an old journalist does not permit himself to be "phased" by trifling circumstances of ignorance of the subject assigned; it is his business to find out. But, oh the pleasing difficulties of finding out!

* * *

There is one kind of explanation of art which appears to me peculiarly liable to misuse. I mean so called poetical explanations. It is of no value whatever to a hearer to know that the motive comes in the key of D and modulates in a measure and a half into W, or whatever it may be. But it is also open to question whether we are any nearer the heart of the thing when we have arranged a story which we pretend the musical piece follows. Take the "Moonlight" sonata, for instance. The first movement speaks a language of passionate regret and bereavement. But the minute you go beyond this elementary statement you interfere with the picture-forming activity of the hearer, who will get more pleasure and edification shall I say?—out of his own building along the general line of regret, than in trying to discover exactly where the music tells this or that. Still more is this the case when we deal with an elaborate movement like the finale of the same sonata. It is absorbing and grand; but precisely at *which* corner he left the girl there is nothing in the music to say, and the annotator marks the spot at his peril. I sometimes wonder whether Mr. Baxter Perry does not go too far in this direction.

* * *

The question came up before and repeatedly in the so-called analyses of the Derthick Musical-Literary Clubs. In the meetings of these clubs, which I am told are increasing right along in all parts of the country, the works of a single composer form the subject of the meeting. A "Characterization" is read at beginning, in which the general traits of the composer are brought out, according to the ability of

the writer. After this, certain compositions are to be played, each piece being preceded by what is called an "analysis," or an account in words of what the composer is supposed to have meant, and the general direction in which he sought to bring his idea to expression. Then follows the piece, played by one of the members. The hearers are expected to find in the music what the analysis says they ought to find there. Those gifted with a commanding mental expectancy, or a rare musical impressibility *do* find it there; the others generally preserve a discreet silence. Reputations of great sanctity in musical discrimination have been built upon these discreet silences. There are whole cities where a local and combined silence has given the towns the reputation of musical and appreciative art centers.

There is a grave danger in this work in the quality of the playing, which not infrequently, perhaps, falls short of producing the effects which the accounts say the piece *ought* to show. This kind of fallibility, however, is native to almost all forms of human endeavor, and I do not see that it is relatively greater in the musical interpretations offered these clubs than elsewhere.

At all events interpretation is likely to be furthered in a great degree by the work of these clubs, and I look for them to afford a valuable stimulus to teaching; both by tending to hold it to higher standards of music selection, and of higher ideals in interpretation. Moreover the players are bound to govern themselves not simply by the question of notes and speed, but also by these inner somethings which the club manuals say ought to be found in them.

It is not conceivable that some hundreds of clubs can come together every week, and devote one meeting to the study of one great composer, without learning much about music, and having their ideal elevated and stimulated. I think this is sure. That here and there one person may derive little benefit is possible; but then the membership fee does not carry with it a guarantee of brains for going on with the appreciation.

W. S. B. M.

ENGLISH OPERA IN BOSTON.

THERE has been no more significant occurrence in the musical life of Boston this season than the extraordinary success of the Castle Square Opera Company. For nearly a year this company has been singing in English both grand and comic opera, eight times a week, and always to crowded houses. So great is its success that at a recent performance of "Faust" the management found it necessary to advertise in the papers that the house was entirely sold



MR. WILLIAM WOLFF.

out and that nothing but standing-room could be had. And this for a company of American singers, singing in English, that language "so terrible for the voice," and in a city where at the same time were playing Sothorn, Francis Wilson, Boucicault, and Potter and Bellew. Apparently it sufficiently contradicts the statements with which we are so familiar, that the American general public does not care for grand opera when it can get burlesque, and that to sing foreign operas in English translation is to ruin them.

The Castle Square opera is indeed a remarkable venture, and seems to mark an epoch in our musical history. That, at least, is

the opinion of many Boston musicians. The plan of the present company originated with Mr. Wm. Wolff, the leading basso, and manager of the company. Mr. Wolff will be remembered by Chicagoans from his connection with the comic opera troupe at the Schiller in June and July, 1894, and as a member of the old Chicago Church Choir Company. His stage career began when he left a church choir in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1879, to join the Holden Opera Company, singing grand and comic opera in the United States and Canada. Soon after he left them, in 1881 or 1882, he became stage manager and principal comedian for the Chicago Church Choir Company, playing at Haverley's (now the Columbia). He occupied the same position later with the Hesse, the Templeton, the Alcazar, and the Thompson companies. In the winter of 1886 he had a company of his own in Chicago for two months, after which he joined the Baker Opera Company, with whom he remained seven years. In all the time he had been singing on the road Mr. Wolff had had constantly before him the idea of a company that could sing all grades of opera, singing every night in the week, and which might be "anchored," so to speak, to some one city. Chicago was his ideal of a city for the purpose, for he is himself a Chicagoan by residence, claiming a home on Calumet avenue. Accordingly in the spring of 1894 he organized a company to play at the Schiller. For several weeks they played to immense houses, singing "Martha," "Fra Diavolo," "Black Hussar," "Chimes of Normandy," and other operas. Then the strike, the hot weather and the financial cramp interfered with the audiences, and the manager's pocketbook was not long enough to tide the company over. Mr. Wolff then sang for a short time with the Murray-Lane Opera Company, and in the winter joined the Louise Beaudet company at the Castle Square theater.

The Castle Square theater, at that time about a year old, was in a very bad way financially. A long and unpopular run of "Captain Paul" had created an unfavorable impression among the theater-going people; added to which, the theater is in a locality inconvenient for a large portion of Boston. In a conversation with Mr. Rose, the manager of the house, Mr. Wolff suggested the idea of a popular opera company; at prices sufficiently low to allow every one that would, to come. He supposed that the proposition would go the way of most suggestions and be heard of no more. But Mr. Rose was in need of something new and paying. He therefore looked up Mr. Wolff's record, found him a man equal to the task of managing such a company, and with the permission of Mr. Savage, the proprietor, engaged him for an eight-weeks trial. Mr. Wolff's long experience on the road had given him an accurate knowledge of the principal American singers available, and he made his selections quietly and quickly. On May 6th last the company opened its season. For the first five weeks the venture was doubtful. The public were timid about coming where they had been disappointed before. By that time, however, the favorable press notices and the praises of all who had been to see began to be felt, and the last three weeks of the trial were immensely successful. The company has been re-

tained every since, and is now approaching its three-hundredth performance. The popularity of the opera has steadily increased, and some of the recently presented works have been kept on the stage three weeks without any falling off in the houses. The prices of admission, which it was planned to have low enough for all, have been juggled with a good deal, and have only recently been permanently fixed. The first few rows in the orchestra are now seventy-five cents, all the rest of the floor fifty cents, and the balconies, twenty-five. General admission, and in matinees, every seat is twenty-five cents. The house is the newest and decidedly the best in Boston, and seats about two thousand.

The company which Mr. Wolff has gathered about him is composed entirely of Americans, and with the exception of Mr. Persse, of citizens of our own country. The members are gathered from the whole country, and many of them have sung in their own companies. Their work at the Castle Square is remarkable for its unity, due to the fact that everyone in the company is thoroughly competent, and that all are working to the same end, the musical education of the people. If there is a star among them brighter than the rest it is Miss Clara Lane, soprano, who in private life is Mrs. J. K. Murray.

Miss Lane was a Boston girl, and made her debut as a chorus girl in her native city. She traveled first in small parts in Hoyt's "Rag Baby" and similar ventures, finally rounding up in Washington, where she made her first appearance in opera as Irene in "Nanon," with the National Theater Company of that city. Her next appearance was as a star in W. T. Carleton's company, where she met and married Mr. J. K. Murray, the baritone. With that company she sang in "Nanon," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "Dorothy," "Mikado," "Indigo," "Brigands," and other works. After leaving Carleton she and her husband starred for two seasons in "Glen du Lough," playing for a while at the Columbia, Boston. They then formed the Murray-David Opera Company, singing at Buffalo, and later the Murray-Lane Opera Company, which has sung the last few summers at Haltworth's Garden Theater, in Cleveland. Miss Lane is an artist of remarkable power. Her voice is sweet and pure, with a great range at times seeming almost mezzo-soprano, yet taking the highest notes in "Faust" clearly and easily. She holds her audiences charmed by her voice as well as by her acting, and as an actress she is as successful as she is as a singer. The expression of her face in all its changes is one of the most wonderful things I have seen. It, as well as her acting, carries out fully the ideas that the music expresses. That the public appreciates these things is evidenced by the popularity she has gained in Boston. She certainly deserves all she gets in this line, for she is one of the most conscientious of workers, and studies every detail of each new role with greatest care. Her singing in the last (prison) scene in Gounod's "Faust," combined with the facial expression and dramatic action, is magnificent. The innocence and joy with which she there reverts to the first meeting with "Faust," and the awful terror when she recognizes Mephistopheles, produce an impression never to be forgotten. As Margherita, and also as Carmen, Miss

Lane gives one the impression that she is rather a large woman. The surprise is greater, therefore, when one meets her as Mrs. Murray, and finds her a jolly, nice, but little woman. Mrs. Murray, however, is as great a lover of art as is Miss Lane. "What is my favorite role?" she said in reply to one of my questions recently; "why, how can you ask? Margherita and Carmen, of course. There is in each of them so much poetry, such a wealth of the beautiful, that I hardly know which I like the better. There is more development in Margherita, but Carmen has a more varied nature to begin with." Miss Lane chose well, for the two characters are undoubtedly her strongest. One can hardly believe that the saintly Margherita, or



MISS EDITH MASON.

the decidedly otherwise Carmen is really the same person as the Colleen Bawn, or Yum Yum. Her Yum Yum is as delightful, too, and truly "men went miles to see it," for the Harvard men fairly haunted the Castle Square while "Mikado" was running.

Miss Edith Mason, who alternated with Miss Lane as Margherita, and later as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," and who has taken leading soprano parts in nearly everything presented by the company, was a New York girl, the daughter of Lieutenant Moore, U. S. A., and was born in the army quarters on Governor's Island, in 1875. She studied under Signora Murio Celli, and later under Frau Pappenheim, of New York, and made her first appearance in "Brigands" with

the Grau Opera Company. While with that organization she married the tenor, Mr. Thomas Persse, who is also now at the Castle Square. After leaving Grau Miss Mason sang with Gillmore, traveling through the South, where she was well received both as a singer and as a niece of Col. Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*. Coming north again, she sang for a time with Seidl, at Brighton and other resorts about New York, and left him to join the Castle Square company. Miss Mason is of less experience than Miss Lane, but is constantly improving in the quality of her work, which is already very good. Her voice is somewhat higher than Miss Lane's, and well suited to Michaela, a part which she sang very well indeed. Her favorite role, and decidedly her strongest one is Martha. In person Miss Mason is somewhat larger than Miss Lane, and is, like the latter, pleasant to meet and ambitious for her art for its own sake.

Mr. J. K. Murray, baritone, is one of the most successful *Toreadors* I have ever heard. This role, and those of Valentine in "Faust" and of the innkeeper in "Rip van Winkle" are his favorite and best parts. Yet one who has ever heard him as Myles-na-Coppeleen in "Lily of Killarney" will hesitate long over that verdict. When he has finished the Irish song to the tune of "Fair Harvard," and who listens to Irish words when his college hymn is singing? it is always a question whether the boys will let the play go on longer or keep him singing. Mr. Murray is from Pittsburg and has, as he says, always sung. It was natural for him. His first public singing was in concerts, and in various concert and opera companies he starred for some time, finally getting into the Carleton Opera Troupe, where he married Miss Lane. Since then his operatic history has been the same as hers. He has been a favorite with the public from the beginning of his engagement with the Castle Square company. For the last few summers he has managed the Murray-Lane Opera Company in Cleveland, and it is possible he may be found there the coming season. For the sake of the Castle Square company, however, it is to be hoped he will not leave it. Mr. Murray is a baritone of decided power. His tones are clear, his enunciation distinct. This last, indeed, is one of the most agreeable novelties of this company. One can hear distinctly almost every word they sing. Mr. Murray appears to the best advantage as Valentine, in the duel scene in "Faust." His dying song is exceedingly well done. But he does not have to die to sing well. I have already referred to his excellence as *Toreador*, which he considers his best part.

Mr. Thomas H. Persse, the tenor of the troupe, is, as we have said, the only member not from the United States. Mr. Persse was for several years a British soldier in Northwest Canada. He entered the army as a private and resigned a lieutenant's commission when he left. He is very proud of his military record, and well he may be, for he possesses a medal given him for bravery in the Riel rebellion. It was on New Year's day, 1886, that he began his musical studies in New York, and in 1888 that he made his debut with the Mary Greenwood company, playing "Bohemian Girl" and "Faust." He left them to join the Ilma de Merski quartette, having Max Strakosch as impresario, Madam Norman, contralto, and

Edward Cornell, basso. It is remarkable that of this company Mr. Persse is the only one living today. In 1891 he joined the Grau company, where he met and married Miss Mason. Since then he has sung in concert and grand opera with C. L. Kellogg, as Nadjef in "Oolah" with Francis Wilson, and with various other companies before joining the Castle Square. Mr. Persse's favorite role is "José" in Carmen. He is remarkably good in that character. As Faust, he is also very good. His voice is strong and clear. In Faust he at times runs up into a falsetto, which he reaches, however, without a break, and in which he is as true as in his lower tones.



MR. THOMAS H. PERSSE.

Mr. Persse is thoroughly able to carry the tenor roles in grand opera with any company America can produce.

Of Mr. William Wolff, manager, basso, and comedian of the troupe I have spoken before, as the organizer of the company. Mr. Wolff is one of the busiest men in Boston. He sings at eight performances a week, as do all the company, and is always at his office desk by ten in the morning, ready to direct rehearsals and transact business. He has a deep voice of great breadth and power, and is a comedian of manifold abilities. His repertory is something enormous, and in fact embraces all the operas that have been sung in this country for some years. He puts himself thoroughly in touch

with the character he is representing, and never is the same in any two plays. He is never Wm. Wolff, but always the character assumed. One of the best things he has done recently is "Rip van Winkle," in Planquet's opera of that name. Without ever having seen Mr. Jefferson's "Rip," which was of course the standard of the audience, Mr. Wolff presented a character remarkably resembling Jefferson's in many ways, yet differing from it decidedly in individual peculiarities. Personally I hesitated a long while before taking in the opera, fearing memories of Jefferson would spoil my enjoyment of it. But to my surprise and pleasure such was not the case. Mr. Wolff's "Rip" possessed the beauty and pathos of Jefferson's creation, with the added pleasure of the music.

Among the members of the company that deserve special mention are Mr. Arthur Wooley, understudy to Mr. Wolff, Mr. John Read, Miss Rose Leighton and Miss Edith McGregor. The latter as Siebel in "Faust" made a very favorable impression. Her voice is not as strong as one could wish, but is very sweet; her singing of the "flower song" was very good. Miss Leighton as Martha in "Faust" showed the same happy combination of good voice and good comedy that make Mr. Wolff's performances so pleasing. Her work in "Carmen," in "Mikado," and as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" is worth mention. Mr. Wooley as Remendado in "Carmen," and as Ruiz in "Trovatore" has displayed considerable talent. He is a young man, but with a very good voice and dramatic power bids fair to be one of the best of the rising opera comedians. Mr. John Read has also done good work in small parts, as Wagner in "Faust" and as the Gypsy messenger in "Trovatore."

"In the matter of chorus" says Manager Wolff, "we don't bow down to any opera in America." He is right. The chorus is excellent. Mr. Wolff takes great pains with it, trying each candidate himself, and putting them through daily rehearsals, with the result that their work is well nigh perfect. The staging, too, of the various operas is much better than usually given them; it is something Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau might well look at and then go and do likewise. Some things in the orchestra one could wish improved. For instance, in the dance in the second act of "Faust" the weakness of the violins is apparent, as the melody is scarcely distinguishable. Yet on the whole their work is creditable.

The system adopted by the company is that of putting on an opera and running it one, two or three weeks, and then substituting another for it. In this way the mornings are given up to rehearsals of the next new opera. As soon as an opera is put on the stage it is supposed to become the life of all who are in it, and all their spare time is devoted to preparing the next one. During the three weeks of "Faust," for instance, there were daily rehearsals of "Il Trovatore." If at any time an opera should be unpopular and require to be taken off before the next one was ready the company is sufficiently familiar with a large number of works to substitute one of them for a week or so. The hardest task is that of singing at eight performances a week. In the soprano role of Margherita and Leonora this has been found too much, and Miss Lane and Miss Mason

have therefore alternated. It is hoped the time will come when there will be a complete double cast in the main parts. Perhaps that will be when some good Chicago fairy opens his pocketbook and locates the company permanently at the Auditorium, for that is the house on which Mr. Wolff's eyes are fixed. That such a time may come there does not seem so much reason to doubt. The fact that a company such as this could be permanently located in any one town, giving a clean, artistic, musical rendering of opera, singing every night, and be a success, has been denied again and again. But it has come to pass. The public has demonstrated once and for all that this is the thing it wants. To be sure, the public doesn't appreciate the whole of what it has got. But it is being educated. I overheard an old bald-head in the front row of the balcony say to his wife during the "flower song" in the third act of Faust, "Seems to me the accompaniment is right pretty along here." Shades of Gounod! Still the gentleman was right and it wasn't his fault that he hadn't found it out sooner. I would suggest to the management of the theater that it might help people along in this way by giving up a page or two of the program book to a short essay on the music idea of the opera, or what the music is for, or how it comes to arrive, or something like that. As an educational feature it would be a success unavoidably. It would also be popular. That the public appreciates the effort of the management in its behalf, and recognizes its own shortcomings is indicated by a conversation I overheard in the gallery of the Tremont Theater during a recent performance of Mr. Francis Wilson's "Chieftain." The speakers were two of those old theater-knock-about one meets in such places, who have traveled about on freights from city to city, but always had fare or nerve to get into a theater. They were in a violent discussion between the merits of Wilson's company and the Castle Square. One of them was rather in favor of Wilson, but the other declared in great disdain: "Huh! you'd go an' see Eddie Foy when Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors was in town, you would. I kin laugh at Eddie Foy, too, but when I laugh at Shakespeare I feel next mornin' like laughin' all over again. Now I like this thing o' Gilbert an' Sullivan's, 'cause its funny. Tomorrow I'll forget it. But that the Castle Square comp'ny makes you *think*, an' next day you keep on thinkin' hard as ever." Thereupon a vote was taken of those in the immediate vicinity, and they were found unanimous for the Castle Square.

In Germany it is a matter of course that every city should have its municipal theater, with opera in German. In fact, such is the rule throughout the continent. It is time America had something of the sort, and Boston has set a good example. It is bound to be a tremendous factor in the musical development of the nation. That a large number of the great singers are now Americans, and that their number is rapidly increasing, is well known. There is no reason why their talents should not be thus employed to the benefit of their countrymen.

Another class that is to profit largely by this new venture is that of the American composer. This much heralded, much talked of

creature has as yet presented little that is really good in the line of opera. One of the reasons has been lack of chance for presentation; another, lack of audience. Now the Castle Square company is waiting eagerly for the American who can compose grand opera worthy of production, and its audiences are willing to welcome any that show ability. It is not claimed, indeed, that this is the musical millenium. Such it seemed once, before we reached it. But now we find it only another step, another stage in the progress toward a national music. We have waited for it a long while, and it behooves us to make the best of it while it is here. The company is not the best in the world; the individual artists are not the best in the world; but it is a good company of good artists, making a very good endeavor to attain a noble ideal, and as such we can but hope that the gods will grant them all the success and good fortune that lie in their power.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

ENGLISH MUSICAL NOTES.

OVER here we have a body calling itself the Incorporated Society of Musicians. One of the reasons for its existence seems to be that its members, and especially its officials, may have a nice little annual holiday, where talk can be punctuated with cigars, and the drudgery of music-teaching be forgotten in the pleasures of the table and the ball room. The musicians change their place of meeting every year, which of course adds to the enjoyment of the thing, for our professionals are a stay-at-home lot, and it is always interesting to see new towns and new faces. This year the conference has been held in Edinburgh, and the papers read have formed the subject of the usual talk and tattle in the musical journals. In truth there was not very much that is worth talking about in any of them. The best was undoubtedly Professor Prout's lecture on "The Orchestra from 1800 to 1900," but even that was not altogether fresh, for the Professor had already dealt with the subject at one of the meetings of the Musical association. He gave us, however, a capital musical anecdote, which I am glad to quote here, since I believe it to be quite new. Everybody knows the rapid passage for the double basses in the scherzo of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, which Berlioz compared to the gambols of an elephant. Well, this passage was held to be so great an innovation that when the symphony was first produced in Paris, the conductor, Habeneck, thinking the passage impossible, suppressed the double basses and had it played by the violoncellos alone. This excited the wrath of Berlioz, a great Beethoven enthusiast, who, one day meeting Habeneck, said to him: "My dear Habeneck, when are you going to let us hear the double basses in the scherzo of the C minor Symphony?" "Never, so long as I live," replied Habeneck emphatically. "Well, then, we'll wait," rejoined Berlioz; "try not to let it be too long." This anecdote shows how far Beethoven's treatment of the orchestra was in advance of the practice of his time. At the present day, thanks to the enormous progress in execution, the passage in question presents no real difficulty to any good player. Professor Prout does not think that the increased richness and fullness of the modern orchestra is altogether an unmixed advantage. His fear is that the younger generation of musicians are being fed so largely on the highly-seasoned diet provided by present day composers that they will soon have little or no taste for the simple fare offered by the older masters. Probably the fear is well founded. In any case, while we welcome everything new which is good, let us not commit the foolishness of rejecting what is good simply because it is old. He is not always the greatest

painter who uses up the whole resources of the colorman's shop in order to obtain his effects.

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One of the lecturers at the conference brought forward the daring proposal that a committee of musicians should now proceed to re-edit the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven. He was candid enough to tell us that the late Sir Hallé had once said to him that he was quite satisfied with Beethoven's works as Beethoven had left them. But Mr. Midgely, for that was the lecturer's name, has no such reverence for the great master. He prefaced his paper by pointing out that when Beethoven wrote the first twenty of his thirty-two sonatas, the key-board in common use contained only five octaves, from F on the fourth line below the bass stave to F in the fourth leger space over the treble. His argument from that point was that owing to this circumstance the composer was greatly hampered in the writing of sequences and other passages and that, thanks to the extended key-board of the modern piano, such passages could now be rendered as Beethoven undoubtedly would have written them had he lived in our day. And so Mr. Midgely would have a new edition of the master on these lines. In advocating his proposal he drew an absurd parallel between the Bible and the works of the great musicians. The Old and New Testaments, said he, have been revised; the writings of musicians might be revised too! It is hardly necessary to remark that there is no analogy whatever between the revision of an original work of art like a Beethoven sonata and the revision of a translation in one tongue of a literary work of art composed in another. If a proposal were made to revise the Bible itself, Mr. Midgely may be assured that the whole bench of bishops would fulminate against it. Luckily the whole body of the Incorporated Society of Musicians did the same in regard to the suggested mangling of Beethoven. In the first place it was generally felt that it would be simply an impertinence for any musician to lay a revising finger on the finished work of the master, and in the second place it was held that, even admitting the fact that Beethoven may have been hampered by the five-octave limit, we have no right to make alterations which at the best can only be suggested by the imagination. If the twenty sonatas in question be examined, it will be seen that, save in one or two instances where octave and scale passages are obviously curtailed by limitation of compass, the music wants none of the qualities that make a complete, perfect and absolutely satisfying work of art. It is nothing to the point to say that Beethoven would have written differently had he possessed an instrument of more extended compass. He might have done so; he might not. Who are we that we should say? As a matter of fact, when Beethoven became the owner of a pianoforte of wider range he did extend the compass of his music; and it is a point of some interest that while in Sonata 21 there are many notes which could not be played on a five-octave piano, in Sonata 22 there is only one such note. But to alter what he had previously written because in later works he

made use of his enlarged resources is quite indefensible. Beethoven lived to see and use improved instruments. If he did not think well to go back to his old work and bring it up to date it is certainly not for a member of the much-lauded Incorporated Society of Musicians to do so.

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We have, as you may know, developed a new school of musical criticism in London which is causing a good deal of heart-burning in certain quarters. The older men used to go to work like school-masters to prove that this was right and that was wrong. They would refer disputed points to pedantic authorities who had no more authority in the republic of art than the man in the moon. They would jealously defend their pet compositions and composers against rival claims, like ladies at a musical "At Home." Nor would they think for a moment of the difference between a professor teaching his class how to resolve the Dominant seventh and a critic standing in the presence of the whole world and its art and submitting his analysis of the work of an artist whose authority was at least equal to his own. In short they criticised, these older men, from a purely technical point of view, and wrote in the very driest of technical terms and phrases. The first condition of the newer criticism is that, as a matter of good journalism, it shall be as attractive to the general reader, musician or non-musician as any other section of the paper in which it appears. Of course a good many editors, indeed the majority of editors, do not believe that this kind of criticism is possible; and so we still find in their pages that "Miss A. played with her customary good taste;" that "the part of Nebuchadnezzar was safe in the hands of Mr. B.;" that "Dr. So-and-so's oratorio, *Jonah in the Whale's Belly*, bears the stamp of the composer's genius on every page, and is a work of which English music may be proud;" and many other equally meaningless absurdities to the same effect. Some few editors, however, are not so hopelessly blind, either to their own interests or to the interests of the musical public. One such is the editor of the *Saturday Review*, who has shown by the work of Mr. J. F. Runciman that in the hands of a smart writer music is quite as good a subject from the purely journalistic point of view as either painting or the drama. Mr. Runciman of course, in learning the gentle art of criticism, has also learnt the gentle art of making enemies. That was inevitable, for we know that even the worm will turn on occasion, and the *Saturday Review* man has too often had the older critics on the hip not to make them strike back when they get the chance. At the present moment feeling is running very high in London over an alleged libel for which Sir A. C. Mackenzie and one of his satellites at the Royal Academy of Music seek to bring Mr. Runciman to book; and the whole of the older musico-journalistic fraternity seem to be wild with delight at the prospective downfall of the young critic. It is not a very creditable feeling, especially as coming from the conductors of music-publishers' organs which are either too dull or too timid or too keenly interested to run the risk of libelling anybody. Not that I think it the

special duty of a musical magazine to keep printing actionable matter about individuals, but it is the duty of all musical journals to proclaim the gospel of truth and right fearlessly and without favor, and you cannot do that without running certain risks, for unhappily the British jury has before now declared that even truth itself may constitute a libel.

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And speaking of libels, your readers may have noticed the extraordinary case in which Miss Ella Russell, the well known soprano, brought an action of damages against the editor and proprietor of a London musical journal for having put her name in a concert program second after that of Miss Macintyre, instead of first, as on previous occasions. That it is libellous to print an announcement of a concert with the name of an operatic "star" a little lower than the position of honor is nothing new; so that Miss Ella Russell's action and the £100 damages, with costs, awarded to her by a sympathetic jury, need not surprise us. The astonishing thing is, as a London critic has remarked, that a musical expert like the late Sir Joseph Barnby should have to confess his inability to get two leading artists onto one program. It was suggested to him in cross-examination that there might be some difficulty in deciding between the merits of Miss Russell and Miss Macintyre, and he was asked what he would recommend a gentleman, who had secured the services of both ladies, to do under the circumstances. "I would think he was extremely foolish to engage two such artists," was his answer. It was no answer at all; it only suggested the ridiculous assumption that two "stars" are impossible. The case was a mean and paltry affair altogether. The publisher of the journal had admittedly no evil intention toward Miss Russell, and it could not be proved that she was likely to suffer in any way from the act of carelessness of which she complained. Moreover, if the finding of the jury is a legal one, where is this sort of thing to stop? I might just as well demand of you, the editor of *MUSIC*, that you place my name in a certain position on your cover and in no other, and sue you for damages should you fail to comply with my demand. I don't believe the public cares a brass farthing about these things. If an artist proves himself or herself efficient, that is the sum and substance of the whole matter.

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Some of us are beginning to doubt whether it is not time to enter a protest against the hero-worship of the virtuoso conductor. Our orchestral palates are becoming jaded before we have acquired a healthy appetite, and if we are not careful, this seeking after new sensations in the way of new "readings" will be the ruin of what was thought to be the emancipation of orchestral music in England. In a recent letter from Leipzig we are told that Schumann's *Manfred* overture was quite spoilt by the *tempo rubato* so beloved by Nikisch; while a composition by Brahms was practically ruined by being taken at a much slower pace than the composer ever intended. These things

however, did not prevent the conductor receiving an enthusiastic recall at the end; nay, these things were no doubt in themselves the cause of the recall. Audiences quickly become accustomed to such changes, and it is just possible that after a time we shall not be able to appreciate a fine rendering of anything as the composer meant it to be rendered. There is a great deal of nonsense written about the "novel interpretations" of virtuosi conductors; about the "ensemble" obtained by such conductors after a very short rehearsal, and so on. A conductor may certainly have credit, and he is welcome to it, for any alteration he chooses to make in the *tempo* of a movement, but beyond that the honors are not very clear. If one of these much-lauded foreigners were to come over and take a lot of inexperienced players in hand we might then be able to appraise him at his real value. As it is the greater part of any credit that may be due for a fine performance should really go to the instrumentalists, who are all first-rate men, with a knowledge and an experience behind them which would enable them to play well under any conductor. No conductor, virtuoso or otherwise, can get expression from players who have none to give, and the same holds good of gradations of tone. If the band give a true *pianissimo*, then you will hear people saying, "What a wonderful *pianissimo* Herr So-and-so gets." But if the *pianissimo* is not there, why then "the band played too loud." No, we have had enough of this virtuoso-conductor craze, with its pinch-back novelties. It would not be a bad plan if we were now to give some attention to the men of sterling worth and life-long experience whom we have amongst ourselves.

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There is much talk about building a grand new opera house on the old site of Her Majesty's Theater in the Haymarket. If the scheme should come to anything it may lead to a healthy operatic rivalry, and even to the production of some novelty. Particulars of the proposed house indicate that it will be fitted for representations on the most extensive scale. Whether London will support two operas remains to be seen. Meanwhile a third music theater is talked about, a permanent German theater in London, not entirely devoted to opera, but with the lyric drama as part of the scheme. The great question is, "Who will find the capital to start the affair?" There are a host of the lighter class of German operas which have never been heard in London, and many of them might fill the place left vacant by the once popular Parisian comic operas. One comfort we should have. They would at least be decent; our wives and daughters might see them without feeling humiliated in doing so.

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In the matter of music we have suddenly become so patriotic that two of our leading publishers have ventured upon a couple of ponderous volumes dealing specially with the history of the art in our tight little island. Both books, I am bound to say, are somewhat dull and heavy. The first, entitled a "History of English Music," by Henry Davey, is really a valuable work, embodying much fresh

matter of a kind which it is well to have under one cover; but the author irritates you at every turn by his absurd glorification of home products. Fancy a man solemnly declaring that the English John Dunstable "invented" musical composition, and that without the said John Dunstable "there could have been no Palestrina, no Bach, no Mozart, no Beethoven!" As well say that if Adam had not kissed Eve in the garden the sweethearts of today would never have experienced the bliss of "the meeting of the lips." And what are we to think of such a statement as this: "When a child practices a scale, when a great pianist plays a Beethoven concerto, they are repeating passages which were first used by Hugh Aston."—Hugh of course, an Englishman. Such Rule-Britannia enthusiasm might do very well for, say, a lecture to a company of British working-men jingoes, but it is very grotesque in a sober history, which ought to be nothing if not impartial. The other work to which I have referred is by that inveterate book-maker, Mr. F. J. Crowest, and is entitled "The Story of British Music." Mr. Davey writes a heavy, unpolished, sometimes ungrammatical style, and repeats himself in rather a tiresome way, especially when he is riding one of his fads. Mr. Crowest is free from these faults but then his matter is less original than Mr. Davey's. His volume takes us only as far as the close of the Sutor period, which means that the author has to deal with the least interesting period over which the course he has outlined for himself will extend. The whole period is singularly sterile in material and facts, and unfortunately, while admitting this, Mr. Crowest has sought to make up for the want of authentic information by flights of imagination which are even more ridiculous than the Chauvinism of Mr. Davey. Take the following as an example: Mr. Crowest is speaking of the supposed condition of the art in England at the time when our forefathers hunted the wild boar in the primitive garb of Eden. "At this earliest stage," he says, "the music of our country was the carolling of birds, the monotone of bees, the fluttering of the leaves, and the chirpings from the night insects. Sometimes it was the rush, at others the ripple of waters that have since swollen into our pleasant rivers. Then the groan of the wild ose and the wolf's cry clave the air; while here and there rose the human voice of gifted savages, vehement with the emotions of the giant frames which emitted it." I don't know how that kind of stuff will strike you; its effect on me is a desire to laugh immoderately. I really hope Mr. Crowest will be more serious in the volumes he has still to give us.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

MUSIC IN CHICAGO.

Other demands upon the space of Music this time prevent the attention to our local concerts which their merits would otherwise require. All that is possible at this moment is a general reference to the more notable and their specific merits.

At the head of all are the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra, which have presented some very strong programs. The playing of the orchestra at present is very fine indeed. Following are the programs prepared for the concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, which sufficiently well indicate the range of the present season:

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, AT 8:15 P. M.

Overture, Leonore, No. 3,	<i>Beethoven</i>
Symphony Pathetique,	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
Symphonic Variations,	<i>Dvorak</i>
Polonaise, A flat,	<i>Chopin</i>
<i>Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.</i>	
Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger,	<i>Wagner</i>

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, AT 8:15 P. M.

Soloist: MME. AMALIE MATERNA.		
Variations, Choral St. Antoni.		<i>Brahms</i>
Symphony, Eroica.		<i>Beethoven</i>
Songs {	a. In the Hothouse, {	<i>Wagner</i>
	b. Dreams, } Studies to Tristan and Isolde,	
<i>Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.</i>		
Introduction and Closing Scene, Tristan and Isolde,		<i>Wagner</i>
Overture—Fantasia, Romeo and Juliet,		<i>Tschaikowsky</i>

MONDAY, MARCH 23, AT 8:15 P. M.

Soloist: MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.	
Sonata, F Minor,	<i>Bach</i>
<i>Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.</i>	
Symphony, No. 4, E Minor,	<i>Brahms</i>
Concerto, No. 4, G Major,	<i>Beethoven</i>
Overture, Sappho,	<i>Goldmark</i>

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 24, AT 2:30.

Soloists: { MR. BRUNO STEINDEL, Violoncello.		
{ MR. EDMUND SCHUECKER, Harp.		
Two Marches, E Flat,	{ Opus 40,	<i>Schubert</i>
G Minor,		
<i>Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.</i>		
Symphony, No. 7, A Major,		<i>Beethoven</i>
Concerto, for Violoncello,		<i>Molique</i>
Scherzo, Opus 45,		<i>Goldmark</i>
Fantasia, Characteristique, for Harp,		<i>Parish-Alvares</i>
Marche Funebre		<i>Chopin</i>
<i>Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.</i>		
Overture. Tannhaeuser,		<i>Wagner</i>

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8:15 P. M.

Soloists: { MR. PLUNKET GREENE, Bass.		
{ MR. MAX BENDIX, Violin.		
Symphony, No. 1, B Flat,		Schumann
Aria,		
Concerto, for Violin,		Brahms
Overture—Fantasia, Hamlet,		Tschaikowsky
Wotan's Farewell and {	Walkuere,	Wagner
Magic Fire Scene,		

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, AT 2:30.

Soloist: MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.		
Symphony, From the New World,		Deora
Concerto, No. 2, A Major,		Liszt
Bacchanale, Tanuhaeuser, {		Wagner
Siegfried Idyl,		
enspiegel's Jolly Waggeries,		Rich. Strauss

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, AT 8:15 P. M.

Soloist: MR. BEN DAVIES.		
Serenade, No. 1, D Major,		Brahms
Recit. and Aria, "Waft Her," Jephthah,		Handel
Symphony, B Minor (Unfinished),		Schubert
Recit., "No, I Can Bear My Fate No Longer," {	Freyschutz,	Weber
Aria, "Through the Forests,"		
Overture, Leonore, No. 3.		Beethoven

Several interesting chamber concerts have taken place, at the rate of about two or three a week, or even more. The Bendix Quartette has been heard at the Seeboeck concert in Steinway Hall, when the chief work was a Quintette by Mr. Seeboeck—a work musical but not very strong. It lacks contrast. Several of Mr. Seeboeck's songs were sung, showing the same qualities. As much may be said for the playing of the author, which ran to *pianissimo* more than is good for the constitution.

* * *

The Clayton F. Summy series of chamber concerts at Central Music Hall have continued, the Bendix and Spiering quartettes appearing, the former in connection with Mr. E. A. MacDowell, who played in Mr. Arthur Foote's trio. The series has been excellent excepting the length of the programs and the relegation of the work one particularly desires to hear the very last. This makes it necessary for many to miss hearing them; or, which is just as bad, encourages them to stay at home—which the writer has done.

* * *

Mr. E. A. MacDowell gave a recital of his own works at Steinway Hall February 20, the main piece being his Sonata Eroica. The work is elaborate and serious, and there will be more to say about it at another time. The remaining pieces were mostly short, leaning towards the manner of program music. Mr. MacDowell writes in a style strong and masterly. He also plays extremely

well, his touch being full, many-colored, and musical. As composer his playing is strongest in the direction of bringing out musical ideas according to their relative importance. Owing to the serious and unfamiliar character of the pieces, few of the hearers appreciated the playing at its full value—which was very great. Mr. MacDowell, the pianist, owes it to himself to play now and then some programs of strong works which are well known, for the sake of determining his status with reference to other stars in the musical firmament.

Personally, the writer found the recital not altogether satisfying, a circumstance due to the unfamiliar character of the music, or perhaps having a root elsewhere. Namely, that the motive of Mr. MacDowell's music seems to be poetic rather than primarily musical. Hence it is necessary to have a sort of program in hand before one knows exactly where he is "at." A mere title does not seem to be enough. While the title gives the clue, the music follows more than the title with its general suggestion. For instance, take the "March Wind," a study in repeated chords played in pairs by the two hands alternately, the melody, what there is of it, lying between the two hands. The effect will depend upon the kind of wind the player chooses to give us. The printed copy is marked *pp*. Mr. MacDowell played it *forte* and *fortissimo*. The "March Wind" was stronger and less windy. So of the "Eagle," floating in the sky and at the very end swooping down through three octaves, alighting once upon the way. Nobody could possibly imagine what this is about without the title. Without it one wonders why the right hand is so indefinite and vague for several measures in alt; and why so very definite later. But with the poem, in which the eagle floats and circles before swooping, the case is clear enough.

Mr. MacDowell believes that the composer of the future will obtain suggestions for his musical fantasy from poetry, and that without it he will not arrive at anything original or of permanent value. The present writer does not believe this. Poetry will continue to influence musical composition, as it always has; but the great geniuses will find in musical ideas themselves, and their myriad faced possibilities, enough for an eternal round of freshness. Take the case of literature. Words and current ideas have been written over more times than the tones of the scale. Yet new men arise with something to say, which always seems to come to expression mainly from the same old dictionary, and by the aid of the same old letters. The secret of the perennial freshness of Bach is in the fact that every piece of his is an exposition of one leading musical idea—motive. And the favorite works of Bach are precisely those which happened to turn upon the exposition of motives which had in them inviting possibilities of crystallization. So it was with Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and the rest. Verbal or poetic suggestion cuts but very small figure in the results of a composer's fantasy. Mr. MacDowell, it seems to us, has a good enough musical imagination to warrant his depending less upon the program element except where words are in question, as in opera or song.

A charming concert, too late for more than mention, was that given at Central Music Hall, February 26, by Mr. Henry Schönefeld and his niece, the little Mistress Elsa Breidt, assisted by an orchestra and a chorus of the Germania Maennerchor. The program was admirable, the singing very excellent, and several of Mr. Schönefeld's compositions were brought to an appreciative hearing. But best of all was the playing of the little nine years old pianist, who played as important a number of the Beethoven Concerto in C major, No. 1, with orchestra, and with the addition of the Reinecke cadenza in the first movement. The playing was very admirable indeed, showing musical qualities, repose and intelligence to a degree which the undersigned has never before observed in a child of the age. She has been beautifully taught, and appears to be a normal child of phenomenal gifts.

* * *

The Mendelssohn Club gave a concert in the same place, earlier in the month, under their new director Mr. Harrison M. Wild. The club consists of about sixty voices, many of them of excellent quality. The ensemble singing is not yet perfect: but it promises well. Mr. Wild certainly showed good qualities as a leader, and the future of the club will be watched with interest. Some solos were sung by Messrs. Chas. W. Clarke, Mr. Carbury and Mr. B. B. Young.

* * *

The Apollo Club gave the "Messiah" for their first concert of the season, and early this month Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," with Mr. Thomas as director. The instrumental part was splendidly played, and some of the singing was admirable. The solos were very good, and the whole made a concert worthy of larger space than it is convenient just now to give it. The third concert of the club, early in March, will be devoted to part-songs. About that time the Mendelssohn Club will do well to look out for their laurels—for while they have a distinct advantage in the character of their material and its practical manageability, Mr. Tomlins has ways of his own in the direction of part-songs, which as yet have never been surpassed in Chicago.

* * *

Among the other concerts for which, absolutely, space is wanting, mention must be made of a score or more school concerts, of which that of the Musical College was best, commemorating its thirtieth anniversary. Mr. Moritz Rosenfield played the Grieg concerto to orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Listemann produced several orchestral works of his own, which also ought to have notice.

There have been a variety of appearances by artists of every caliber, from Remenyi and Ondricek to Miss Ellen Beech Yaw, the phenomenal soprano, who is also a charming and lovely American girl.

M.

There are those who think that the "cause of music" would be materially advanced if the Government were to subsidize a national

conservatory of music. This has been for some years a favorite idea of Mrs. Thurber, formerly of the American Opera. A recent issue of *La Guide Musicale* contains an article by Mr. M. Remy in which he makes certain charges regarding the existing treatment of singing pupils in the Conservatory of Paris. He states that the pupils in singing are not taught to read music. He gives the following as the customary routine of a lesson in singing:

Scene, class room. Persons, the pianist, the pupil. The teacher enters, seats himself near the window, through which he continues to gaze attentively toward the passers-by.

The pupil begins. The teacher still gazes intently out of the window. The morceau proceeds. Here the pupil is stopped by the pianist exclaiming "That is false" whereupon a *da capo*. Teacher meanwhile says nothing and gazes out of the window. The piece completed, the pupil sings scales and arpeggios two minutes, for "placing the voice." Teacher says nothing. Pianist corrects faults if any of intonation. Throughout the lesson the pupil has sung with his utmost volume of tone, thinking probably sooner to arrive at the grand opera. Instantly one pupil is through the next begins, whereupon the same routine follows. Pupils bring the same piece month after month. Sometimes they bring a new one, by direction, but sing the old one, and nobody notices the difference.

These, with other side lights mentioned in the article, suggest that the perfunctory is a form of art not confined to America.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSICAL FORM.

Des Moines Musical College.

Dear Sir:—A few months ago I read in your most excellent magazine an article in which you drew comparisons between private musical instruction and conservatory instruction. It is not my desire to argue that question with you as I believe that either of the two different ways of studying must prove beneficial to the talented and industrious pupil, provided the teacher takes an interest in his scholars which goes beyond the dollars paid for the lessons. It is my desire to draw the attention of music teachers to one branch of music which is not taught sufficiently well in this country or in Europe, by private teachers or conservatories. It is the science of form in music and the construction of master works. Is this not one of the most important branches of a musical education? Is the form of music not the skeleton of that beautiful body called music? Does not the medical student begin with study of the skeleton, before studying the flesh and other parts of the body?

At most European conservatories only those students who want to educate themselves as composers or conductors are taught construction in music, the others being satisfied with a short course in harmony and theory. I believe it is no exaggeration when I say that in my estimate there are not twenty-five per cent among our musicians who can analyse a Beethoven sonata or symphony. Most music teachers imagine that to teach their pupils how to play

or sing and to give them one or two years of harmony is perfectly sufficient for their musical education.

What remedy can we apply to this state of affairs? Everybody knows that there is a surplus of music teachers which may some day lead to the bankruptcy of the musical profession (if I may be allowed to use this term.) We educate extremely few amateurs; in fact almost every music student intends to make so many dollars out of his music. We would not have so many music teachers if we would set the standard of musicianship higher. I claim that our musical education is altogether too pedantic and too narrow-minded, and that the fact that the people do not "understand classic music" is to a great extent the fault of our music teachers.

We educate pianists to know Liszt, Chopin, etc., etc., and are satisfied with and applaud them when they are able to play a few standard works "*with expression*." It is the same thing with violinists and much worse with vocalists. There are any number of them in Chicago who command a larger price for one solo than most members of the Thomas Orchestra, and think of the years of study the latter have gone through. If when the latter can sing a song by W. W. Smith they are "musicians" and often they can sing an Italian Aria, ending on a high note, they are "artists."

How many musicians have we among our performers that are familiar with the compositions for those instruments which they do not play themselves? How many pianists have studied Beethoven's violin sonatas and string quartettes? And, to return to my original subject, how many musicians have we that can give their pupils the least idea of the "sonata form" and the different themes and motives on which great works are built up? How can we expect an uneducated public to appreciate our music when seventy-five percent of our teachers are absolutely *ignorant* of even the laws of the science of music which great composers must abide by in writing? A great many musicians attend the concerts of the Thomas Orchestra and "enjoy them very much."

Enjoy what? To them music is a succession of pleasing sounds, very pleasing indeed, Beethoven's symphonies are classical because Thomas plays them, and great artists say so. Do they realize that the form of certain works had something to do with making these works classical?

Now if we want to educate the public through our future musicians, let us be a little broader and let us do away with our vanity. Let us begin to realize that there is a great deal of grand music written which is not confined to our particular instrument. Let us study and analyze all chamber music and orchestral works, in the original or as arrangements with our pupils, and we will soon raise the standard of musicianship and the standard of public appreciation as well. Musical literary clubs are being organized everywhere and may fill a want, but studying the biography of Beethoven and playing a sonatina or singing Adelaide does not quite show us the greatness of this man. Composers like him have spoken their grandest thoughts through the orchestra and in chamber music. Let us study this music and find out how it was

created. If we do so we may ultimately only see your dream realized of an orchestra composed of American musicians. But I have always believed that the greatness of the Thomas Orchestra, its superiority over any other orchestra in existence is due to the iron discipline of its members and to the cast steel will of its leader, and whether Americans will ever have that discipline remains to be seen.

The American boy is born to command, the European to unhesitatingly obey, and whosoever cannot obey does not know how to command. I cannot help thinking that whenever you abolish the army in Germany you deal the death blow to such institutions as the Thomas Orchestra.

CARL RIDELSBERGER.

KNAPP STRING QUARTETTE.

Among the signs of new life in the music department at Evanston, Ill., is the presence of a very good string quartette, under the leading of Mr. Harold Knapp, first violin. Several very enjoyable chamber concerts have been given there, and they have played several times a new string quartette by the leader. The work is in the usual four movements, the first being perhaps less developed than it might have been. The second movement is very pleasing indeed, and the work as a whole is distinctly creditable and full of promise, as the first production of a young composer in this line. The Knapp string quartette is open to concert engagements, and may be addressed through the office of MUSIC.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"WISHING to make a biographical study of our noted composers, I write to ask you what books or encyclopedias you would consider best to buy."

H. D.

For the standard composers the best one book you can have would be "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Price \$20. Four volumes. Or as far as it goes, much better, "Famous Composers and Their Works," published by J. B. Millet Company, Boston. The musical examples in this work make a volume. They were selected by Theodore Thomas. The work is sold by subscription, in parts, at the price of \$15 complete. It is one of the most beautiful works upon musical subjects ever published, and the information concerning eighty leading composers is very fine indeed; and perhaps twenty-five leading writers are represented in the essays. For short reference, the best dictionary is Riemann's, now publishing by Augener, London. It is in parts and will cost complete about four dollars. The articles are short but very complete in details of works, etc. For handy reference, I use the German Riemann more than any other.

Thank you for your good opinion of Music.

"What does it mean in a piece in 6-8 time that the metronome is marked a quarter note and 192? How do you explain it?"

L. E. S.

It probably means that the engraver forgot to put on the dot. If you are right in your idea that this emendation will make too rapid a tempo; it is possible that the engraver forgot to put the flag on the note, and makes it an eighth. If I could see the music I would probably know which.

"I have taught a country school two years; quit teaching and have been farming for the last three years; have a very good common school education, have had six months voice culture under a good teacher and have had only about that much work on piano; have always had a very great deal of love for all good music; have good voice and only a reasonable amount of talent, but a willingness to do an endless amount of work to make something of myself. Have enough money to pay my way at any good conservatory for five or six years; am now twenty-seven years old. Have a good constitution. Now, knowing these facts, would it be foolish for me to leave the farm (for which I never had any liking yet on which I can make plenty of money and am sure of an independent living) and commence a long course in music, with a view of making this my profession? This may be asking an unreasonable question, but I believe there are many in just my circumstances that would be glad to know whether they would be wise in doing what I am thinking of doing."

G. II.

I do not think that it would be wise to make such a change at your time of life. You would undoubtedly have a better time in some respects, and hear much that you would enjoy. But as a

financial speculation it would be worse than uncertain. Beginning at your age, you could not possibly play much if any better than mediocrity. I should advise you taking a winter's course under some good private teacher (because what you want is plenty of attention and to get on fast) and then go home and resume your work, taking some time for studying by yourself. I think that while under this system you would never play as you would like to play, you probably would be able to produce much good music by the best composers; and if your living was ensured from other sources you would find your music a very great enjoyment, and it would go far to reconcile you to country life—supposing you have a good wife, without which happy country life is inconceivable. In a farmer's life there is always some time in the winter that could be spent in study away from home.

“Would it be too much tax on your time to give your real opinion of Remenyi as violinist?” W.

It is not too much tax. Remenyi has been a very fine artist. He is now the same in some respects. But he always had a talent for the popular ear and he has played so long in America, and other departments of the wild and woolly variety, that he has fallen into the habit of catering to the ground tastes. He affects an expression which is not genuine. He is still capable, however, of playing in private such very trying numbers as the Bach Chaconne, with great breadth and dignity. His chords are very fine indeed, and he has practiced Bach enormously. Remenyi is probably seventy years old at the present time, and he is to be excused if his fingers are no longer so reliable as formerly. He is like an overgrown child, obliging, quick, charming, and sometimes selfwilled and troublesome. But he has had a great career.

“Are your Graded Materials for Piano, published by the John Church Company, the same as those published by Presser, of Philadelphia?” L. W. K.

They are not. They are a later work, and the whole ground is covered in the Materials in eight grades instead of ten. The books are larger, and the material is not the same. For my own use I prefer the *Materials*.

“Have you in any of your works any chapters relating particularly to the influence of Italy on Music? I would like some work that would take up this subject in a broad way, with a list of composers, etc.” L. S. M.

I have some chapters treating of the leading Italian composers in my History of Music. I fancy the best thing for your purpose would be Famous Composers and Their Works. Italy is well treated there.

“Do you teach Harmony by mail? How many lessons per week, and how much do you charge?” J. P. S.

I do not teach Harmony by mail? Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, teaches by mail. Also does Prof. J. C. Fillmore, of Pomona College, California. Both are clear and useful teachers, and masters of the subject.

W. S. B. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(The John Church Company.)

EMIL LIEBLING. Menuetto Scherzoso. Opus 28, 75cts.
Valse Poetique. Opus 31, 75cts.

The first of these pleasant compositions is dedicated to that consummate master of the pianoforte, Rafael Joseffy, and is quite in a suitable vein, requiring as it does crisp, sharp touches, and clever interlocking of the hands. Charming when well done, and valuable for teaching purposes. Early part of fifth grade.

The Valse Poetique is by no means so clearly a case of *ingenue*. Or, if we so class it, the charmer must necessarily be one of those all-knowing French ones; for the waltz is elusive to a degree, and for good effect requires to be done with the utmost delicacy and certainty. Fifth grade. Both of these pieces show commendable ambition and good command of elegant style. They are well done and deserve success.

A. GORING THOMAS. Time's Garden. With Cello obligato. Contralto. Well made and effective. Serious. Good cello part. Third grade.

GUSSIE L. DAVIS.

Mother's the Girl for Me.
Go Where Duty Calls You.
Hoist Up the White Sails.
The End. Descriptive Song.

Miss Gussie L. Davis seems to have taken a contract for popularity. As she has composed words and music in several instances, there should be no question of the mutual fit. The first on the above list is a very pleasing melody of the common cut, and the sentiment is certainly not calculated to bring the blush to the cheek of innocence. The second is a camp song, though where the camp was situated in these days Miss Davis might find it difficult to point out. The third is a song of a yachtman who intends to sail home to his wife and baby. The last is the most elaborate of the lot. All are somewhat conventional in melodic cut and evidently aim at those who find the higher style of song uncongenial to them. They are all pretty well done. The only trouble with them is that they do not take hold on life, and therefore while honestly intended to be popular will probably fall short of it.

L. M. FRENCH. When Lovers Say Good-night.

A pleasing song, rather slow and lingering, but with a waltz refrain which exceedingly adapts it to variety use. The melody is taking. It might be arranged for small orchestras and not be bad.

H. VON KOSS. Winter Song.

A song in the German style, with a rapid arpeggio accompaniment. Effective for soprano.

J. W. BISCHOFF. Love Immutable.

The love immutable is that of the singer for his wife, who has

grown stout. Capable of being sung with effect if not with vraisemblance by a tenor not too old.

SONGS OF CHARLES GOUNOD. 8vo. Paper. pp 90. \$1.50.

This collection contains fourteen of the most favorite of the songs of Gounod, with English and French words. It is well printed and deserves to be generally known.

COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL PIECES AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO BY PHILLIP MITTELL. Two volumes. Each \$1.25 net.

The first volume contains seventeen pieces, and among the authors are Bach, Beethoven, Boccherini, Braga, Grieg, Haydn, etc. The second volume contains such names as Bach, Brahms, Godard, Paderewski (melody in G, transposed in G flat). In short, the second volume contains more difficult pieces than the first; and all are very choice and desirable, and the volume is an admirable one for home use, for which it was probably designed; but it also available as a reader.

M. BRUCH. ARMINIUS. Vocal score. \$1.00 net.

Max Bruch's Arminius appears likely to establish itself in the affection of choral societies, the music being strong and well suited for voices, and the situations well conceived. It is true that Americans know very little of Arminius, but Germans always have this information at hand to give us, so what matters. Oratorios are becoming rather stale as long as we confine ourselves to the old favorites. This one ought not to be given where there is no orchestra, for the instrumental part is very effective and adds greatly to the impression of the work. The voices, however, have also much to do, and most of it is effective.

BRAHMS. SYMPHONIES. For four hands. Each \$1.00.

The house of Schirmer has placed music-lovers under obligations by a well-printed edition of Brahms symphonies for four hands at the insignificant price of one dollar each. The reviewer stumbled upon these interesting facts at the music store, and makes it prominent in this manner without waiting for copies to review. Everybody knows that these great works are among the greatest of this generation, if not, as most music-lovers think, absolutely at the head.

JAMES B. GOE. "IMMORTALITY."

A song for soprano or baritone. One of those quasi sacred songs which singers are giving in church under the impression that they belong there, because they express hopeful sentiments regarding death.

G. PINSUTI. AVE MARIA. With violin or cello obligato.

Pleasingly written in the Italian style.

L. DENZA. DARKSOME NIGHT HER WINGS NOW SPREADETH.

Duet, well written for two voices.

WILL M. S. BROWN. COME, O COME WHERE FANCY BIDS.

Quartette for mixed voices. A Glee.

JOHN FRANCIS WILSON. THE BELLS OF ST. FRANCIS.

A somewhat pleasing piano piece in which the effect turns upon effects of chimes for different occasions. Fourth grade.

EDWARD M. READ. THE MERRY MAY DAY.

An easy two-step. Second grade.

MUSIC

APRIL, 1896.

LOWELL MASON AND THE HIGHER ART OF MUSIC IN AMERICA.

[Prepared after original research for Mr. Wilber M. Derthick, and published here by his permission, for the Musical Literary Clubs.]

Concluded from page 388 February number of MUSIC.

INASMUCH as the charter of the Boston Academy expressly stated its object to be the promotion of musical education and taste, it is not strange that more should have been done in the lower planes of the work than upon the higher. One of the most useful and epoch-marking of its works was the preparation by Mr. Mason of a "Manual for Teachers," giving the method of presenting elementary musical instruction after the pattern of the Pestalozzian system. As the central thought of this system was "The thing before the sign," it had in it, if properly carried out, the promise and potency of the entire capacity of musical taste, the only condition necessary thereto being the presentation of the "thing" itself—Music,—to the hearing apparatuses of those to be educated, and the due analysis and explanation of the phenomena thus presented. The Boston Academy's "Manual for Teachers" was a small 32mo work of 120 pages. It was clear in analysis, especially so for the time it was produced, and the statements "regarding the fundamental principles of music" approached much more nearly a scientific form than most of those elsewhere and for some time thereafter offered as authoritative. Upon this point perhaps the best testimony is that of Mr. William

Gardiner, the celebrated English author of the "Music of Nature," and of the collection of sacred music from which Mason had drawn for his first book. A copy of the work having been sent him, he acknowledged the receipt of the same in the terms following:

"It is remarkable that although we have in this country works upon music as far back as Thomas Morley, certainly we have not a book as yet comparable with the Manual, printed at Boston. It is highly creditable to the new world to set us such a pattern."

Dated Leicester, Feb. 25th, 1835.

(Signed) William Gardiner.

The formulation of the elementary principles and a communicable method of presenting them, led presently to the formation of teachers' classes in Boston in the summer, when the singing-school teachers were at leisure. It was thus that the **NORMAL CLASS** and the **MUSICAL CONVENTION** sprang together into being. The account of this movement is to be found in a pamphlet called "The Proceedings of the Musical Convention, assembled at Boston, August 16, 1838, together with a brief view of the origin of the same. Printed by vote of the Convention. Boston, printed at the Musical Gazette office, 1838." This account is presumably from the pen of Mr. Mason himself. It begins thus:

"In the month of August, 1834, a course of lectures was delivered by the Professors in the Boston Academy of Music to teachers of singing schools and others, designed to illustrate the Pestalozzian method of teaching vocal music in classes, as contained in the Manual of Instruction then recently published by the Academy. It was attended by twelve persons, most of whom had already been accustomed to teaching, whose names are as follows:" (Here follows list).

At the close of the lectures the class was pleased to express their entire satisfaction with the course pursued, and to recommend holding a similar course for the next year. They also expressed their opinion of the method of teaching as being "more simple, thorough and comprehensive than any other that they are acquainted with," and they have

no hesitation in pronouncing it perfectly intelligible to children." The following year the class numbered eighteen persons, and the course included additional lectures, and exercises designed to illustrate different styles of church music, taste, and appropriate manner of performance. In 1836 the class increased to twenty-eight, besides the members of previous classes. (The report continues:) "The gentlemen present organized themselves into a convention, for the discussion of questions relating to the general subject of Musical Education, Church Music, and Musical Performances, during such hours as were not occupied by the lectures. These discussions are found to be highly interesting and useful; many topics were brought forward, and at the close of the term resolutions were unanimously passed, promising to adopt the manner of teaching of the Boston Academy, and to do all in their power to secure a better appreciation of music in their several communities."

In 1837 Mr. Mason was absent in Europe, as will presently be recounted, and there was no meeting of this class. In the following season the following were among the questions discussed by the teachers in the "Convention:"

"Is a knowledge of the mathematical and philosophical construction of the scale of any practical value to teachers of music?" It was decided in the affirmative, and a succinct account of the scale was demonstrated upon the board then and there, by Mr. H. W. Day, a delegate from Washington, D. C. "Is it desirable to encourage a general introduction of chanting into public worship?" A lively discussion ensued, ending by a decided preponderance of opinion in the affirmative. "Ought vocal music to be made a branch of education in our common schools?" Decided in the affirmative. "Should congregational singing, in connection with the choir, be encouraged in the present state of musical cultivation?"

The musical convention attained great popularity, and in the next two decades was of great use in extending a knowledge of music, and elevating the standard of musical taste. Or, perhaps to say it better, it was a remarkably effective instrument in disseminating ideas about music of a

higher and more productive order than those at that time accessible. The good reports of the teachers' classes of the Boston Academy led to requests from distant cities for summer terms of similar kind. Accordingly such terms were held for several years in succession at Rochester, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, and other points in the middle States. Messrs. Mason and Webb were the teachers of these earlier gatherings, which were carried on under the auspices of the Boston Academy of Music. The role of such a convention, held at Cleveland, Ohio, in September, 1846, is before me as I write. It shows the names of thirty-eight ladies and ninety-five gentlemen. The names of seven clergymen are also added as attendants. A series of complimentary resolutions was unanimously passed "by the gentlemen of the class," which, after thanking the professors for the able instruction given, urge the introduction of music into the public schools of Ohio, whereunto they pledge their urgent effort.

These gatherings partook somewhat of the character of musical festivals. There was a large chorus, which practiced some of the standard choruses from the "Messiah" and "Creation," together with a few from operatic composers, and an occasional English glee, of which there was then a most excellent collection published. This was the so-called Boston Glee Book, the work mainly of Mr. Webb. This gentleman himself was a most excellent conductor of glees, his fine taste, patience, and skill with the voice enabling him to secure from the crude material of those days results in some degree approaching those of the crack musical societies of later times. Such, at least, is the opinion of Mr. J. C. Johnson, now of the house of Ditson & Co. Mr. Johnson was one of the original choir of boys trained by Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason himself was a strong chorus conductor. He had a natural instinct for the sublime in music, and great aptness at awakening in the singers corresponding states of feeling. Under the inspiration of his leading, the performances of these comparatively crude choirs occasionally rose to heights of real sublimity. The numbers and the preponderance of male voices readily lent themselves to the

impression of solidity and dignity in the performance. In the line of plain church tunes also, he often secured remarkably impressive results, mainly by infusing into the performance a spirit of worship, then, as now, extremely rare in choir singing. Taking them all along the line of their work, these Musical Conventions served an admirable purpose. They brought together larger choruses than were collected for other purposes at the time, and thereby helped to raise the standard of performance. The difficult music led naturally to strong feeling as to the need and advisability of early instruction in music. The public was stirred up to appreciate music, especially in the one department where it served any high purpose of a visibly practical kind—namely, that of church use.

But we anticipate. Although the charter of the Academy had been drawn so carefully in reference to promoting elementary musical education, we find it forming a chorus in the second year of its existence, a fact which strongly suggests that this had been one of its original intentions. The third report, dated May 27, 1835, speaks of the choir of the Academy as in a flourishing condition. It had "about one hundred members, attending rehearsals weekly, the professors also attending in order to give necessary instruction." Besides the exhibitions of the younger pupils already referred to, designed for emphasizing the Academy's work with children, "the choir of the Academy have given six oratorios, consisting of selections from the most approved compositions of the ablest masters of the art. These performances, though without other instrumental aid than the organ, were of surpassing excellence, showing the skillful training of the choir, and the diligence with which they have used the means of instruction which they had enjoyed." From private sources it is understood that the members of this choir were mostly members of Mr. Mason's choir in the Rev. Lyman Beecher's church. The report already quoted also speaks complacently of "the increased numbers which had enjoyed these oratorios." This use of the term *oratorio* for a miscellaneous collection of sacred pieces, instead of a single complete work, was universal in Boston

at the time. The nature of these oratorios may be inferred from the contents of the "Selections for the Choir of the Boston Academy of Music, Vol I," which was printed for private circulation in 1836. It consisted of the vocal parts of many choruses from the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, the masses of Mozart, and Haydn, and a few miscellaneous anthems by the better class of English writers. Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father" was one of the pieces in this collection.

Mason's activity in book-making was not less noticeable than in other respects. In several respects he is entitled to the credit of having been a pioneer. In 1829 he prepared "the Juvenile Psalmist," published by Lord, Richardson and Holbrook. It consists of thirty-two closely printed pages. The elements occupy thirteen pages; the remainder is filled up with standard church tunes. This work was prepared at the request of the Boston Sabbath School Union, as a "Child's Introduction to Sacred Music." There is not one line of distinctly childish music in it. So far as Mr. Mason was able to learn in after life, this was the pioneer of children's music books, in America at least.

The eighth concert of the Academy was given March 8, 1837, the work produced being Romberg's setting of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," the poem translated by Mr. Samuel Elliot, president of the society. It was given by the "choir and orchestra," and having proven very successful was repeated March 22d, which closed the season's work. Mr. Mason then immediately sailed for Liverpool, where he must have arrived early in May. In the collection at Yale College there is a file of the concert programs which he attended while abroad. The earliest one preserved is dated May 18, 1837. It was at King's Theater, Costa's Opera Seria, "Melek Adel," for the benefit of the celebrated tenor Rubini. The night following must have been a memorable one, for at Drury Lane he heard the great Schroeder-Devrient in Beethoven's "Fidelio," "for the second time in English," the program announces. On the 28th of May he attended Mme. Dulcken's annual morning concert, the artists assisting being Grisi, Lablache, etc.,

with "Mr. Costa" leader. Mme. Dulcken played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto—a work which was new then.

There is still in existence a letter addressed to his beloved Bowdoin-street choir, recounting his doings between the dates of June 9th and 27th. This letter seems to be one of the series said to have been published in 1838, but of which I have not been able to find anything more than here and there an uncertain trace. It does not appear to have been entered for copyright in the District Court of Massachusetts, as the law then was. The letter is dated "London, June 27th, 1837."

"My Dear friends: When I wrote to you last I gave you some little account of what I had been doing from day to day up to the 8th instant. I find my journal getting rather behind, so I must be brief. On the 9th, Mr. Benedict [Sir Jules Benedict] a distinguished German professor, gave a concert which I attended. I went about half an hour before the time, viz. one o'clock, but found every seat occupied, and I could get but a little way into the room, the crowd was so great. Ladies, old and young, most superbly dressed, with feathers and diamonds and laces and silks, and gentlemen, were all crowded up together in a confused jam. I was so closely pressed a good part of the time that I could not, without inconvenience to others, raise my hands to my head, on which I kept my hat, for it was the only place I could keep it. Here I stood on a warm summer's day in June from one o'clock to half past five, listening to the strains of melody poured forth by Pasta, Grisi, Schroeder-Devrient, Albertozzi, Clara Novello, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache and others, accompanied by a splendid orchestra. I had just time to get my dinner from five to seven, when I returned to the same room, to a Social Armonica, where there was a full orchestra and a full room—home at twelve o'clock.

"The next day, Saturday, I attended the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society. This is the greatest concert, so far as it relates to instrumental music, but as I have already mentioned it in a former letter, I will not enlarge. In the evening I listened to Miss Clara Novello while her father

(Vincent Novello) accompanied her upon the piano." Here follows an account of the sermon which he heard at church on Sunday. "On Monday I attended the concert of the Philharmonic Society and heard the celebrated Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven performed by a band of sixty, almost perfect. I spent Monday forenoon with the Chevalier Neukomm, who arrived from Paris a day or two since. I was introduced to him at the Philharmonic. On Thursday morning I started in the stagecoach for South Hampton, on my way to the Isle of Wight, to visit the parents and sisters of our Mr. Webb. I had a delightful ride. I was gone from London for three days and got home Saturday evening. It was a pleasant visit. From Mr. and Mrs. Webb I had constant attentions. I heard the young ladies, our Mr. Webb's sisters, play upon the piano and harp. On Saturday evening, after I got home, I attended a very fine concert by a Mr. Neats. Sunday evening I heard Adams, the great organist, and his execution is wonderful indeed. Monday, 19th of June. This morning we heard of the death of the King. The shops are partly closed, and all the people seemed to regret his death very much. It did not, however, prevent my attending a concert in the evening. On Wednesday, the new Queen, Victoria (eighteen years of age), was proclaimed Queen of these realms. The ceremony commenced at St James palace, where the Queen appeared upon the balcony dressed in plain black, a pretty little girl enough; but how strange that she should be sovereign of this empire. During the remainder of the week I continued to attend concerts as before, and Sunday I attended at six different churches. Tomorrow, the 28th of June, I expect to leave for Hamburgh, and from there to travel some time in Germany.'" (Signed) Lowell Mason.

Upon this tour Mr. Mason was recognized in a flattering manner as an eminent teacher with progressive ideas. He lectured repeatedly in London and vicinity upon the subject of church music and Pestalozzian teaching. But perhaps the most striking evidence of his relative musical standing is inferable from the fact of his having made contract with the publishing house of J. Alfred Novello & Company to

publish a juvenile singing book of his preparation, the consideration being a royalty upon its sales, exactly as he would have agreed with his Boston publishers. The contract is still in existence. The book was called "The Juvenile Songster." It appeared in 1838. During his farther travels of this tour, Mr. Mason continued to see carefully whatever was best worth seeing, and especially to examine carefully the musical education of Germany and Switzerland. He visited Nägeli at Zurich, Pestalozzi, and others of the great educational reformers. In order to be sure of suitable reception, he was fortified with letters of introduction from many men most eminent in the musical world. André, of the celebrated publishing house in London, gave him letters to his brothers, the publishers at Frankfort, Offenbach and to his father, A. Andre, well known as composer.

Not the least interesting of Mr. Mason's experiences during the tour was his attending at the Birmingham Festival of 1837, where he heard a variety of great works and great artists. The programs which he used are in existence.

Upon that of the Messiah are a number of interesting annotations, of which we have room only for the following curious one concerning the celebrated Thomas Harper, trumpeter: "The trumpet shall sound. This was done to perfection. His trumpet has not valves, but a slide. It seemed very hard for him. He shut his eyes, his face got very red. The echoes of the same strain repeated were very fine indeed." Upon another occasion of the festival he heard selections from Gluck's "Alceste," the solo artists being Mme. Grisi, Albertazzi, Tamberini, and Clara Novello. This was also the occasion when Mendelssohn's "St Paul" was given for the first time, Mendelssohn himself conducting. The program bears a number of memoranda, among which are these: "No. 11. 'O happy and blest are they,' very excellent; 'But the Lord is mindful of his Own,' beautifully sung; 'Sleepers wake,' wonderfully effective; 'Great is the Depth,' splendid chorus; 'How lovely are the messengers,' nothing better than this." At a morning concert in London he heard Sphor's

Nonette in F, of which he says: "Uncommonly fine. Eextraordinary good combination and contrast of instruments."

Late in 1837 or early in 1838 he returned to his work in Boston. The report of the Academy for 1838 notices the valuable help offered by the orchestra, which consisted of amateurs who contributed their services gratuitously. The choir had meantime increased to nearly two hundred, there being sopranos forty, altos forty-three, tenors fifty, and basses sixty-five. This taken, in connection with the remarks of Mr. Mason already alluded to, upon the occasion of his farewell address, when leaving Boston in 1851, will give some idea of value of his work in cultivating chorus singing. In that paper he says of the early times when he took charge of the Handel and Haydn society. After speaking of the inability of the women of the chorus to read their parts or to carry fugal subjects unsustained by men's voices he goes on: "But the disagreeable effect of a soprano part by tenor voices an octave lower than the true pitch, inverting the harmony, producing forbidden progressions, perverting the meaning of the passage and often growling down in the region of the bass, was not appreciated or felt, for there was a deficiency of true musical knowledge. Again, the alto of women's voices now universal, was not then known. No woman sang the alto. Such a thing had not been heard of. The alto then, where there was any, was sung by men's voices. But as there were only two or three men who attempted to sing this part, its effect was almost lost in the chorus. The number of chorus singers was small in comparison to what it now is. The society included almost all the chorus singers in town who could read music, and some who certainly could not, and yet the number of voices seldom exceeded a hundred. The alto was commonly wanting in church choirs, and frequently the tenor also. The signs of modulation were often disregarded by the singers, so that when there was instrumental accompaniment the sharps would be correctly given by the instruments while the singers would omit them, whereby a horrid cacophony would be produced."

The report of this year gives other evidence of the fact

that the new progress had left the public temporarily behind. three works had been given. The "Song of the Bell," already mentioned, Neukomm's "David," and a new oratorio by the organist of the Handel and Haydn society, Charles Zeuner, one of the best musicians of that time. This work, called "The Feast of Tabernacles," is supposed to have been the first oratorio ever written and produced in this country. The report also mentions a course of lectures upon the history of music given by the president of the society, Hon. Samuel Elliot. The final report states that the oratorio performance did not pay. It was therefore recommended that the choir be disbanded, the primary object of the society being that of promoting elementary education in music and correct taste for it. The choir was not disbanded, however, until 1841, and then only temporarily.

Two years later the report dwells upon the intention to devote more attention to instrumental music, an orchestra having been formed under the direction of Arthur Schmidt, the first violin, who led it for two years, and produced a Beethoven symphony for the first time in Boston, as it appears. This report contains letters from eminent clergymen testifying to the good effects of the work of the Academy. By 1843 the orchestral concerts had become quite a feature. Mr. Webb was appointed leader, and for several years thereafter he exercised important influence in this department of musical effort in Boston. He was generally regarded as a better orchestral conductor than Mr. Mason, probably because he was more thoroughly grounded in instrumental music. These concerts of the orchestra of the Academy were the only opportunity at that time of listening to music of a high class in Boston. The report of 1844 states that the net loss upon four seasons of orchestral concerts had been \$949.98.

The publications of Mr. Mason improved perceptibly in quality after his European tour, a fact quite as likely to have been due to the improvement in his material at home as to the incitation of the higher standard which he encountered there.

His next singing book for choirs and singing schools, "The Modern Psalmist," was not especially popular, but

in 1843 he put forth the most popular singing book in the annals of the American music trade. It was the "*Carmina Sacra*." This work contained a large number of tunes which have remained the permanent possession of the church. In 1853 a new edition was published, considerably augmented and improved, which again renewed the original popularity of the work. The "*New American Tune Book*," published in 1869, was still another edition of this extraordinary popular collection. In contradiction to the immediate success of this work was the comparative failure of a work having more musical merit than any other of his numerous productions. Reference is made to "*Cantica Laudis*," published in 1850. It contained a large number of tunes arranged from the best passages in nearly all the celebrated masters of music, including all the classical ones of Germany and Italy. It was too good, and its sale did not correspond to the admiration which a musician feels for it. In other departments his hand was not idle. Especially in the line of music books for schools was the later period of his life distinguished. The general introduction of music as a branch of common school education, had opened a vast market for suitable books, and it may be added there was no other hand so capable of catering to this new demand. The "*Song Garden*" series of school music books was the latest production of his pen in this department, their date being 1864. These works, the predecessors of a long series of children's music books, were not by any means hastily prepared works "for sale." On the contrary, both in words and music they were the product of most careful consideration, and a deliberate weighing of every educational publication of the whole world which might possibly aid him. It is not too much to say, that notwithstanding the great attention paid to this department of musical work in recent years, no books have been published better suited to the real wants of school children than those of the *Song Garden* series. In taste and in the educational implications of the words, they are irreproachable. The elementary department, also, he rewrote in every new book, preserving only those formulas of statements which he did not find it possible to improve upon. In

this period of his life, also, he devoted considerable attention to advocating congregational singing. His Hymn and Tune books were the originals of that useful class of publications.

His later years in Boston were temporarily embittered by his having been superseded as superintendent of musical instruction in the public schools by a former pupil of his own, a revolution of the kind that comes through the operation of new members of the boards of aldermen and the principle of rotation in office. This took place in 1853. Soon after, he resigned his choir and went upon a European tour for eighteen months. Abroad he was received in great honor. In England he lectured extensively upon musical education and congregational singing. He was everywhere recognized as an eminent teacher and a most impressive lecturer. Quantities of testimonials are still in existence, sent him at the close of his various courses of lectures.

Meanwhile his family ties had come to be in New York. His two oldest sons, Lowell and Daniel G., had formed the firm of school book publishers Mason Brothers, in New York. His third son, William, returned from study with Liszt and settled in New York, where he has ever since resided, a distinguished figure among American composers, pianists and teachers. Accordingly Dr. Mason himself removed to that city, and in 1854 occupied his beautiful residence, "Silver Spring," upon the side of Orange Mountain, about twelve miles from New York near where the surviving members of the family still reside.

Aside from his books and occasional musical conventions, or appearances at teachers institutes, his last days were not occupied with teaching, excepting the Normal Musical Institutes, held for several years at North Reading, Mass., in connection with Dr. G. F. Root. At these institutes, Dr. Mason had charge of the theory and practice of teaching, and conducted the oratorio choruses and the sacred music classes. In the line of oratorio singing remarkable results were obtained. The class numbered about eighty, and as the course continued for three months, with rehearsals four times a week, something very like perfection was reached in all the finer qualities of singing. Great attention was paid to the

spirit and meaning of the choruses, so that they were not only sung by rarely good voices with fine finish, but were interpreted as to their spirit by singers of great natural sympathy with the noble and sublime. It is upon record that many good musicians from distances came to hear this remarkable singing, especially during the second year's Normal. Mr. J. Alfred Novello the celebrated music publisher, brother of Clara Novello, visited North Reading, and said emphatically that he had never heard Handel's choruses so well sung.

It was as a teacher that the simplicity of Mr. Mason's nature was most conspicuous. Mr. Frederick W. Root tells that upon one occasion, when he was a small boy, he was delegated to drive Dr. Mason to the nearest railway station. The venerable doctor rode for a long time in silence. Presently he spoke, "Frederick," said he; "Music teachers ought to be promoted downwards. It is at the bottom that the real work must be done." And he went on to enlarge upon this idea, greatly to the interest of his young and interested hearer, so that the discourse made a lasting impression.

During the last years of Dr. Mason's life he still continued to officiate as precenter in the little valley church at Orange. The organist was William Mason. There was no choir; the venerable Dr. Mason, in his black skull cap, stood before the pulpit and led the congregational singing. Everybody sung, minister and all the people. The organ was played in the same spirit, so that repeatedly the trustees at their annual meetings voted that the organ was an important help in the religious impressiveness of the services. The congregation was a model of decorum. They remained seated for the most part, until the organ voluntary had concluded at the close of services. Everything was entirely consistent and church like.

From the foregoing it is plain that in Lowell Mason America had a self-made musical personality and leader as characteristic and remarkable in his way as Benjamin Franklin or Gouverneur Morris in theirs. No sooner had he grasped the fundamental principles of musical art and had attained a certain proficiency in its practice than he set himself to the

cultivation of others of his fellow countrymen, alike ignorant with himself, but, unlike him, wanting in the commanding ability needed for creating new environments in a province so highly specialized as that of music. As already pointed out, he took a high stand in his first collection of psalmody, and maintained it with rare success to the last.

This part of activity by itself, is insufficient for determining the full range of his mind, and the value of his influence towards the condition of musical cultivation now prevailing in America. It is not true that recent collections of psalmody are materially finer than those of Lowell Mason, but it *is* true that the public taste no longer expects to derive artistic satisfaction from music so narrowly limited as psalmody must necessarily be. Still these books of Dr. Mason's leave us in doubt whether their limitations represent the extreme high-water mark of his musical taste, until we turn to other parts of his long and honorable record. The improved standard of performance by the Handel and Haydn Society under his directions, and the still higher pitch to which it was immediately carried by the younger chorus of the Boston Academy, together with the character of the selections made for these bodies, indicate that Dr. Mason possessed a wide and catholic taste, and had a well founded confidence in the ability of the people to appreciate the higher kinds of music. This he took care to further in the two ways practicable then as now. First, he instituted technical instruction, for the purpose of improving the ability of the chorus; second, he took most distinguished care to present every great work in its proper spirit, especially when the spirit was distinctly religious. He thus raised the standard of performance in Boston, and through the various schools and conventions extended the same influence over a wide range of country.

As an educator, he was one of the greatest this country has seen. As we have sufficiently traced, he was the founder of the education of children in music, and the beginner of the direct ministry to their musical aptitudes. He was the founder of music in the public schools, and instituted a practicable apparatus for teaching music to children intelligently

and successfully. All of this part of the work he administered in loyal devotion to his original theory that the art and practice of music are directly serviceable to the religious and moral nature of man. He thus established his work upon the highest possible plane, and earned the high rank universally conceded him as one of the great educators of the world.

As a business man he was careful and exact, although all his life generous to the extreme, and disregardful of money except as a minister of usefulness. He accumulated a liberal fortune, but it was scarcely a tithe of what his opportunities would have permitted, had his mind not been occupied by higher considerations. As a man and a citizen he was a model of probity, public spirit and high character. Gifted with rare personal beauty in his young days, and a singularly noble and commanding figure to the last, the general impression of his personality was dignified, sweet and attractive. It is safe to say that he came in contact with no single individual teacher or pupil without inciting within them an aspiration toward a higher ideal. All this without the slightest appearance of self-assertion or cant. He was simple-minded, and truly great. He would have distinguished himself in any province of life. In congress or upon the bench he would have been the same noble and commanding figure, gathering to himself the love and confidence of all who knew him.

His modest associate, Mr. George James Webb, was a man of like nobility and simplicity, and of rare mental and personal gifts; but he lacked the quality of impressing himself upon the public at large, although when an occasion was made for him he never failed to fill it with distinction. He was a gentleman in every sense of the term, and one of those thoughtless, kind-hearted souls, who do heroic things without an idea that they are preforming anything of unusual value. It is perhaps not improper to cite his having adopted the eight small children of his dead sister, the oldest of them only twelve, and his maintaining and educating them, and keeping them in his own home until one by one they were established in life. "It was his duty," no doubt; but it was

none the less heroic and beautiful. Mr. Webb died at Orange, in 1886. As he kept no journal or business memoranda, there is no available record of his long and praiseworthy services in the various walks of conducting, teaching artistic solo singing; and church and concert organist.

No less eminent do these great men appear when we study the further history of the Handel and Haydn society and the other Boston institutions for promoting the higher art of music. The Handel and Hydny was a society of amateurs, and still is. It was officered and conducted by amateurs until past 1850. The late Jonas Chickering presided over its business affairs and musical performances for several years, and its presidency was held by many men of rare ability. But it appears not to have materially advanced the standard of its public performances until after the appointment of Mr. Charles E. Horn as conductor, in 1847. The repertory, also was meagre, and the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Neukomm's David* and one or two other works were performed over and over for thirty years or more, with only occasional variations. In fact it was not until the war period that this society really reached the eminence upon which it has ever since maintained itself. Upon this point it must suffice to refer the interested reader to the official history of the society, published in pamphlet volumes, and obtainable from the secretary in Boston. The usefulness of the society was hampered perhaps by its exclusive devotion to music of a professedly "religious" character, whereby a distinction was made which has no existence in art, or which if existing obtains along a very different line from that where it has to be drawn when the text is the sole criterion of quality. It was not known then in Boston, nor for long after, that the so-called "secular" music of the symphonic composers is more truly "sacred" than most of that to which Biblical words are affixed. The Boston Academy was one of the influences most potent in awakening the public mind to this important perception so vital in its relation to culture, and there, again, we come upon the foot-prints of those two giants, Mason and Webb.

W. S. B. M.

THEMATIC AND OTHER SIGNIFICANCES IN GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

(Continued from page 486 in March number of Music.)

THE musical phrase over which Mephistopheles excuses himself is of thematic importance in the opera. It can be called the theme of Marguerite's Innocence, (Ex. 11) and it is heard in the orchestra (flute and oboe) as he speaks:



Associated with it are Mephistopheles' words, "Against us, her virtue protects her, and Heaven itself defends her." ("Mais contre nous sa vertu la protege.") Marguerite's virginal self, though it is not a sufficiently potent element to save her ultimately from Faust, is nevertheless, a check to Fiend and to seducer. Later, this theme is fitted to a sentence from Siebel. In this second usage there is a particular suitability, as we shall see.

The airy waltz and chorus are danced and sung out. Marguerite appears from the church, and the meeting occurs. It would have been a capital place for the composer to repeat the theme of Marguerite's Innocence; but we do not find it. Instead of any thematic suggestiveness, we have the "Permettez moi," and the "Non, Seigneur," of which such touching retrospective use is made in the last act. The scene and act end with the vivacities of the dance. Faust already is following Marguerite to the peaceful garden, pursuing that desire for pleasure which is to be her ruin, even if "Heaven itself still wishes" her to escape it.

Begun with the horns and contrabassi, to which succeed the fluencies of the higher strings and the caressing phrase for the clarinet, the third act opens with an introduction which is beautiful as music, being a perfect vignette of emotional portrayal. There is suppressed excitement in

those throbs of the bass strings, pizzicato, those pulsations of the horns, that contrasting gush of melody from the violins which seem to picture the surrender of the mind to a new and irresistible conviction. There is a troublous eloquence in the clarinet's entrance. All are hints at the rush into a young heart of a throng of wholly novel, conflicting and tender emotions. It may be said here that during all this act Gounod has made his music enter into the individualities of five characters with delightful attention and contrast. The ripe passion of Faust, the innocent self-surrender of Marguerite, the frivolous and amorous Martha, the sardonic eccentricity and malignancy of Mephistopheles, the simplicity of the lad Siebel—to each an admirable deference is paid. The quartet which occurs anon is a bit of delineation as sustained as Verdi's "Bella figlia" in "Rigoletto."

Quitting the introduction to this act, we note Siebel's song, "*Faites lui mes aveux*," as a thoroughly spontaneous, juvenile, impulsive outburst, as befits the lad. He breaks into it with the effect of a boyish love-soliloquy and love-rhapsody, quite in contrast to such a soliloquy as is to be the man Faust's, presently, under the very same circumstances. Measured by the "*Salut demeure, chaste et pure*," no passion worth considering lies in Siebel's song. Siebel may think he loves. But it is a boy's love. Siebel really does not feel what he thinks he feels. When, later in the opera, Siebel's pity rises to his lips, there is a deeper quality to his music. The young heart may pity earnestly, though it cannot love profoundly; and moreover, the tragedy of Marguerite's shame has matured Siebel abruptly. Siebel here turns to the *benitier* to dip his hand into the water and to dispel Mephistopheles' curse; re-occurs the theme of Marguerite's innocence as he says, "Here each evening comes Marguerite to pray—(*C'est la que chaque soir*)."
(Ex. 11.) The uncorrupted lad is himself a part of that guileless childishness which now is to be torn away from Marguerite. He and the *benitier* are the visible representatives of opposition to Satan's mischief. The motif is used over Siebel's words, as follows (Ex. 12);

The lad slips away. With the advent of Faust and Meph-

istopheles into the garden, a phrase comes from the strings suggesting that the newcomers make their approach, forestalling Marguerite by other than merely terrestrial methods. In instant contrast to the quietude and wholesomeness of the garden, intrudes the disturbing element. One might suspect from that fiddle-flourish that a change was in the air.

Fl. Clar. Op. Etc.

pp C'est ta - que Cha - que soir. Etc.

Example 13.

As they come forward, the theme of Faust's Desire (Ex. 1) is given out by the flute and clarinet; this time with a languorous content and certitude. Behind the shrubbery Faust and Mephistopheles listen to Siebel's happy expectation of Marguerite's comprehending his feeling for her when he shall dare to kiss her. With the word "Seducteur!" from the Fiend, comes a variation of the Demoniac Theme (Ex. 7) a variation, but unmistakeable. For to Mephistopheles the idea of love as a pure sentiment is impossible. With him love is only a means of perdition. It takes hold on hell. With his departure to fetch the casket of jewels, the same Demoniac Theme occurs. For the casket does not come from a goldsmith's shop in the town. It is an importation from below. And it puts Marguerite into a direct rapport with *la bas*.

Passing by the cavatina "*Salut demeure*," with its passion so unlike the immature sentiments of Siebel, the analyst will notice that as Mephistopheles retires with Faust from view (Marguerite being at hand) again is heard the somber Demoniac Theme quoted in Ex. 7, accompanied by a figure descriptive of soft footfalls retreating.

There would appear to be a relationship between the

short orchestral passage preceding Marguerite's entrance, and a far back episode in the score; nothing less than the opening of the opera's first scene, with the aged Faust in his study. Some phrases are close of kinship, and there is a curious similarity in the rhythms. Would the composer here suggest that the disquiet and depression in the heart of the philosopher, to whom life had brought not what he most wished, has a certain parallel in the unrest and yearning in this girl's breast, through which has flashed a consciousness of happiness that she fears is far beyond her. In each case, the present is dull and disappointing. The likeness in the moods of the two personages is further carried out by the fact that Marguerite's song at her wheel, interrupted by her remembrances of the stranger of the Kirmess, is a somber balad, in fact a sentimental tragedy, not a canzonetta filled with joy and expectancy.

As Marguerite sorrowfully reminds herself "*Les grands seigneurs ont seuls des airs si résolus, avec cette douceur*," or as the Italian text runs, "*I gran signori han -il parlar si lusinghier*," we hear in the orchestra the theme of Faust's Desire for Pleasure, slightly elaborated. It is here treated much in the way that it will be employed in the introduction to the prison scene, as will be shown. Marguerite will be the victim of Faust's Desire for Pleasure through his delusive wooing, his very qualities as her *grand seigneur*. A few measures later, with Marguerite's realization of her loneliness and need of protection in Valentine's absence—" *Me voila, toute seule*"—the same theme is touched upon; for with Valentine to guard her, Marguerite would not fall a prey to any interloping Faust.

The Jewel Song finished, the orchestra announces Martha's hasty advent with a flourish of the tripping strings. The character of the music changes abruptly and suitably, and the simple vanity and romance of Marguerite's thoughts are put aside for the contrasting impulses and emotions of the passionate Faust, for the eccentric and sardonic gallantry of Mephistopheles, and for Martha's frivolity and amorosity.

A hint at the Fiend's dark demesne again occurs with the

chords, *tremolando*, following his "Bah!" as he announces the death of Schwerlein.

The phrase is obviously related to the Satanic theme numbered Example 7. Passing by much exquisitely sympathetic writing in the act's progress, we may pause an instant to note, not an intellectual or philosophical incident, but the appropriate simplicity and special character of the melody (and its treatment) heard as Marguerite alludes to the death of her young sister—" *Pauvre ange! Pauvre ange!*" (Ex. 13.)



It delicately reflects the unsophistication as well as the grief of the child that, at most, Marguerite still is.

The concerted passage for the four personages *en scene* "*Je ne vous crois pas,*" is not only a lovely lyric episode, but one of marked delineative merit.

To it succeeds the short scene for Mephistopheles, left alone in the darkening garden; his conjuration of the "flowers of subtle odor." In this episode is to be admired Gounod's consistency in enwrapping Mephistopheles still with that atmosphere of reserve and solemn mystery unmarred by orchestral luridities. This demon is as calm as a bishop. It may be also observed that as Faust exclaims to Marguerite, "*Il t'aime! Comprends tu ce mot, sublime et doux!*" occurs an orchestral reference to the meditation of Marguerite, soon to be expressed at her window:



And there may be traced a further thematic hint at that important one already particularized as turning the opera into theology.

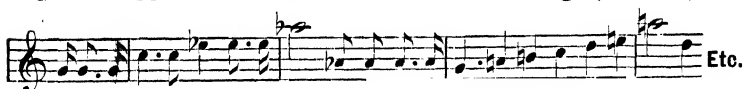
It is not necessary to point out the fact that the mutual declaration of the lovers "*Je veux t'aimer, et te cherir,*" has been duly shadowed forth in the opera's first scene, when Faust sees his victim in the vision; or that the same incident of the score will be introduced retrospectively, along with

Faust's exclamation "*O Nuit d'amour*," and the phrases exchanged during the Kirmess meeting, when we reach the anguish of the prison scene. Often remarked, too, is the sudden quotation from the "*Salut demeure*," as Faust's better self awakes with the sight of Marguerite kneeling at his feet; the repeated musical phrase being united to his apostrophe "*Divine pureté—chaste innocence!*" Marguerite is still as "divinely pure," as "chastely innocent" as when Faust was filled with sympathy for that truth, in addressing her humble dwelling; Heaven still "wishes her pure" and even yet combats her fall. The lovers part. Marguerite enters her door with the susurrant "*Mais demain, oui, demain!*" on her lips. Mephistophele's mockery retains Faust, to overhear the soliloquy, "*Il m'aime! Il m'aime!*" that exquisitely rhapsodical outpouring of a virginal passion. Nothing stales it. We know it by heart, but it never is dull. Self-forgetfulness, complete self-annihilation, oblivion of everything except the feeling suddenly confessed, the feeling in which fear is cast out by perfect love—of such stuff is it an abridgement. The peasant-girl of Goethe and Gounod is here on a higher plane than even Brünnhilde or Isolde. But with this incident, Gounod first makes a peculiar suggestion. Marguerite loses herself, sacrifices herself through her love. She will have worked out her salvation along with her earthly penalty and ruin. The scene and act end with Marguerite in Faust's arms, with Mephistopheles insulting with laughter that emotion (which he cannot understand in its possible relation to any higher existence) and with the reiteration of the phrases quoted in Example 15.



The fourth act offers in its introduction some references of interest. Also, as the scene between Marguerite and Siebel concludes, and Marguerite quits the room to "pray for him and for our child," the orchestra (after the word "pray") enunciates a variant upon the theme of Faust's

Desire for Pleasure. Already the fulfillment of that desire has brought grief and shame to Marguerite. The completeness of such a penalty is not yet, nor can be until she is a mother, and guilty of a maniac's infanticide. We pass by the scene of the duel and death of Valentine, preceded by the serenade, the musical and dramatic contents of which are not specially to the purport of the present analysis. In the church scenes, however, which is full of intellectual episodes and allusions (including such descriptive touches as the assembling of the demons about Marguerite, at Mephistopheles' command, to terrify her soul with doubts) occurs this incident—Marguerite appeals to Heaven, as the scene is ending, (Ex. 16.)



Qu-un ra-yon de vo-tre lu-mie-re qu-un ray-on de vo-tre lu-mie-re

("Let a ray of light descend from Thy sphere.") There exists here a musical rapport with an utterance of Marguerite later, in the stress of the prison scene. She exclaims there, "*Dieu juste! A toi je m'abandonne!*" The kinship between the musical phrases in the case of each of her aspirations is obvious and intentional. Celestial "light" and celestial rescue will be accorded her, in death.

The opera's fifth act is charged with intellectual subtleties, more than its predecessors. Almost its first notes * revive the theme of Faust's Desire, stated to us so long ago. The phrase springs up and sinks down in the introduction, with constant and dolorous meaning. With the twenty-fifth measure, it passes into the minor (Ex. 17) on the clarinet. A few measures later, it is re-stated, with a slight change, as example—



* I follow here the score and usage, dismissing the ballet scene and apparition of Marguerite, and treat the Intermezzo as its present Introductory self.

now anything but a thing of cheer. The hurried and supernatural invasion of the dungeon by Faust and Mephistopheles is described by the phrase of violins. As Faust, left alone, stands contemplating his victim, with the words "Oh source of remorse and eternal grief," the oboes states again the fateful theme. During his succeeding utterances, motionless, beside Marguerite, it is heard. It is as if it summed up the situation with the charge, "Yes—it is to your Desire of Pleasure; to the delight that belongs to man as a young animal; it is to the potency of passion, that this 'gentle creature' lies here, 'thrown into a prison, like a vile criminal;' and it is she whom 'Heaven itself wished pure' and would have preserved pure, had it not been for your aspiration for youth, and for that demoniac alliance that you have made! Do you relish the consequences?"

The last duet begins. It is a question whether the course of it has not a special relation to the theme particularized. A further suggestion occurs with the words, "*Me voilà sauvée—te voilà sauvée,*" noted in connection with Example 2. The retrospective episodes come into the orchestra as they recur to Marguerite's crazed brain—the touches of the Garden Scene, the Kirmess. Mephistopheles re-enters—with a descriptive passage in the orchestra as he speaks of the chafing steeds. The surge of the trio "*Anges purs, anges radieux,*" follows with the reference on Marguerite's lips to the salient preceding phrase in the Church Scene, alluded to. (Ex. 16.) The angelic host and the celestial chorus come together. And here we find Gounod concluding his opera with a manifest intent of linking theology to drama. The angelic declaration "She is saved!" as the object of Divine pity and love, is united to nothing less than the chief episode in the scoring of the rhapsody that Marguerite has sung at her window on the night in which she sacrifices virtue and herself to love! The harps accompanying the seraphic chorus give place to the figure. (Ex. 19.)

It is our former acquaintance, perhaps the last one that we might expect to encounter now. But consider. Only through love has Marguerite come to endure such suffering. God's judgments are not as narrow as are man's. They can

recognize relationships in things that men cannot. In the eyes of the Essence of Love Himself, we are not damnable because we have loved more well than—by mortal criteria—wisely. If humanity can love to the degree of actual self-effacement, it can be but counted unto it for righteousness. By a kind of paradox, Marguerite's offense becomes its own pardon. The real ethical quality of love is superior to man's



Example 19.

intelligence and conclusions. Love is, indeed, always a thing aloof from the essence of sin.

Such is Gounod's final and chief assertion in closing "Faust." The celestial trumpets add to the solemnity of the reference by sounding in the opera's last measures. Once more is the same theme touched on by the organ-chords succeeding. The curtain falls on a sermon that is bold beyond the privileges of the soutane and pulpit, not to speak of the confessional. One may almost forget the lyric charm, the pathetic and dramatic interest of the old work, in studying a part of its contents that lie so much below its merely esthetic traits.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE: A SYMPOSIUM.

(Continued from page 518 in March number of MUSIC.)

MR. EMILIO BELARI.

NEW YORK.

My incessant occupations have prevented an earlier reply to your communication of December 20th, in which you ask my opinion in regard to six questions.

The first, which combines two essential points, has more to do with the competence of a composer than a professor of singing. I will therefore pass it in silence.

As to the second, it may be affirmed without risk of contradiction that in any country, general as may be the knowledge of a foreign language, this language is only understood by the minority of an audience assembled in a concert hall. Consequently it is preferable to sing in the language of the country which is known to all.

Not agreeing with those who think a vocal work loses in value when translated into another language, I should say it all depends upon the ability of the translator, who should be perfectly familiar with the two languages in order to find equivalents, adjusting his translation to the syllabic accentuation of the original language, strictly retaining the poetical rhythm, so that there will be no need of adding to or suppressing a single note of the musical work. For this kind of work it is better to have a translator who, besides his knowledge of the two languages, possesses also a knowledge of music, even though elementary, and it seems to me that America does not lack persons who are quite capable of performing work of this kind in the very best manner.

It does not seem to me even probable that non-musicians listening to operas given in a foreign language can ever perfectly appreciate works sung in a language they do not understand, no matter how many times they may hear them, for to auditors who are not musicians the words are of great importance, and a great aid in understanding the music.

This consideration alone justifies those who preach in favor of opera being sung in a language understood by all, and for this reason Italy, Germany, France, Russia, in fact all civilized countries except Spain and England, have grand opera sung in the national language.

These few words seem a sufficient reply to questions 2nd, 4th, and 5th.

There remain only the 3rd and 6th for me to answer, and I have purposely left them for the last because they demand more ample reasoning. No. 3 is as follows: "Is there any real reason why English words cannot be well sung, as well as the German or French?" No.

Having studied some languages for the purpose of singing, I have not found English to be less singable than German, whose superabundance of consonants is a great obstacle; or the French, the latter being the least singable of all, as much on account of the nasal sounds as for its vowels, *e* mute, *e* closed, *u* and the diphthong *eu*, which abound in the language and which are completely anti-musical. And if in spite of these great obstacles the French and the Germans have succeeded in doing wonders, both in their national operatic repertory and in the translation of foreign *chef d'œuvres*, why cannot as much be done in America, and especially as a large number of works are already sufficiently well translated into English?

The fewer vowel sounds a language contains the easier it is to sing. Thus the Italian and Spanish, which have but five vowel sounds, are the easiest to sing, and any one can learn in at the most five minutes to pronounce these two languages in a perfectly intelligible manner, for the reason that these five vowels are the five fundamental sounds of which all languages are composed. This is not the case with the English language, in which the abundance of composite vowel sounds increases for foreigners the difficulties of correct articulation in singing.

However, it ought not to be more difficult for an American to sing in his own language than for an Italian or a Spaniard to sing each one in his own. But often, even very often, one hears Americans, Italians, French, Germans or

Spaniards singing their maternal language in an unintelligible manner, who, however, speak perfectly. This is not the great anomaly which it seems but is explained by the fact that the physiology of the word sung is not the physiology of the word spoken; that is to say that the articulation or the formation of the vowel sung is not the same as the vowel spoken; or in other terms, more comprehensible for all, to render any language intelligible in singing it must be pronounced otherwise than in speaking.

This discovery, the paternity of which belongs exclusively to me, explains the universality of the obstacle presented by the spoken language when transformed into the singing language.

The means to be employed to overcome this obstacle belong properly to the elementary part of vocal education. Consequently it belongs to professors of singing, and not to professors of elocution, to teach singers the enunciation of the singing language, so that words sung may be as intelligible as words spoken. With this knowledge, English will be as easy for Americans to sing as Italian or Spanish, and easier for them than French, German or any other language.

There are English and American singers who instinctively, and without having received any instruction in this respect, articulate as distinctly in singing as in speaking, which proves that it is not impossible when singing English to enunciate correctly. Consequently those who have not received this special privilege from nature can acquire it by study and render the English language as singable as any other.

The 6th and last question is as follows: "Do you suppose that we will ever have an artistic school of American singers until we establish the principle that English is good enough for singing and for hearing?"

If American minds inclined toward art as they do toward commerce and industry, America would long ago have possessed not only one but one hundred schools of singing *under conditions to produce good singers*, for the need of such institutions has long been felt and the need increases day by day. Being thus convinced, my ideal when

I came to America was to establish a model school for singers, where would have been reunited or concentrated all the progress that art and science had made in this respect, but on arriving here I was soon persuaded that it is much more difficult to convince an American that there is money to be made in music than to have him risk millions in the worst industrial or commercial enterprise. However, my ideal was not purely and simply the product of my artistic fantasy, but of the incontestable logic of figures and reasons that I will here expose.

Twenty years ago I founded a vocal institute in Paris, and the large number of Americans who studied there from the first moment inspired me with the idea of establishing a similar one in New York, judiciously thinking that there were more Americans to be instructed in America than in Paris. That I might not be defrauded in my hopes, and believing that American singers would prefer being taught in their own country rather than risk going to Europe, I had recourse to statistics, which although incomplete, gave me as a result the knowledge that there are permanently in Europe about 1,500 Americans studying singing. This figure may be easily increased to 2,000, which number has considerably augmented during the past ten years. Calculating the permanent average at 2,000 in spite of the increase, there results a contingent of 40,000 students of singing during twenty years, and supposing each one spends a minimum of \$2,000 per year for all expenses, which is not very much, we have an annual expenditure of \$4,000,000, or a total of \$80,000,000 taken out of the country during twenty years. Of these 40,000 students how many have succeeded? Six—Mme. Annis Montague, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Eames, Miss Ella Russell, Mme. Nevada, and Mr. Scovel, three of whom left my Vocal Institute in Paris to make their debut on the operatic stage. That is to say that the miserable number of six singers (whose success has not been sufficient to make their compatriots swell with pride) have cost America \$80,000,000, or \$13,333,333.33 each.

Is it necessary to wait to “establish the principle that

English is good enough for singing and for hearing" before establishing an artistic school of American singers?

The figures given will answer for yours very truly,
EMILIO BELARI.

MR. L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

CHICAGO.

(1. Are the words—meaning thereby the ideas contained in them—an essential part of a song? And is understanding of the poetic text an essential ground for properly appreciating the work of the composer?)

Before the composer gives birth to a musical work of any kind he has to secure a poem or text. Inspired by this text, he proceeds to build about it a musical setting. Consequently, since the music is the complement to a set of ideas originally expressed in words, I am inclined to think that both text and musical setting constitute the composition—and that an intelligible rendition of the words is not only desirable but necessary, before an audience can appreciate the value of the composition as a whole.

(2. Do you suppose that the great majority of audiences, even in our large cities, really follow sympathetically and with quick understanding the German or other foreign words often sung before them?)

It certainly requires more than a superficial knowledge of a foreign tongue to grasp the meaning of words in that language when set to music, although I have met, in some cases, people endowed with enough musical comprehension, not necessarily by musical education, but by constant hearing and musical associations, who could understand in a general way the sense of the words through the form of the musical composition. I think you will find the majority of our audiences in large cities to be cultured in at least one foreign tongue besides their own. It is often a matter of locality; for instance, German will be readily understood and appreciated in some parts of the country by the great majority of an audience, as French in New Orleans, San Francisco, Montreal, etc., etc.

(3. Is there any reason why English words cannot be well sung, as well as the German or French ?)

Vocal art is a special study in many ways and is generally misunderstood by the uninitiated. A trained singer must have his vocal organs so independent of his speaking apparatus that whatever movements the latter assume in enunciation must not interfere with the former, whose peculiar functions are to preserve a pure, round and mellow tone. We all remember Santley, the English baritone, as well as our own Sher. Campbell, Wm. Castle, Drayton, George Conley, who used to appear in English opera. Certainly in their cases if the music was enjoyable the words were understood. Of late we have had in America the great English tenor Lloyd, who combines with a remarkably clear English enunciation the quality of a pure mellow Italian voice. This demonstrates the possibility of singing as well and enunciating as clearly in English as it is done in any other language.

(4. Is it impossible to secure or prepare English words to the general run of songs fitting closely enough in accent, emphasis and sentiment to answer the purposes of a composer ? In other words, in your opinion, would it be impossible to adapt English words to German and Italian song in such a way that the music and words would properly correspond practically about as well as they do in the original language ?)

Translations from one language into another are always difficult to undertake and adaptations often serve the purpose better.

A case in point: Open the score of "Faust" for instance. The first words sung by *Mephistopheles* are in the original French "*Me voici !*" This has been Englished into "I am here !" Notwithstanding this, the major part of basses in England constantly sing "Here I am !" The trouble lies in this instance, as in many others, in the translator's adhering too strictly to the letter of the original text, regardless of the singer's convenience.

The intelligent adaptor can do much that is good. Saint Saen's songs were translated or adapted from the original

French into English by the late Eugene Udin, who had spoken both languages from childhood, and was besides a thorough musician. The result was, as might be expected, a work above criticism.

(5. Is it or is it not desirable to have opera in a language understood by the hearers? Do hearers ever really follow closely the verbal and musical nuances of operas heard in languages foreign to them, except after years of practice, and even then, in your opinion, would not almost every hearer understand the whole thing better if well sung in his own mother tongue?)

It is most desirable that we should have opera in English, as the general public will certainly take more interest in it, will follow it closely and thus become more familiar with the works of the great masters. In France one can speak to most people of any operatic ariaby, merely mentioning its opening words as they stand in the text. Any one will immediately conjure up the required melody on merely hearing the words "*Mon Bel Ange, O Ma Lucia*," although they are an adaptation of the original Italian.

If we have failed in permanently establishing English opera in the United States, the failure, I think, has been due to the selection of the work presented. The majority always likes to be educated—provided the process be an entertaining one—and to the masses genuine grand opera of the modern type is often too much of a good thing to be easily digested. The manager who will present lyric opera must take into consideration the fact that "*Traviata*" and "*Trovatore*" pave the way for better work and a higher plane of culture, and must model his first few seasons' work accordingly. Opera established on such lines as these would do more for general advancement of music in this country than can any teacher by selecting for his pupils a high order of music, which, for lack of education, they are entirely unable to understand.

(6. Do you suppose that we will ever have an artistic school of American singers until we establish the principle that English is good enough for seeing and for hearing?)

I think, with proper training, we can have an artistic

school of American singers, provided there is a demand for it. We are having good oratorio singing; why? Because there is a demand for it. The day when there will be an opening for grand opera singers in English, students will find it worth while for them to make a study of that branch of their musical education. I know in this city several singers who cannot find anything to do, as their temperament and the quality of their voices is too *operatic* for the only kind of profession open to them, "church singing." I may add that when American students will acknowledge their teachers at home, instead of calling themselves pupils of so-and-so in Europe, after passing six months in a foreign country, an artistic school of singing in English will exist. The fault is certainly on the side of the students, always too ready to repudiate what they call the "home teacher," and give credit to some one in a distant land who cannot contradict the wonderful remarks made by said teacher on a still more wonderful voice!

L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

MME. HELENE HASTREITER.

"How much importance do I attach to the words of a song? I don't know but what I attach more importance to the words than most people; if you find a beautiful poem it is even more beautifully expressing the song. You can find music once in a while and put words to it but I think the beautiful thoughts of a beautiful poem are what bring the music. And whatever we do must be done distinctly; it is simply a magnificent recitation in the different tonal effects; it wants to be perfect and you want people to understand it. First, I say that whatever we do ought to be done in the language of the people, those that we are speaking to; and to me in all songs the expression is all done in different tones, the tonal effects of course, but the words are very essential.

2. For instance. You take an aria, especially in the older operas, it is generally a prolongation of a single thought, the same words over and over again. Are they important there?

Well, for instance, to each phrase you can give a different interpretation, a great many interpretations. Once it can be a very heart-felt interpretation, another time a more passionate idea, and I think in those arias they give a great many different ideas in one aria. And of the same aria each artist will give a different interpretation. I may give one and you will find another that is entirely opposite to mine, and yet it is a very fine performance.

If you want a ballad you want it to express something; therefore your words are very important, and the music must go with the words and those words are the recitation in the different tonalities, and therefore in singing I do not believe in this *ah! ah!* I think the main reason why I have had such enormous success abroad is because in Italy my phrase is the good old pure Italian, the real Italian, as if I were born an Italian. If I sing in German, I have the German phrase as if I were born a German. If I sing in English certainly I give the phrase the right accent and its right interpretation. Another artist may have an interpretation entirely different from what I have, and still it may be a very artistic interpretation.

If they do not understand the words they certainly cannot understand it sympathetically. That is out of the question. If you speak to them in their own language they enjoy it thoroughly. They may enjoy the melody, but they know when an artist understands the language in which she is singing, because they feel the security that the artists themselves have in that language, and they feel sure that the artist is interpreting the song in an artistic way; but still if they could understand it also they would enjoy it so much more. In opera, for example, when they do not know the language they get a good deal from the libretto and the scene, but still they wouldn't enjoy it nearly so much if they didn't read it first and know what it was about. Take people perfectly fresh, virgin, to an opera and have them hear an opera in a foreign language. They *cannot* enjoy it. They can enjoy the scenery and the melody, but still they cannot thoroughly enjoy anything they do not understand. Can any one enjoy anything they do not understand? Is there any comparison?

Take it with a song like those of Franz or Schubert, for instance. I have had much experience. I have sung the same thing in a foreign language; they were enjoyed, certainly enjoyed and then I would sing them in English; there was no comparison. The listeners would say: "I had no idea it was so beautiful," just as though it was a different song entirely. And then how often I have sung a German ballad for instance, and I can just see who understands German. I feel it. I know who understands German because those are the ones who are enthusiastic and carried away with it. Others enjoy it but they don't understand it. And how often has it been said to me "That was beautiful but I did wish I could understand the words because I could see that everything you said meant something but I could not understand the words and could not enjoy it as I would if I could have understood the words."

Now in Italy they do not have oratorios. I wanted some of the very good musicians there, my good friends, to know something of our oratorios. I wanted them to know "He Was Despised" and I would sing it for them and they would enjoy the song immensely, but would say: "If we only could understand it." Then I would translate it to them, speak of it and tell them what the whole thing meant, and then sing it again. Well, the difference! My goodness, like day and night. Just give them an idea. Give them a literal translation of the words and after that was given, give the meaning, what the idea really was, because a literal translation cannot give you the phrase; and then, after explaining the whole thing, the whole situation, and saying to them "Of course you remember the history, the Biblical history at such and such a point" and then sing it afterwards. What a difference!

Why don't they have oratorios? They haven't any Italian translation. And then another thing, there are no choruses. They have their chorus for operas but there are no societies as there are here.

Are the classes so far apart that that could not be done?

Yes. So entirely different. In Germany, for instance, they give works, but the one at the head of the thing is

almost always an Englishman or a German, not an Italian.

You remember the Novello family, the famous music crs. It was originally an Italian family, the head being Vincenzo Novello, known in English music as Vincent Novello. His daughter, formerly Clara Novello, now Countess Giglucci, a good friend of mine, lives in Rome, and her sister, Miss Labilla, now almost eighty, lives in Genoa.

Well, some years ago, before they were quite as old as they are now, they used to have matinees and a great many people went there. Later they were discontinued and I took them up. I have my Friday evenings and we enjoy them hugely, and we have lovely times.

Translation is very difficult, because the music does not go. You know you will have a vowel on a certain tone. Whereas, when it is translated it is entirely different and you feel it. You can now and then get a very good translation of a song and almost not feel the translation in music. I had an idea that a part of the difficulty in adapting words was in the natural cadence of the language. In translating from the Italian, for instance, it is very difficult to catch the phrase in English just as it goes in Italian. A certain vowel will be on a certain tone but in translation it is difficult to have the accent of the phrase fall in the same place. But when you once have the language all right there is no difficulty. The trouble is in getting the accent of the phrase in the right place."

"If you had your way what would be the best thing that could be done for the promotion of music in this country?"

In this country? I think the first thing I would do, would be to have everything sung to English. And then I do not believe in trying to make them understand and go beyond, way beyond, their power of understanding. I think the ability to appreciate light music, light opera music, for instance, would properly come before symphonies. You take the lighter music, ballad music, and have it done by the best artists and show how it can be interpreted, and then in that way go on. But the thing is, you know, you won't have it. You don't want it. It's all fad in America; at

least that's the way it seems to me since I've got back.

I am talking of singing, you of orchestral work, and in orchestra work I think you have already educated the people up to a good standard. And you have Handel, Haydn and Bach, and I think they understand it much better than Italy would. Because it's been given so much, even when they couldn't understand it. It's been pounded right into them. Even my first singing, when I was a little girl, how could I understand that? And yet I sung it, because it was the thing to sing. I think really they have been educated up to these things. Of course in the Thomas concerts here we have some very curious things. For instance, they had a popular program here two weeks ago that was a request program; the hall was packed.

In New York, people go to the opera because it's the fashion, because it's the fad. They will come away, and the next fellow will say: "Wasn't it sublime!" Then when they get home, it is "Well, I suppose it was fine, but I'm blest if I understood it. I wish you would explain. What did this mean? What did that mean?"

And so I say, that is my opinion, the best thing possible for the country would be to make sure that music is presented which is within the comprehension of the hearers.

HELEN HASTREITER.

PINDAR, THE IMMORTAL LAUREATE.

“ Whoso anywhiles has lingered long
In the high realms of unforgotten song
Still sometimes in a lonely place and fair,
When the warm south winds stir the rainy air
And sigh themselves to silence, shall his ear
In that vague, wistful sighing, seem to hear
From dreamy regions of the elder earth
A mournful music, sweeter than our mirth.”

The poem that can be sung, that has mysterious suggestions of music in the sequence of its phrases, and grouping of images, has, its content being equal, reached the supreme point of excellence for its kind, and is something distinctively superior to the poem without the values indicated. Curiously enough the master of masters in this art was born of a family of hereditary flute-players, and was himself carefully educated in music as it was understood in his day.

The celebration of the ancient Olympic games at Athens during the week beginning April 6, with all the world invited to look on, recalls this splendid singer of the far-off golden days when up the holy road to Elis streamed a joyous company to the sacred enclosure of Olympus, where, upon his throne of carved cedar, sat the All-father, the everlasting Zeus, wrought of gold and ivory by the cunning hand of Phidias. Not to have seen this wonder, which Lucius Paulus Aemilius, the conqueror, said was “the deity incarnate,” was the unhappiness of a life. What delight to behold it during the “Truce of God,” the sacred month of mid-summer, when, each fifth year, all Hellas and even Greeks from distant colonies came to engage in trials of strength and skill before the “All-father,” the “Mighty Thunderer.” Instinct proclaims all power holy, a something bestowed by a perfect power beyond itself. So to Olympus came not only athletes in the bloom of strength and health, but historians like Herodotus, with the results of the last five years’ labor, poets with verses to sing or recite,

elocutionists to render Homer and Hesiod, sages, like Gorgias or Protagoras, eager to tackle and dispose of the questions stirring men's minds at the period, and no doubt musicians, experts upon the Phrygian flute, and Dorian lyre of seven strings, and singers who could do what Plato deprecates, "sing one set of notes while the instruments play another," and introduce "different rhythms of all sorts and kinds," or, as Aristophanes complains later, "could do quavers and intricate mazes," unlike the good old times when temperance was the fashion, and who, "By the extra harmonic turns they forever made in the strophes,

Did such a deal of damage, that it came about with the poetry
Of the dithyrambs, precisely as with shield-arms at the right about:
What should be to the right, was found at the left side."

Singing labyrinthine strains

Of notes like a disturbed ant-hill, all out of harmony, and scale
and holiness."

Probably sculptors were in the throng, for the statues of the victors were to be ordered for the sacred grove, and possibly painters to sketch their portraits for admiring friends. Statesmen and politicians were there undoubtedly, for nowhere else could they so feel the public pulse. Magna-Græcia, Sicily, and even Massilia were represented. This was the place of places for him who lives by empire of wit and skill in management of men. Women were also there, young, beautiful, unscrupulous, fascinating. But no wives according to the holy ceremony of bread and ring. All such were at home attending to the housekeeping in the absence of their lords.

It is July and there is no shade save that afforded by the spreading pines, and gray olive trees. The athletes strip and anoint themselves. Danger may threaten Hellas. It will be attended to later. Now is sacred to the holy struggle of body and mind. Their hands upon the bleeding victims on the altar, the athletes swear to use neither fraud nor guile.

The herald solemnly calls upon the assembly to challenge any one disqualified by blood or character to compete. Then crying, "Let the runners put their feet to the

line!" a trumpet sounds, and they are off. The course is 200 yards, once, twice, thrice or more as decided, and men have dropped dead at the goal. No matter. To wear the "pale, gleaming glory of the crown of valor," cut with a golden sickle from the wild olive brought "by Hercules from Ister's shadowy springs, in the land of the Hyperboreans," and to merit the palm from the hands of the ten judges, is reward enough, even for death. Not only will the victor be led crowned to the altar of the god, his way strewn with flowers and costly gifts, while to the throbbing of lutes and booming of Phrigian flutes the assembly sing the song of Archilochus "Tenella kallinike," (Тивхха Калливере), Hail Victorious! and have his statue set up in the sacred grove, but his family, city and state will be honored in him, in what is to him all the world. If an Athenian, he will receive 500 drachmae, and his rations for life at the Prytaneum. If a Spartan, his will be the heroic privilege of the post of supreme danger, and therefore honor, in battle.

Chariot-racing, boxing and wrestling had been added to the ancient foot-race in Pindar's time, and, save a few fragments, his odes celebrating the victors in these games, are all that remain of his work. Beside the Olympic games held in mid-summer once in five years in honor of Zeus, the prize an olive crown and palm, the Pythian games were held in Spring every five years at Delphi in honor of Apollo, the prizes a wreath of laurel and of palm; the Nemean games were held in the groves of Nemea, near Cleonae, once in three years in honor of Zeus, the prize a wreath of parsley, and the Isthmian games in honor of Poseidon, lord of the sea and of horses, were held in Corinth once in three years, the prize a wreath of pine native to the spot. Originally local, the celebration at Delphi being at first purely musical and literary, and that at Corinth a ceremony of mysteries, these meetings grew to be creators and preservers of a Pan-Hellenic feeling, and for a time promoters of the very highest aspirations. Our poet sang for all the assemblings when they were at high-water mark, and he sang their heroes with a

vigor and fertility of invention, a splendor and a charm which has made him for all time the monarch of lyric song. Unlike most geniuses, he was judicious in his choice of a father. Daiphantus, though he probably had the highest sort of respect for the melodious toodling which was the profession of his family, was keen enough to see his son was capable of something more, and sent him, when but a lad, from the family home at Cynoscephalae, to Athens to study the art of writing for the chorus of Lasos, then famous, as the inventor of greater freedom in musically rendering the rhythm and expression of dithyrambic odes. Before he was twenty, Pindar returned to Thebes and studied with the poetesses Myrtis and Corinna. The latter lady, it is said, advised him to enrich his panegyrics with myths, and as the myths of Thebes, were so to speak, the domestic history of his family, he being a descendent of the hero Ægeus, of the Cadmean clan, he introduced them all into one ode, at which his teacher said dryly, "It is well in some things to sow with the hand, and not with the full sack."

All his long life of seventy-nine years, B. C. 522 to 443, was spent as a professional artist. Through the perilous days of Salamis and Platae he went on composing, but unlike most Thebans he was a large-minded patriot, and had an immense enthusiasm for Athens, which he calls "the buttress (stay) of Hellas," the builder of freedom's fair foundations, and perhaps even more glowing names lost to us. For this appreciation, Athens made him "Proxenos," Athenian consul at Thebes, and presented him with 10,000 drachmae, which proves that virtue occasionally gets rewards in this life. The guest and friend of despots and tyrants, and by birth an equal of princes, though he found "wealth set with virtues, as gold with precious gems, the best estate for man," as do we all, since it offers largest opportunity, he yet sings, "Those virtues most do move my zealous song that serve the folk." And again, "The middle course I find crowned with most good to the common wealth, and a state of tyranny I condemn."

He was a true artistocrat, more jealous of his duties than his rights. His was a religious soul. Near his own

house he dedicated a shrine to the mother of the gods to whom the flute was sacred. He erected a statue to Zeus Ammon in Libya, and one to Hermes in the Theban Agora. Everywhere in the visible he sees traces of the spiritual and invisible, and with a logic that does him credit he refused to believe anything evil "of the blessed gods." Stories to their discredit he quickly set down as inventions, and serenely went his way, worshipping. No corroding scepticism marred his vision of those "islands of the blessed dead, by ocean breezes blown, where flowers of gold burn, some on the land from radiant trees, and some by the glancing waves are fed, whereof the good may twine their hands and brows with necklaces." The following fragment from a dirge translated by Professor Connington further illustrates his faith in the future life, still the supreme desire and life motive:—

"Shines for them (the dead), the sun's warm glow
 When 'tis darkness here below;
 And the ground before their towers,
 Meadow land with purple flowers,
 Teems with incense-bearing trees,
 Teems with fruit of golden sheen.
 Some in steed, and wrestling feat,
 Some in dice, take pleasure sweet,
 Some in harping; at their side
 Blooms the spring in all her pride.
 Fragrance all about is blown
 O'er that country of desire.
 Ever as rich gifts are thrown
 Freely on the far seen fire,
 Blazing on the altar stone."

He was almost as orthodox as an anti-Briggs Presbyterian, as witness:—

"But the souls of the profane,
 Far from Heaven, removed below,
 Flit on earth in murderous pain
 "Neath the unyielding yoke of woe;
 While pious spirits tenanted the sky
 Chant praises to the Mighty One on high."

It is not, however, with Pindar's religious beliefs that we have to do so much as with his power as a poet, the secret of his fascination, and the almost divine honors paid him while living, as well as after his death. The Greek

most unmusical, overpraised, and over-belittled Walt Whitman. Once only, when the death of Lincoln struck into some, to him, unexplored soul-depth, did Whitman find expression in cadenced sound delightful to the ear, and then he wrote his masterpiece, "O Captain! My Captain!" But his phrases over and over suggest Pindar. Witness these:—

"Warble me for joy of lilac time!

"Thou orb aloft, full-dazzling! thou hot October noon!

"Whispers of Heavenly Death!"

"Lo the camps of the tents of green!"

Compare these from Pindar.—

"Best is water of all!"

"The vine-bloom's mother, mellowing mid-summer."

"O star supreme! O Holy Light!"

"O kindly Peace! daughter of Righteousness!"

He was not without his periods of nodding, was Pindar, when his rhetoric became over-blown and turgid, but his greatness would have carried greater faults easily. His transcendent genius was the pride of all Hellas. The Athenians, at public cost, set his statue in their beloved city, the Rhodians inscribed his radiant panegyric of the "sea-born isle of Helios," the seventh Olympic, in letters of gold upon the walls of their temple of the Lindian Athene. At Delphi, the iron chair in which he sat and sang was kept over six hundred years, and the priest of Phoebus, before he shut the temple gates each evening cried, "Let Pindar, the poet, go into the banquet of the god!" Two several conquerors of Thebes, Bausanias of Sparta, and Alexander of Macedon,

"Bade spare

the house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground."

The surpassing brilliancy of Athenian literature has made us half blind to the importance of non-Athenic elements in the complex whole of Hellenic life, and its legacy to us. Pindar, in some ways the most majestic figure of the golden period of Hellas, was a Boetian, and who shall say that the building of the Odeum by Pericles, especially for musical performances, owed not something of its beginnings

to the master, the immortal laureate, who sang with fiery joy the lyre, "a sweet-voiced lay of triumph," of "strong hope and soaring valor," concluding with wistful weariness at once melancholy and sublime:—

"What are we, and what not !

A shadows's dream is man.

"Yet in God's descending glory

Abideth serene life and radiant light."

Not always to the pleasant lyre or Dorian lute "did he sing, but often to the soft tones of the music of the flute," "and the reedy pipe," and perhaps it was a song sung with the latter that Pan, hearing, caught, and in the fastness of shady copses loved to sing over and over to all the furred and feathered folk, who, of the wind singing in the reeds, had learned the mysterious spell of music.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

A SPLENDID ARTISTIC CAREER.

WHENEVER American singers are mentioned, the name of Helene Hastreiter is sure to come in for mention of peculiar honor. There is much in the history of this gifted person to awaken enthusiasm, and her qualities of person, mind and character are rare, and entitle her to distinction anywhere she may be heard. Mme. Hastreiter was born in Louisville, Ky., but her parents moved to Madison, Wis., when she was a very small child. She was a born singer. Her little voice as a child was distinguished for sweetness, range and purity. In the Sunday school, at church, in concerts and in all school-girl competitions, she easily stood first when singing came in question. She matured very young, and at the age of twelve was the solo soprano in one of the most prominent choirs of Chicago—passing herself off as sixteen, upon the well-grounded fear that her extreme youth would otherwise discredit her for the position in spite of the sterling evidence furnished by her lovely and telling voice.

The organist of the church was Mr. Arthur J. Creswold, an English musician of rare attainment, living here under an assumed name. Creswold recognized the rare quality of the voice and gave her much advice, and was of considerable use to her. I remember hearing her sing at that time, and her voice was very full, telling, and abundant. She seemed to have, if anything, rather too much voice than too little. Then she disappeared. It may have been six years before I awakened again to her charm. At a concert of the Apollo Club, somewhere about 1883, she sang Gomez' Ballata from "Il Guarany," at Central Music Hall. Being then occupied as critic upon one of the papers, it was my pleasing duty to declare that I had heard a first class artist. For it all came over me when she had sung about four phrases. I knew nothing of her history, nor whether she had studied at all; but here was the patent fact of an

artist and singer by the grace of God, and by the aid, evidently, of no end of instruction. From that time she commenced to do concert work and the like. I found out later that the interim during which I had lost sight of her had been spent in Italy, studying and singing under a different name—a name assumed at the debut in order to protect that of Hastreiter until the sure time later coming, which she always foresaw, when her success would be ensured. In Italy she was a pupil of the Lamperti's, father and son.



MME. HELEN HASTREITER.

While in Milan an interesting adventure befel her. Miss Blanche Tucker, also a Chicago girl, was there studying with the old Trevulzio, who had been the teacher of the older Lamperti. At this time Trevulzio was very old, and for years had been bed-ridden. In spite of this, his head was as clear as ever, but his nephew and accompanist did most of the teaching. One day Miss Tucker said, "Lena, I wish

you would come with me and hear old Trevulzio give a lesson." "It is exactly what I would like to do," said Miss Hastreiter. Whereupon they went. Mme. Hastreiter says that Trevulzio was a small and very emaciated man, much drawn up with some kind of affection of the nerves, and during the entire time he kept up the tremulous shaking of the hands and movable parts characteristic of a shaking palsy. After the lesson he spoke to Mme. Hastreiter:

“And you, my daughter, do you not sing?” To which the new comer answered, “It is nothing.” “But will you not sing to me?” asked Trevulzio. To which she answered, and sang a section from Verdi’s “*La Forza del Destino*.” As she sang, with her pure, strong tones, so well sustained, so vibrant and rich, she saw Trevulzio gradually become calm and immovable, and he listened with the most rapt attention during the entire aria. At the end, as he was apparently hastening to say something, the trembling returned with such violence that he seemed to be in a convulsion, and to be unable to retain himself upon the bed. His nephew ran to his assistance and the ladies were about withdrawing in fright.

As soon as he could recover his breath the old man exclaimed: “It is Malibran, it is Malibran!”

A few days later the nephew sought Mme. Hastreiter and begged her to come again to see the old master. She at first declined, saying that if her singing had made him sick she thought it but an act of kindness to remain away. But the nephew assured her that the old master was anxious to hear her again. She accordingly went, and at the close of the singing, the old man said: “My daughter, God has given you a beautiful voice and a natural manner. Do not allow any one to spoil it.” He then gave her certain suggestions and told her never to forget them. She says she has often thought of the things he said to her and they have been of advantage to her ever since.

When Mme. Hastreiter was ready for an appearance she soon had one, and such was her success that her services were in demand for a long time. Ricordi engaged her for certain leading roles of Verdi, where he wanted large compass, great dramatic ability, and pure singing. In this way she had a very distinguished success in all parts of Italy, for it is the policy of this house not to permit its operas to be given except with casts approved by the management of the house. This practically gives the house control of all the opera houses in Italy, whenever it is a question of such Italian favorites as Verdi’s “*Don Carlos*,” “*La Forza del Destino*,” and Gomez’ “*Il Guarany*,” and many others.

One day in 1884, when Mme. Hastreiter was renewing her intermittent act of living in Chicago, I happened to be walking with Colonel Mapleson, when he said:

"You Americans are curious people. You will not pay to hear a singer no matter how good unless she is a foreigner. I have just been hearing a woman sing. She has voice, style, phrasing, presence, speaks four languages without a trace of an accent. She is exactly such a prima donna as I like to hear; she has all the good qualities. Yet I can not engage her."

"Why?" I asked. "Because" he answered, "nobody will pay to hear her." I immediately asked "What was the name of this singer?" At this moment the old man resumed his habitual caution. "I cannot just recall her name, he said; it was some sort of strange name. But never mind."

I immediately began to think (who could it have been, and immediately I dropped upon Mme. Hastreiter, for she was the only singer in Chicago I was certain who could have excited the blasé old Colonel into such an enthusiasm. I learned later that Mapleson said to Mme. Hastreiter, "Come to me in London and I will talk to you; I cannot engage you here," and sure enough she did sing with him in two seasons later.

After singing with Mapleson in 1885, Mme. Hastreiter sailed again for America and reached New York just as the ill-fated American opera of Mrs. Jeannette Thurber had materialized. She was taken on as contralto, although up to that time she had always sung dramatic soprano roles. She sang Ortrud with great success, and presently they put on Gluck's "Orpheus," with her in the title role. Now the role of Orpheus is a trying one. The opera has very little in it. The music, with a few dramatic moments, has generally the consistency of Sunday school sweetness, and unless the Orpheus happens to have a voice of such timbre that one can hear it by the half hour on a stretch, there is no chance of the work succeeding. Mme. Hastreiter's phenomenal success in this role is well remembered. It was the only work of the entire repertory which produced the

impression of a star cast. Miss Juch made a very good Eurydice, and the staging was superb. The opera had a great vogue, and Gluck himself might well have been proud of the manner in which it was given.

Later Mme. Hastreiter was singing again in London, where she had gone for oratorio engagements and concerts. Here Sonzogno heard her and immediately sent his agent to engage her. A meeting was had in Paris and she was engaged at a flattering figure for several years in Italy. Sonzogno wished to put on Orpheus. He had heard of its success in America and he gave Mme. Hastreiter *carte blanche* to stage it as well or better than it had been done by Mrs. Thurber. It was put on in Rome somewhere about 1888. But I am going too fast.

No sooner had Sonzogno engaged Mme. Hastreiter and set about this campaign for "Orpheus" than he began to cause the insertion of paragraphs relating to her in the Italian press. This awakened attention, and along in the summer, when the preparations for Orpheus were well advanced; he considered it time to give the leading critics their first taste of the singing of the American girl. Accordingly he brought together about twenty of the leading musical newspaper critics of Italy, and one hot summer afternoon, in the almost dark and empty La Scala theater, with one flaring gas jet lighted on the stage and a pianoforte accompaniment, the new prima donna, in street dress, began the introductory phrases of the famous air of "Orpheus"—"Che farò senza Eurydice." When she had completed the first phrase a great shout went up out of the darkness in front, and it was necessary to wait a beat or two for quiet; at the end of the next phrase another interruption; and so on, turn and turn about between Hastreiter and the critics, and at the end she was accepted at her par value as one of the most glorious singers of her time.

"Orpheus" was put on at La Constanza Theater in Rome and ran several weeks to crowded houses. It went upon a tour of all Italy, and everywhere the triumphs were the same. Some years later Mme. Hastreiter sang the role in other countries; in Vienna, for instance only two years

ago, and in German—which is one of her native languages, for her parents were German.

Some years ago, Mme. Hastreiter married the distinguished nerve specialist, Dr. L. C. Bourgonzi, and their home is in the beautiful city of Genoa, and their summer home at Cossila, up not far from Courmayer and Aosta, between the lofty Alps and Lago Maggiore.

For two or three months past Mme. Hastreiter has been visiting her relatives in America, and here her little daughter of six years has acquired a good practical knowledge of English. I had the curiosity to interview this distinguished artist the other day, and she told me a number of interesting things.

When I asked her who was the best young composer in Italy at present, she answered that, in her opinion, one Ludvigo Alberti was entitled to this honor. He has lately finished an opera upon a Venetian subject. It is called “*Violante*,” and the libretto as well as the music are his own. He is without resources, and the present condition of Italy is no more favorable to the production of high class and expensive new works than in America. So here he is with a great work (let us concede) and no opportunity of reaping the fame and fortune which his happy production would bring him.

Mme. Hastreiter has always been indisposed to grant encores for arias in opera, although naturally this has been a principle rather than a practice. She narrates with great effect her feeling of intense flatness when she has decently and successfully died, according to the demands of the play, at being recalled to life and made to bow some smiling thanks, and to do it over again. This was her fate in *Orpheus* uniformly. In Italy she refused such repetitions excepting when the Queen herself continued the applause. This being tantamount to command, she was obliged to observe.

A very curious story of the Queen’s partiality for her art came to her knowledge from one of the most noble ladies in waiting, a Duchess. Some one spoke of Mme. Hastreiter as an artist. The Queen said dryly, “She is not an art-

ist!" Then somebody said something about her as woman. The Queen again said as dryly as before, "She is not a woman." Somebody else mentioned her as singer. The Queen, as before, answered "She is not a singer."

Whereupon intense consternation. Everybody wondered what terrible scandal had befallen the whilom favorite that the Queen should deny her everything. The Queen herself, after noting the astonishment and enjoying her cleverly planned effect, said softly, "*Hastreiter un Dio.*" (Hastreiter is Divine). They do these things handsomely in Italy, for managing editors do not expurgate royalty.

It has always been a favorite idea of Mme. Hastreiter to give a series of song recitals or concerts all through the smaller cities of America. It is her idea that every kind of song is entitled to its place, and that a simple song well sung affords a delight which all the people will enjoy upon hearing. She believes in singing in her own tongue, although except in oratorio, concert and in the American opera she has never enjoyed the privilege.

Her vocal compass was originally three octaves, from D on the third line of the bass staff to three octaves above. The upper chest and medium registers were very full, rich and vibrant; and her high notes were very pure and ringing. For the last six or eight years she has sung only dramatic mezzo and contralto roles, and her high notes, I imagine, have fallen off. In fact I should say that the new comer, Miss Yaw, seems to have the entire output in this direction.

As a singer, Mme. Hastreiter belongs to the older generation, constructed before they got to making singers without diaphragms. Her breath is deep, well managed, and her tone perfectly firm and sustained. There is vibration in it when emotion demands, but her natural voice is one of those very rare ones in which a perfectly sustained tone does not imply lack of feeling, but the rather suggests abundance of feeling and strength. Her enunciation of text is one of the most perfect I have ever heard. Naturally, living so long in Italy, and being gifted with the faculty of tongues, her Italian is of rare purity and distinction. Her English enunciation is equally good, and her German is equally good whenever she sings in that language. W. S. B. M.

FROM BARD TO OPERA.

(Continued from page 505 in March number of MUSIC.)

II.

THIS fortress was distinguished in the War of the Roses, as being the last place that held out for the House of Lancaster and afterward for King Charles I. The year 1402 was ushered in by a comet of great brilliancy and the song tells how the bards interpreted this as an omen favorable to the cause of Owen Glendwyr, and how for years after this, the armies of the Welsh Prince triumphed over the forces of King Henry IV. The Welsh people believed that the Prince would redeem their lost possessions and restore their national prestige. When a Welsh band plays this tune it stirs the soul of a Welshman as "La Marseillaise" does that of a Frenchman, or "Die Wacht am Rhine," that of a German. The hero referred to is supposed to have been the celebrated Cadwallon, the son of Cadvan, who in the year 693, assumed the title of King of the Britons, and for more than thirty years beat back the invading Saxons in "The North Countree." He is said to have won fourteen battles and sixty skirmishes. The song tells how in one of these great battles the Saxons resorted to the trick of wearing the Welsh garb. But the commander of the Cymry, hearing of the treachery, ordered his men to go to a field near by and put leeks in their caps. They were thus easily distinguished from the Saxons, whom they defeated with great slaughter, in the battle that followed. This is probably the real origin of the custom of wearing the leek on the first of March.

"St. David" says a Welsh historian, "was one of the so called 'Seven Champions of Christendom.' He was the son of Santus, Prince of Ceretica (now Cardigan), and seems to have been born about the middle of the fifth century. Having been brought up a christian, he early devoted his life to the service of God, and was ordained priest.

After spending some years in study in the Isle of Wight, he began to preach the gospel to the Britons, then still the chief population of the west of England. In the course of

(HEN WLAD FY NHADAN.) LAND OF MY FATHERS.



Mae hen whad fy whad-au yn an-wyl i mi, Gwlad beirdd a.

his wanderings he established a chapel at Glastonbury, and founded twelve monasteries, chiefly in South Wales, the principal one being situated near Menevia, which now bears his name as 'St. David's.' Here he spent the latter years of his life and died about 544, by far the most influential of the Welsh ecclesiastics."

One of the first of the Welsh martial airs, a very spirited and popular one, is "Forth to the Battle"—(Rhyvellyrch Cadpen Morgan). It is a song of defiance to the Saxons, who were invading Wales to collect taxes. Says William's "History of Wales:" "In consequence of taxes levied by command of King Edward I. toward defraying the charges of his wars in Gascony, formidable insurrections took place throughout Wales under several provincial leaders, in the year 1294. Morgan, a chieftain of Morganwg, put himself at the head of the oppressed Cymry in that district and drove out the Earl of Gloucester, retaining possession of the territory of which that nobleman's predecessors had formerly deprived his ancestors. It was probably composed or selected by this prince to animate the march of his followers."

At every eisteddfod, concert and patriotic gathering is sung "Hen Wlad fy Nhadan"—"Land of My Fathers." It is the "America" of Wales. The modern words are by Evan James of Pontypridd, and the melody by James James.

There are many other popular songs of more or less age which every Welshman knows and sings, and all of which have a peculiar flavor. Such are Codiad yr. Haul—"The Rising Sun;" "Glan Medwdod Mwyn"—"O Let the Kind Minstrel;" "Ymeliad y Bardd"—"The Bard's Visit;" "Gweno Fwyn gu," "Maid of the Mill;" "Y."

Deryn Pur"—"The Gentle Bird;" and "Mentra Gwen," a love serenade. "Dearest Wales, Beauteous Wales"—(Cymru han, Gwlad y Gan) is a great favorite at patriotic gatherings. When sung in chorus by a large number of voices it has a soul-stirring effect, being beautifully harmonized and very majestic in meter and rhythm. Pen Rhan, "The Spade Head," is a folk song sung to the harp with old pennillion words. Mount Snowden, the highest mountain in Wales, is celebrated in Eryry Wen, or "White Snowden." This is also a harp song. Another quaint song of this kind is "Megan A Gollodd ie Gardas"—"Margaret That Lost Her Garter." The air is in minuet time. It was probably composed some time during the reign of King Edward III, as its title evidently refers to the historic fact which led to the institution of the Order of the Garter.

Another interesting relic of the old Welsh bard music is the englyn, a sort of rhyming epitaph or irregular sonnet, which is frequently chanted in semi-oracular, semi-fanciful vein. These englynion are often purely epitaphic in character and thousands of them are found on tombstones and monuments in the quaint old churchyards. Many, on the other hand, are light and fanciful. When of this kind they correspond quite closely to those short, epigrammatic and highly figurative stanzas which English poets are in the habit of entitling "Lines to —," or "Lines suggested by —." A typical englyn contains four lines in quadruple rhyme with this peculiarity, that the last word of the first line, not the rhyme word, generally belongs to the second line.

The following example will give a good idea of these englynion. It is a favorite on tombstones of young men. I fear I have not made very good English poetry, but the essential form is preserved:

.. Wele orweddle eirddeidd-lanc—Daiar
iw diwedd dyn euanc,
Pob hoenus olygus lanc,
Yno daw ac ni ddianc."

[A resting place for all mankind, The Earth
A universal shroud to wind
Young, vigorous manhood close entwined,
So it may never exit find.]

There are some very quaint old folk-songs in Welsh, songs which have lost their peculiar significance to us moderns, but which retain in themselves, like the fly in the amber, reference to ancient habits, customs and traditions, remembrance of which still cling to the soil of old Wales. Such as "Hob y Derri Dando," a curious old tune sung to pennillion words, after the Mother Goose melody fashion, without any particular meaning or sense, but still dear to the heart of the common people. It is a pastoral and the air is taken from a song of the Druids, chanted by them in very ancient times, to call the people to their religious assemblies in groves. It is one of the most popular songs in Wales. Here in a free translation of the first verse:

<i>Solo.</i>	Only wance I was so funny,
<i>Chorus.</i>	Hob y Derri Dando.
<i>Solo.</i>	Court a 'ooman with no money,
<i>Chorus.</i>	That is singing grand. Oh!
<i>Solo.</i>	When she asked me to marry,
<i>Chorus.</i>	Sian fwyn Sian.
<i>Solo.</i>	No you shan't be Mistress Parry.
<i>Chorus.</i>	Down; down hie derry down,
<i>Solo.</i>	My darling Mary do not frown.
<i>Full Chorus</i>	Down, down hie derry down, My darling Mary do not frown.

And so *ad infinitum*, like the "Polly Wolly Doodle," or "Clementine," of American college boys.

Nos Galon. "New Year's Eve," is another old pennillion song, sung at New Year's parties and other winter festive gatherings, indeed at one time as a carol.

Of course it is impossible in the brief space permitted to this article to more than touch upon Welsh music of today. The songs and airs referred to are those which have some historic interest attaching to them. No mention can be made of the hundreds of beautiful modern Welsh songs. It would also be impossible to more than casually mention the names of those writers and composers who have contributed to the glory of Welsh music of today. Many of the very old melodies have been harmonized and printed only in very recent years.

Miss Jane Williams (Aberpergwm) did a great work for Welsh music in the early part of the present century when

she traveled around among the peasantry, stopping sometimes for days at their cottages, and listening to the old airs and noting them down. Many national airs would undoubtedly have been lost or corrupted beyond recognition but for her painstaking labor. Most of these national songs have been edited and some published. Valuable editorial work of this kind has been done by Brinley Richards ("Songs of Wales.") John Owen collected and arranged a number of fine melodies, embracing most of the popular airs, under the title of "Gems of Welsh Melody." The latter is known as Owain Alaw Pencerdd—"The master." The words to many of the songs in these collections were written by Ceiriog Hughes, a poet of considerable lyric power.

Welsh singers are known the world over. They have always commanded the enthusiastic attention of English and American audiences. Among those who have visited this country and achieved triumphs may be mentioned. Ben Davies, tenor, who was here last spring; Dyfed Lewys, "the sweet tenor;" Lucas Williams, who has sung "The Elijah" (Mendelssohn) nearly a hundred times, and Ffrancon Davies, baritone. Others are Mary Davies, soprano; Mrs. Mendelssohn Parry and Miss Mary Thomas, contraltos; Rhys Janes, basso; Maldwyn Humphries, William Evans, David Hughes and R. Walter Davies, tenors. The last named was the tenor soloist at the Utica (N. Y.) Eisteddfod in December, 1894. For Welshmen in America still cling to their old custom of musical competition, and eisteddfods, where Welsh-Americans can renew the time honored traditions of their race, are held in many different portions of this country, notably in Utica, N. Y., and the region of Scranton, Pa.

Perhaps the most representative living Welsh poet, a bard by nature and training, is Hwfa Môn. He is a type of the ancient Druids, a fine, handsome man, with long, flowing white hair and prophet-like countenance. He has taken so many prizes that he is no longer permitted to compete at the eisteddfods, but is now an adjudicator, or judge. The work and music of many beautiful and popular hymns and songs of the day were composed by him.

Many Welsh singers have visited this country and sung in opera, but a distinctively Welsh opera, composed, libretto and music, by a Welshman, and presented by his own company under his own personal direction, is in store for America in the near future. This is the great task Dr. Joseph Parry has laid out for himself.

Dr. Parry is one of the highest living authorities and masters on the subject of Welsh music and literature. He is a Mus. Doc. Cantab., professor in the Welsh University College and principal of the South Wales School of Music at Cardiff. He has written and composed many songs and hymns and several operas. His latest work is an opera founded on incidents of Welsh history, so that it may properly be called a national production, and he is now preparing to bring over a troupe to present his opera in this country. He has already lectured in this city, on the subject of Welsh music and musicians, and undoubtedly, when he arrives here with his singers—very soon he promises—New York will give him a royal, or republican, welcome. Praise from New York music-lovers means a good deal, for we Gothamites are accustomed to the very best in almost everything, but especially in music. Musical triumphs count for something when achieved in a community which in one winter has sat and listened to Melba, Eames, Calve, the de Reszke brothers, Ancona, Maurel, Ysaye, Ondricek, Klaffsky, Temini, Paderewski, Plâncon, and many others.

New York City.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

THE PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

MUSIC will be glad to know that Pittsburgh has ranged herself in line with those cities of America which support orchestras of their own, and it is needless to say that Pittsburghers themselves are glad, and would be proud of an orchestra founded and supported by their own efforts and generosity, were the Orchestra itself much less deserving of praise than the resulting one proves itself to be.

The Pittsburgh orchestra needs no defense; it is speaking to the public for itself twice a week and blowing its own horns with splendid effects, due partly to the fact that the first cornetist is what our Hibernian friends would call "a jule." He came from New York, and needed only to play the opening bars in "Rienzi" to have his position assured him. Students and their suburban cousins take advantage of the Thursday afternoon hour, and the "carriage set" enjoys the same program on Friday nights.

It would be an entire superfluity to say that Mr. Frederick Archer, whom Chicago had the misfortune to lose, that he might fight on the side of right in Pittsburgh's musical battles, is capable of managing an orchestra artistically; Mr. Archer is capable of doing so many things besides this one, and all artistically, that his friends, of whom he has already made many in his new tenting-grounds, would resent the implied necessity of saying more than that he is greatly talented and very conscientious. And that, when you begin to think about it, impresses itself upon you as about as good a thing as any man could expect to have said about him, in this vale of tears and autoharps.

Mr. Paul Listemann, the eldest son of the great Bernhard Listemann, is most certainly, as concertmeister, Mr. Archer's right hand. He knows what his left hand is doing, but this is the only case, so far, in which he has been proven to have transgressed scriptural laws. He takes the burden of the string rehearsals off Mr. Archer's almost too heavy-

laden shoulders, and sometimes of the full rehearsals, and into this work he puts the same vigor and enthusiasm which makes his solo playing so brilliant and soulful, and his personality so acceptable, both socially and on the stage. His younger brother, Franz Listemann, is the solo 'cellist of the orchestra, and does beautiful things tonally, and wonderful things technically, on his precious instrument, to which is due a part of the credit, and of which he became only lately the proud owner. One of our well known local players is at the head of the second violins, Mr. Walter Voigtlander leads the violas, and Mr. Bevensee the basses. With such men as these among the players, and with Mr. Archer on the conductor's stand, could the Pittsburgh Orchestra possibly fail of its highest purpose.

Strenuous efforts have been made, and continuously since last June, by more energetic citizens than could be counted on two hands, and Pittsburgh owes the immediate success of her orchestra partly to some men to whom she will never be conscious of debt. The Board of the Art Society first, the Orchestra Committee appointed by the Board next, and last, but not least, the quarter-hundred business men who have subscribed to the guaranty fund for the support of the orchestra for three years. These have been some of Mr. Archer's "angels" and have saved him from striking his foot against any stone, but the list would fail signally did it pretend to include mention of all the hard individual labor which has been done by people who have only their own consciences to applaud them; let us hope that when they attend the Thursday concerts they appropriate to themselves as their just dues a part of the enthusiastic students' applause, which must be to the musicians the most inspiring kind there is. We students who have worked in a truly musical atmosphere—I should say hemisphere were it not that Chicago is bigger than we are, and New York always did think she was a model of musical manner and enthusiasm—we hail with almost as much delight as the advent of the orchestra itself, the vision of score-books and lead pencils, in the seats which on the following evening will be overflowing with a quite Brahms-like chaos of laces and silks, accented by opera-

glasses and white gloves, and phrased with chiffon capes. Those of our friends who look on a last winter's hat as contemptuously as some of our musicians would gaze on a comb, are fortunately not much addicted to the Thursday concerts, and so leave us in peace and our old clothes.

No possible combination of paper and ink could properly give an idea of the finished playing of such numbers as the Mendelssohn Scotch Symphony, Wagner's "*Rienzi*" overture, Massenet's *Scenes Picturesque*, or the dainty *Rigaudon* by Rameau, arranged for strings, oboes and bassoons. (These are all quoted from one program.) So, since we cannot descend to anything so odious as a comparison, which might succeed in giving you a partial idea of the quality of our new possession, the only way is to hear for yourselves, and "we invite you all to come." It is quite true that some of the most appreciative—I can't bring myself to say flattering—remarks which have been made, have been born of comparison, but as it is Lent, we have remembered the text about the sins of the fathers, and have resolutely tried to turn a deaf ear to all such offspring. Of course no one could expect us to forget those we did hear; one can't help having a remark made on his good ear side when he has tried his best to turn his deaf ear to it.

Mr. Archer's excellent judgement, as evidenced in his semi-weekly organ recitals (which, by-the-way, are free, even to a stray Chicagoan who might be in town, on his way to New York, of course), has found another adequate outlet in the building of these programs, for, while the orchestra aims high, and has given us, in the three concerts which have passed, such numbers as the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the Mozart G Minor Symphony, MacDowell's First Concerto, with Mr. MacDowell as soloist, the Peer Gynt Suite, the Wilhelm Tell Overture and the overture to "*Der Freischuetz*," we have also had Gounod's *Entr'acte* from "*La Colombe*," the ballet music from "*Faust*," "*Saint-Saens*," "*Marche Heroique*," Schubert's "*Ave Maria*," Moszkowski's *March* from "*Boabdil*," and some of the smaller Wagner works, all of which could be put on the "popular" list—at least here in Pittsburgh. One of the most delight-

ful numbers given of this latter class was done as an encore, entirely without preparation and without notes, and Miss Emma Juch sang the Gounod "Ave Maria" with harp accompaniment, Mr. Archer at the great organ, and Mr. Paul Listemann playing the obligato deliciously, rivaling the quality of Miss Juch's artistic pianissimo.

Many of us have made truly energetic efforts to amass unbiased opinions from all classes of hearers; at the present writing the present writer has heard not one remark derogatory to our new tin god, the Orchestra, in any of its attributes, the playing, the programs, its soloists, or its frock coats, in which it very properly appears at the matinees. Is there anything, therefore, which has not been said? Only—" 'The Pittsburgh Orchestra'—*Lebe Hoch!*"

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON.

A PUPIL OF MARCHESI.

MISS FATMAH DIARD, who will be remembered by readers of *MUSIC* as singing "Maid Marian" and other soprano roles with the *Bostonians* a couple of years ago, has recently returned from a year's study under Mme. Marchesi in Paris, and has joined the Castle Square Company of Boston. A representative of *MUSIC* found Miss



MISS FATMAH DIARD.

Diard in her room at the Castle Square Hotel the other day and persuaded her to talk about her famous teacher—a subject, by the way, on which she is always pleased to speak.

"It was about two years ago, after I had sung with the *Bostonians* for three years," she said, "that I decided to go over to Paris, and get, under Marchesi, the 'finish' I

could not get in this country. So I obtained letters of introduction to her and to other musical people in Paris, and went across. In Paris I presented, at once, my letters to Mme. Marchesi, but it was three days before I could get near her. Then she tried my voice, and said I would do, and she would teach me. I began at once, and was put into the beginning, or scale class. Madame Marchesi has her pupils arranged in several graded classes. There are, first the scale class, then vocalizes, then the concert song class, then a choice of concert or opera classes, and if opera, a choice of the French and Italian classes. I was put, as I say, in the scale class and worked from that through the vocalizes, of which we had to sing through six volumes. At this stage in the teaching Madame does not allow any practicing at home or outside of class, but requires that one shall sing before her and there only. When I had been through these two classes hurriedly, and had sufficiently corrected in my voice the faults Madame found there, I was put into the advanced French opera class, without being required to do the intermediate stages. In that class I spent the remainder of my time in Paris.

“In the class room, which is quite a large square hall, there is a platform in the middle, on which the pupil stands while singing. There was in the method of singing operatic airs something new to me, and very trying, at first. While with the Bostonians I had been accustomed to singing my words, merely, without acting at all until the final rehearsal. But Madame requires that every song shall be sung with the complete facial expression accompanying. I flatly rebelled at this once, but it did no good. At these classes the accompanist is M. Mangin, director of the grand opera, and you may imagine it was very trying to stand up there and sing before him with all those facial antics. However, one gets used even to that.

“Once every month Madame Marchesi hires the delightful little theater ‘La Bodiniere,’ which is near by, and gives ‘hearings’ for her pupils. At these hearings are given scenes from operas by the opera classes, and concert songs, by those studying for the concert stage. For the tenor,

baritone and basso parts in the operas Madame employs the best to be had from the Grand Opera and Opera Comique; and for the orchestra employs the best also from those theaters. And well she may, for she charges her pupils each 350 fr. (\$70) a month for the half-hour lessons per week. At the hearings the pupils become familiar with the stage, and are brought into direct contact with the managers and public with whom they are to be associated. At these performances, too, the composer whose opera is to be given is



MME. MARCHESI AND MME. MELBA.

often present, and sometimes great artists from the Grand Opera, who have studied the parts for years. Massenet is often there, and is a great favorite among the pupils. Ambroise Thomas, too, used to be there. It was under his personal direction that we gave "Mignon," and the suggestions we had from him were invaluable. He was a dear old man, and we all loved him. It was the very day that I left Paris that he died. It is from the association with and sug-

gestions from these great composers and musicians that one derives a great deal of the benefit of a season with Marchesi.

“When I was there Madame Marchesi had about fifty pupils, drawn from Australia, and nearly every other place on the globe. Some were Armenians, and had come an eleven-day journey by rail to get to Paris. A large number were Americans, and these she especially prefers; for, as she says, their voices are fresh and sweet, and they are themselves as a rule brighter and better educated than those of other countries. They make way faster almost invariably. She prefers, also, pupils who have never had any previous instruction, as with them she has less faults to correct. She has a marvellous ear for detecting possibilities in a new voice when she is trying it. I have often thought ‘Surely Madame can never make anything out of that. It is impossible; but in three or four months the result of her training utterly contradicts my prophecy. She has had such great experience that when she tries a pupil’s voice she can say at once, ‘You have sung English opera,’ ‘you have studied under so-and-so,’ or otherwise locate the reasons for its peculiar quality, and she almost never errs.

“To her pupils Madame is always candid and tells them frankly what their prospects are. Yet she never attempts to discourage them. She requires application and hard work, but is not rough or harsh. She insists on having everything sung in French or Italian, and I am now having to learn all my operas over again in English, the language which Madame absolutely prohibits.

“I was studying under Marchesi fourteen months, altogether, and grew very fond of her, as do all her pupils. She will not take anyone unless they will promise to stay the season through. Yes; Melba was her greatest success; since she has created such a furore, every Australian girl thinks she can sing, and is coming to Madame Marchesi to be taught. Here is a photograph of the Madame and her great pupil together.” Miss Diard then brought out the portrait which we present in this issue of *MUSIC*, and which was a gift to her from her teacher.

Miss Diard has been singing for a few months with the

Carl Rosa Company at Covent Garden, London, with the well known American soprano, Miss Zelig de Lussan, in a revival of "Daughter of the Regiment." Her engagement with the Castle Square Company is limited, and she will doubtless soon be welcomed back by her friends throughout the country, in one of the standard traveling companies.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

TO A VIOLIN.

Weird sounds flash from thy magic strings,
Like quivering flames of fire,
The very air with music rings,
As from an angel's lyre.

My heart doth ever throb with thine,
Thy dear delights I share,
I feel thy thrill of joy divine,
And with thee laugh at care.

ARTHUR W. ATKINSON.

MUSIC IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

IT is known to the well informed that a very important advance is being made regarding the status of music as art, science, discipline and culture, in our leading American universities and colleges. In order to ascertain definitely what this progress amounts to, the following circular letter has been sent to some of the leading professors of music in these institutions, and the replies have begun to come in. The questions were as follows:

OFFICES OF MUSIC, 1402-5, Auditorium Tower,

CHICAGO, March 5, 1896.

Dear Sir:—There is an impression that more progress has been made within the past few years than previously towards recognizing the place of Art, and particularly of the Art of Music, in that greater something called *culture*—that knowledge of “the best that has been said and done in the world,” which distinguishes the educated from the uneducated. In order to subject this impression to the test of facts, and for the general information of the public, you are respectfully requested to answer the following inquiries, briefly or at length, as suits you best, for publication in Music:

1. Is any kind of musical instruction given in your university? If so, what branches are taught? And by how many teachers?

2. What is the academic style of the head teacher of music? And how is his compensation determined?

3. Is the study of music recognized as having disciplinary value? If so, please state what forms of study are preferred, and whether the attainments so made have value towards the A. B. degree, or towards a special degree?

4. What means, if any, are in operation in your university for awakening and deepening in the undergraduate

body appreciation for an intelligence concerning the Art of Music?

5. Has the estimated social status of musical performers or teachers of music materially advanced within recent years? If so, please designate the form of musical activity held most honorable.

6. In a college education what range, if any, do you consider ought to be taken in musical cultivation by those not intending to excel as performers or teachers?

7. How far do you consider that an individual studying music seriously for a career, as teacher or artist, would be able to accomplish by forms of music-study the discipline of attention and application which forms so large a part of the value of school training? Could you designate the forms of study best calculated to accomplish this work? And also designate what studies in the usual college course might be dispensed with by such students?

Hoping that you will kindly pardon so large an intrusion upon your time, in view of the importance of the subject and the public interest in it, and that you will respond at your earliest convenience, I remain

Very respectfully yours,

The Editor of MUSIC.

IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

In the lists of those who have "fought a good fight" for music in the English language, no name deserves a higher place than that of John Knowles Paine, Professor of Music at Harvard University. He has spoken for it, written for it, and more than all, has patronized it when it came; for he has long been one of the regular subscribers at the English opera in Boston. In fact he has done everything for it except write grand opera himself; more could not be expected from any man. It was to him, therefore, that I went after last month's broadside from MUSIC, to learn how he was teaching the young men of Harvard to appreciate the coming musical millenium. And as I crammed up on his

biography beforehand (I freely confess it) I may as well give it here, that the reader and I may be on equal footing. Brief it must be, for biographies, though necessary, are not always of the greatest importance.

Mr. Paine was born in Portland, Maine, in 1839, and had in that town his early instruction in music. In 1858 he went to Berlin and studied under Haupt, Fischer, and Wieprecht until 1861, when he returned to this country. On his return he gave organ concerts in several cities, and settled finally in Boston, where he was for a year or more organist at the old West Church on Cambridge street. In 1862 he was appointed music-teacher at Harvard College, and organist of Appleton Chapel (Harvard). For the first six or eight years after his return from Europe he was accounted one of the best organists in America, and was almost the only representative, here, of the strictly classic school. When, in 1876, the overseers of Harvard College established the first Chair of Music ever founded in an American University, he was appointed Professor of Music; and he has held that position ever since. As a composer he has long held foremost rank in America. Brought up on Bach, he at first inclined to the classic school. His compositions have been very numerous for voice, orchestra, piano and organ. His "Spring" symphony and other of his works were played by Thomas at the World's Fair, and have since been played at the Auditorium. The music for Sophocles' Tragedy of Oedipus, first given at Cambridge, May 17, 1881, is among his best known works. His latest great work has been the editing and preparation of "Famous Composer and Their Works."

Such was the information I possessed when I called on Professor Paine at his home on Hawthorne street, Cambridge, on a Sunday afternoon in March. I found him seated at the piano playing a dance of his own composition, with a decidedly oriental flavor, and which he was kind enough to play over for me before we "got down to business." Of course the first thing I asked him was how he went to work to compose such a thing as that just played. "Why," said he, "I have an idea—and jot down a sketch

of it. Then bit by bit it grows and gets plainer and I increase my sketch, until at last I have the thing complete. Then when I feel in the mood I sit down to it and write the full score." From that the conversation drifted around through various channels until I chanced to suggest his work at Harvard, in connection with a paragraph in the "Bric-a-Brac" of the February *MUSIC*.

"I fully agree with your father," said he, "in his remarks about college glee and banjo clubs. They have an effect to lower the musical standard of the college, and I am glad to see that the faculty of Harvard have forbidden the clubs here to leave Cambridge. But I do not agree with him that such an orchestra as that of Mr. Hlavac would be a possibility or a good thing here. We do not need it. If we were a musical college, established for the purpose of training musicians for orchestras, it would be good to have such a thing. But our object in giving such courses as we do, is, as you will see stated in the catalogue, to educate, musically, men who intend to be composers, teachers, or musical critics. For these the theoretical work we offer is sufficient. The training they need in the uses and possibilities of various instruments they can obtain from the symphony concerts of the Boston orchestra, ten of which are repeated here in Sanders' Theater. We have not, I admit, as full a department as I wish we had and hope we shall have. Such a department would include separate branches of history, theory, counterpoint, canon and fugue, free thematic music instrumentation, etc., with a good instructor in each, and would lead to the degree of Bachelor of Music. This degree we have never yet given, but I am in hopes that we may be able to offer it before very long.

"As it is, we offer several courses in the above subjects, leading to the Bachelor of Arts, with honors in Music. Graduate students are admitted to a seminary, at which original compositions are heard and discussed. In this a graduate residing three years at the university may obtain the degree of Ph. D. in music."

At this point I interrupted Professor Paine to remark that the courses of instruction offered all required in the

student considerable proficiency in music beforehand. It has seemed to me for a long time that there are a large number of students here who are very anxious to take such courses as will enable them to hear intelligently, and to discuss without "breaks" ordinary musical performances. For these there should be a course of lectures by some one competent, treating the subject from the very rudiments, and instilling a knowledge of harmony and musical development by means of examples in the piano. Such a course given, say twice a week, would easily fill Sanders' Theater, even if no credit were given for it.

"I am glad of your suggestion," said he, "and shall consider it, although such a course seems to me to be almost too elementary to have a place in a college curriculum. I have had in mind for some time, and shall probably carry into effect, a somewhat similar scheme. I intend to offer an open course in musical history, illustrated by a series of chamber concerts showing the progress of chamber music to the present time. These concerts might be open to the public upon payment of a reasonable fee. Such a course might be given, as the courses in Fine Arts, with a credit. But the trouble would be that a large number would take it because it appeared to be a "snap" course, rather than because they especially want music. At present the number of students in my department is about one hundred each year. Many of these take honors, and several have afterward become professional musicians.

"One thing which would be of the greatest assistance to every college musician would be the introduction of harmony into the courses of study in preparatory schools. It should be taught there in its elementary forms, at least to such as desire it. As it is, our number of students is constantly increasing. Who knows but among them we may find some of the very composers of American opera of whom you were asking.

"Speaking of composing American opera, I differ with your father very widely on a point there—in regard to localization and patriotism in music. No one but Dvorak and Grieg has ever, to my mind, succeeded in that sort of

thing, and Dvorak distinctly missed Americanism when he attempted to base his work on negro melodies. No. Not even in the great masters of Germany or Italy do you find such localization. They are great because they are *individual*, not because they are local or patriotic. There is, to be sure, a certain definite manner we term the German school, and another the Italian, and so on. It is barely possible that we may at some time have a representative American school. But I doubt it very much. The time for such a thing is past. We have now not national, but international music, and it makes no difference whether I compose here or in St. Petersburg, so long as I express myself in my own way. For instance, your father often says we should choose subjects from American history for American grand opera. Not at all. If I should ever choose to write an opera I should be as likely to lay the scene in Provence as in America. Such nationalism is beneath music.

“But, as you know, I am heartily in favor of opera in our own language, and do what I can for it. Now take that company at the Castle Square. Miss Lane deserves as much credit for her work as does Mme. Melba. Seldom in my life have I found so sweet and sympathetic a voice as hers. Her Margherite was a revelation. While that company remains there, there is a proof of what can be done by American artists, trained in America, singing in America, in the American language.”

Mr. Paine summed up these various Americanisms on his fingers and concluded his argument with a gesture that showed plainly that he, at least, believed in music in the language of the people. And as I came away from the house with the pleasant voice of the professor still in my ears, I heartily wished Messrs. Abbey and Grau, or Mr. Damrosch could be there to hear him, and be persuaded to change their operatic tongues. Meanwhile it remains true that in spite of the magnificent results attained at Harvard in the way of original compositions, under the direction of Professor Paine, the undergraduate who does not happen to desire to become a composer and in fact knows nothing of music but wishes that he did, may search in vain for the

elementary courses which will make him musically intelligent.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

I should say that there is good grounds for the impression that music is held in greater honor in educational circles than formerly. And particularly I believe it to be so here in the University of Michigan. Almost every kind of musical instruction, theoretical and practical, from elementary harmony to the most advanced counterpoint, and the applied forms of playing upon instruments and singing, are taught here, and by teachers of distinction and artistic rank.

Strictly speaking there is only one teacher of music in the University—the Professor of Music—who stands upon the same academic footing as the other professors and is paid exactly the same salary.

As Professor of Music in the University my work is to lecture upon musical history, analysis, and to teach musical theory and practical composition. These studies, any or all of them, are open to students as electives among the various optional studies for the degree of A. B. We do not give any specifically musical degree. In fact this does not form any part of my ideal of the proper work of a university towards music or any other art. Nor do we aim primarily to form professional musicians or performers. The university idea is to afford specific musical incitation and instruction in as many ways as practicable for the purpose of making the graduate appreciative, intellectual and sympathetic towards music, to the end that their influence later may be helpful rather than the reverse.

We have a University School of Music, officered from among the University trustees and faculty, with its own fund and fiscal management, employing at present nine teachers, and enrolling this year something over one hundred and fifty individual students. The branches taught are practically all those which are found in any well conducted, high class musical conservatory. Advanced students in theory naturally enter the university classes in these branches but

elementary theory is taught in the School of Music only. The teachers in the School of Music are not part of the University faculty, and as such have no academic title. If a name must be found other than the good old English one of teacher, I suppose instructor would answer the purpose. The compensation of these teachers is determined by agreement with the trustees, and ultimately comes out of the tuition fees, which practically exactly balance the account. All the teachers are paid salaries.

Considerable progress has been made towards determining the just valuation of musical studies of different kinds as compared with the regular studies of the course for the literary degree. At first nothing was recognized in this relation except studies in musical theory; but later we are prepared to recognize certain forms of musical works besides. For instance, if a student comes prepared to enter the University, *but* offering musical attainments in part credit, this recognition would turn upon the quality of these attainments. A player or singer would be expected to show not alone attainment as player or singer merely, but also a certain distinction of quality, the inner something showing that this playing or singing represented something mental or psychic rather than merely muscular. This is of course an ideal, but the principle has been practically recognized in the University of Michigan. Ultimately the aim is to encourage the musical student who is fitted to concentrate the time given to "electives" upon musical work. Even in this case there would be no distinction made in the degree. Naturally, determinations of this kind would be to a certain extent empirical—almost guess work; still we believe the distinction just and we expect ultimately to ascertain some scientific way of determining the value. Musical work is accepted as a major or minor for the degree of A. M. or Ph. D. We have four Masters and one Doctor who have taken music as one of their studies. At the present time I have two candidates for the degree of A. M. In working for the higher degrees of Master and Doctor, advanced attainments in theory, and particularly original investigation or advanced practical work as composer would be counted with appreciation.

With reference to the means in operation for extending musical knowledge and appreciation among the undergraduate body, I am happy to be able to report a very gratifying state of things. Our operations in this direction are of so manifold a character that I hardly know where to begin, but perhaps our choral society will do as well as any. We have a mixed chorus of three hundred voices, and we study important choral works and give them with orchestra and first rate solo artists. We have two concerts a year of this kind, and a festival every May. At the festival our chorus appears in two or three works, and at least two of the concerts are purely orchestral. The last May festival reached an average attendance of three thousand at each of the four concerts. This year we have five concerts. We have a series of ten concerts of different kinds, which we are able to sell to students this year for three dollars a ticket for the course. Among these we shall have had the Boston Festival Orchestra five times, the Chicago Orchestra twice, a performance of "Elijah" with full orchestra, and five soloists, "Saint Saens," "Samson and Delilah" and a special Wagner concert. The School of Music gives five chamber concerts each semester. These are open to the students of the music school free, and to others at an admission merely nominal. Organ recitals are given upon our large concert organ—the one, you remember, which was built for the World's Fair by Messrs. Ferrand and Votey. This is one of the most complete concert organs in the world. Song recitals, and chamber concerts by travelling companies are also a feature, giving preference exclusively to those organizations noted for presenting the very best. Whenever important works are to be performed, lectures are given in advance, taking up the historical and critical relations of the work, pointing out its beauties, and its characteristic qualities.

We are now confronting a serious problem somewhat unique in its nature. Although our hall can seat nearly 3,000 people, it is entirely inadequate, as at our last festival hundreds were turned away, and we cannot supply the demand for this year.

As to the studies which should be taken in connection with musical work, there is of course room for a considerable

discussion. It is safe, however, it seems to me, to demand that such studies as tend to promote logical habits of thought should be encouraged as much as those which are more directly in the artistic line. The special needs of the individual must in this, as in all study, be borne in mind. The object to be kept in view should be to make well-rounded musicians. Musicians to whom the whole field of literature and science appeals are needed, as well as virtuosi. Scholars who have an adequate knowledge of music are also needed, and the University can in these directions exert a wonderful influence.

A. A. STANLEY.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

I HAVE several times spoken a little disrespectfully of the attitude formerly universal among American college men towards art in general and towards music in particular. This used to show itself in a variety of ways. It was considered the correct thing for a sane man to confess that he knew nothing of music; or if he could not claim this eminence of ignorance, he could claim that at most he knew only a charming air, and held "scientific" music in abhorrence.

It never used to occur to this kind of man that the illiterate laborer held a position towards *belles lettres* in general precisely similar.

The last few years has seen a progress towards intelligence in this direction which is very striking, in spite of the college glee and banjo clubs, which represent mainly, of course, undergraduate irrepressibility; but which also suggests towards musical art the same philistine attitude. In some of the colleges there are now professors of music, many performances of music of superior kind, and occasionally the recognition of a disciplinary value in musical study, such as was formerly unexpected.

With a view to ascertain the extent of the new movement a circular letter has been sent to a few leading institutions, requesting information, and the present issue of MUSIC brings two very important replies, which are the forerunners of some ten or twenty to come later. The first at hand is an interview with Professor John K. Paine, at Harvard, he at time of writing not having received the letter mentioned. Hence his interview takes a slightly different line, and a part of the questions are not fully answered. Enough appears, however, to show that the professorship of music at Harvard is administered with reference to the proper qualification of composers of music, and intelligent musical critics. This determination of the apparatus of instruction was no doubt induced by the peculiar ability of the pro-

fessor, and a local demand in Boston for professional qualifications of this kind. Of the value of the training, the admirable work of Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. Chadwick, and many other American composers, gives lively evidence. It will be seen that a certain amount of attention is given to providing musical performances, but the main dependence is upon the neighboring city of Boston.

A totally different kind of work is being done at Ann Arbor, in the University of Michigan. The professor, Mr. A. A. Stanley, had personal qualifications altogether similar to those of Professor Paine, being organist, composer and lecturer. But he conceives the ideal of university work towards music in an entirely different spirit. Professor Stanley thinks that what the university ought to aim at most of all is not so much specific instruction in applied music (performance) or in composition, as that general intelligence towards the art, and a personal sympathy with its master-works which distinguishes the cultured man from the ignorant. Accordingly he has carried on there a truly astonishing work. Ann Arbor is a little town of about nine thousand inhabitants. The first thing to do was to create there opportunities of hearing good music. The student body now aggregates two thousand or more, and if properly appealed to forms an invaluable public. Accordingly Mr. Stanley has practically built up a habit of concert going, and is able to offer concerts by the Boston and Chicago orchestras, musical festivals of their own with attendance first class in number, and a variety of solo and chamber concerts. Mr. Paderewski, for instance, had the pleasure of playing to an audience there which amounted to one third the population of the town, being three thousand in number. Plans have been completed for an auditorium with six thousand seats, and when this is completed Professor Stanley expects to give festivals upon a larger scale than is possible with the present house, and through the aid of the newly organized western circle of choral societies, be able to call upon first class singers and give music of every school.

I have never been more astonished than at the particulars of Professor Stanley's work, nor at its success. The motive

power in him is a true love for music, and a belief that it appeals to every man who will hear. The work at Ann Arbor is largely characterized by a disinterested self-forgetfulness on the part of the professors and active movers in the enterprises. But such has been the wisdom of the planning that as yet very little strain of a pecuniary kind has fallen upon the workers—every festival paying in its way.

In order to secure efficient practical instruction in play-and composition, a music school is in existence, with nine teachers and about one hundred and fifty students. At the May festival, Mr. Stanley will play a new symphony of his own. When a student in Leipsic, all the teachers advised Prof. Stanley to devote himself to composition, for which his exercises showed him to have much more talent. But owing to a pressure of work he has never been able to do this much until lately.

I am expecting a similar showing from Oberlin, where for thirty years Professor Rice has organized and built up a very strong music school, of which more will be said later. At Yale the awakening is only now beginning, and I do not know that it has reached Princeton at all; at Cornell things are moving in the same direction, and in all the smaller colleges much is now being done. I am confident that the answers to these circulars will give American musical progress one of the most significant showings it has ever had.

* * *

Every effect has its cause. Whence came this awakening in music in college circles? From the east, I answer, and mainly from Boston. The Handel and Haydn Society was organized in 1815; the New York Philharmonic in 1812; the Harvard Musical Association about 1835. All this flower has grown up from these local roots. There was great latent capacity for music ingrained in the American stock. The much becried Puritan had at least this element, that he believed in pure living, high thinking, and a heaven hereafter. All his crudities and intolerances survived along with these psychical traits. What could make a better background of character for music? It only needed to have the corners rounded a little, the struggle for existence to let up

a little, and the sectarian antagonism to subside a little, to give the musical germ a chance.

I never cease to wonder at the curious impulses towards music which the old New England stock showed. I myself was a child in a family where there was no musical instrument. No one sung there. My mother had shown a great attraction towards music, and when her brother had brought home a violin, she brought down 'the frown of the family by showing herself cleverer than he; disgusted at this he exchanged his violin for a violoncello, only to find the irrepressible girl as ready to learn the 'cello. This was so unwomanly that for the mere credit of the family he choked out his own tendency towards music and sold his 'cello. Thus there was absolutely no music whatever in our family; yet from the age of three I never expressed any other intention in life than to be a "teacher of music." I have no idea whence the impulse came, but I certainly had it—and carried it out. The late dearly loved composer, Dr. Geo. F. Root, was one of the first examples of this kind; his musical talent asserted itself, in spite of all obstacles. I think very likely Professor Stanley is another case of the sort, although he was born later, about 1851, when musical influences had taken deeper root and had come to have a certain prestige, thanks to the work of the Harvard Association, and the late eminent Dr. Lowell Mason. Thayer, the Beethoven biographer, is another son of New England representing this innate aptitude for music. Nathan Richardson started out at the age of twenty-two or three to be a pianist. He worked his nine hours a day; but there were no longer dayf enough. The spirit was there nevertheless.

* * *

To me one of the most astonishing gains is in the status of the musician, and particularly of the musical writer. When I began to write a little, in 1859, there was no such thing as pay for matter relating to music. Fortunate were you if somebody would print it; but pay was never so much as dreamed of. Yet in less than ten years from that time I got my first check for musical articles, and a very handsome one it was, forty dollars for four articles on Church Music

in the Chicago *Advance*. And best of all the check reached me upon my thirtieth birth day, May 8, 1867. This was almost thirty years ago. I have written over some reams of paper since without compensation, or with the remote and heaven-like dream of royalty. But we have reached a time when good writers upon musical subjects can command a hearing and get something for the elbow-grease involved in turning out the matter.

* * *

I sometimes think that our young writers little realize the apprenticeship we older ones have been through. Even in Chicago it has happened to me to practically write all the musical criticism in a leading daily paper for two seasons, without any compensation whatever except the concert tickets. I used to ask myself why I was doing it; but I always answered, that it was for this once.

* * *

The men who succeed in writing are those who would die rather than not tell it. When you have this in you, you have one of the elements of success, your next step is to find out whether the other fellow would rather die than read it. If he would you might as well give up, or else radically reconstruct your style. These two points are very curious. Here is one young fellow who means to be a writer. At least he has one particular something which he is full of. He writes it, sends it at a venture; it is printed and, as comment shows, is read. Another has an ambition inside him to be a writer but it smoulders unsuspected by the outside world. Now this one may be ruining reams upon reams of paper on the sly which some day will astonish the world. If he goes on pouring himself out upon the paper, print or no print, the chances are that he has the real thing in him, but his moment has not yet come. When a man is bound to be a writer you can no more effectively discourage him than you can discourage him from going through with the small pox, which he has once taken. When he has got it, it is there, and must work through. This is the manner of the born writer and editor.

Speaking of the salability of writing, it turns finally upon originality of essence or novelty of view, and ease of style. There is a writing which you go along with, in a sort of cadenced step. The writer carries you with him, and when you are done you feel stirred up and have had a good time. This kind of writer you come back to. There is a writer whom you "try to like" as girls say about the ungrateful suitor. When you have to "try" to like, you have every reason to fear that they will get tired of trying before the job is completed.

* *

Among the influences which tend towards musical cultivation are the performances of artists. I am reminded of this by Mr. Paderewski's recent visit. In the four times he has played in Chicago, he has not played more than five of his own compositions, or scarcely more. Yet he is a very good composer. At one of the late orchestral concerts he played the Liszt concerto in E flat, beautifully; and his own Polish Fantasia with orchestra. The Fantasia is a very brilliant and taking work, full of originality, well conceived for orchestra, and full of promise for later works from the same pen.

* * *

Times have changed since Leopold de Meyer and Gottschalk gave concerts here. De Meyer was a highly gifted player with a lovely touch but eccentric in manner. He played only his own compositions for the most part, though upon occasion he could play classical works very well. Gottschalk almost invariably played his own compositions. Liszt used to play the works of others in his earlier years; then he had a time when he put in his own arrangements whenever he felt the need of something sure to succeed. In so far as he had a policy he was a player of his own works, I think, though naturally he played first and last many things by others. But everybody who heard Liszt desired to hear him in his own pieces, for in these he did so many daring and original things. It must have been Rubinstein and Bulow who set the pace for the piano recital business.

Both depended upon Liszt arrangements for brilliant effects.

Mr. Paderewski seems to me the most loyal to the great masters of the piano, and the best all around interpreter of classical music in general, that I have ever heard. His programs do not contain anything which other pianists cannot do. His audience in Chicago contained at least twenty people who could have duplicated his program off hand; and one or two who could have played everything as well technically, and some things better. Yet there is no one who can attract so many people.

His playing ceases to astonish merely because it seems so reasonable. There is a charm of expression in it which while not quite so evident as last year, is still in excess of that of any other player. Whatever he plays you hear this or that little nuance which gives a new charm to a familiar work. It was in the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and in the Beethoven sonata opus 111, in C minor. Both are very difficult, but students play them and play them not badly. Yet there is something in Paderewski which students do not have. This something is what the public pays to hear.

There are certain peculiarities in his technic this year which seem to me very remarkable. I think the most noticeable of all is his iron hand, which has a rigidity and a tone-clash in excess of anything I have ever heard from any other player. The secret of his wonderful endurance is the knack of letting go the tension as soon as the work is done; and of doing the work in the least expensive manner. When arm will do, it is arm; when fingers will do, it is fingers. Always the least expensive way of getting the result.

I doubt whether the tonal ensemble of his playing this year was so grateful to the ear as that of Joseffy. I think he has certain small nuances which Joseffy has only at his best. The most agreeable and astonishing piece of his Chicago concerts was an etude of Chopin, opus 20, No. 11. This was great. He also played the finale of the great Chopin sonata in B flat minor wonderfully, and much better than three years ago. He concealed the circumstance of the piano not fitting the work. De Pachman gets what I think

is a better effect upon the Chickering piano. The tone is lighter and answers better for this particular piece. Moreover when it is a question of mere virtuosity, Paderewski is not better than Pachman.

Paderewski's influence in this country will be very great. He has made everything sound well that he has played, and many now realize for the first time that what is called classical music is full of charm.

* * *

There were one or two things about the Paderewski tour calculated to diminish his influence. The first was the trick of getting the largest hall available and then raising the price of seats. It seems unkind to get a vast space which a piano can by no possibility fill, and then raise the price to about double the usual price of a first class concert. In the Chicago Auditorium the best seats were two dollars and a half each. I do not say that this is too much for a great artist. At the first recital the intake was over six thousand dollars; at the second over seven. At the last it may have reached four—I have not the figures. The amounts are vast and unprecedented.

Another circumstance was the sale of certain "analytical programs" at ten cents each. These contained about eight pages in all, the size of the present. The last two pages were occupied by piano advertisements, sufficient to have paid for the printing with perhaps a bonus for the privilege. Why should not these valuable explanations, carefully written for Mr. Paderewski by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York *Tribune*, have been distributed at the box office to every person paying for seats? One would say that in the interests of piano art this would have been the fit and becoming thing to do. It would be much more in consonance with the Paderewski tradition than to put them on sale at ten cents, in the foyer. To charge for a program is too English; too French; too German. It is un-American. Also un-Paderewskian—for he is nothing if not generous.

* * *

Caprice is a queer thing. Amid all this talk of appreciation here was Manager Neumann offering a recital at

Central Music Hall with Ondricek the violinist and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler. The house was very small although much of the playing was fine. The Rubinstein sonata in G, for piano and violin, was played for opening by the two artists, and played rather shabbily. Later the solo work was admirable in both. It astonished me to see that an artist so phenomenal in her ability as Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler should not possess drawing power in a city where her position is so incontestable as it is here in Chicago.

* * *

Mr. William H. Sherwood is back from a long concert trip in which he has played all over the country. I have not seen him long enough to get incidents from his experience, but I am certain that he has elevated the standard of pianoforte art wherever he has been heard. He had a great time in Paris and elsewhere doing some months abroad, and arrangements were made for his playing later, but he could not wait. With his wife and one daughter they went all three on bicycles through some parts of France, and particularly in the vicinity of Paris. Every part of this beautiful neighborhood they explored thoroughly, and naturally met the people best worth knowing.

During his recent concert season he played ten weeks, with fine success. The company, of which there will be more to say at another time, consisted of a vocal quartette and accompanist besides Mr. Sherwood. The first part consisted of a piano recital, with a brilliant program and a few vocal numbers, the second part, an entire act of "Faust" the garden scene.

* * *

Mr. Emil Liebling is a very active artist in the same field. He gets out to short concert tours, plays a half dozen or a dozen times, gets back to Chicago, administers to his class, lectures and composes. Several very agreeable pieces have lately been published, of his composition. The Madeleine Waltz is something which will be played a great deal, I fancy. I went to one of his lectures before his class lately. The first was upon Chopin; the second upon Schumann.

His course is the same. He talks easily, in a debonnair way of the composer, mentions which are his best works; plays bits of others which are not upon the program, states the standpoint and peculiarities of the works chosen for representation, and plays—plays generally well. Sometimes one disagrees with the conception. I did myself with certain of the Schumann pieces, disagreed very much. But whether you agree or disagree, here is a lecturer who talks interestingly, has been and is “in the swim” and knows everything he mentions from first to last perfectly, and with all he has a great technic. He is a most interesting personality in music.

* * *

Among the *Liebling* disciples is one who has a great standing of his own. Mr. Harrison M. Wild is one of the most reliable musicians we have. Whatever he undertakes he means to do as well as it can be done. He is first of all organist, virtuoso. He is also pianist, far above the medium line, able to give an enjoyable recital. I attended an organ concert of his lately, when a very good program was presented. But the organ was the main thing, and this will be mentioned at another place.

* * *

I happened to hear Mr. Godowski practicing the other night. After some delay I was admitted and for an hour I had the pleasure of hearing this astonishing virtuoso in private. He played a half a dozen of the Chopin studies written over for left hand, the left hand having all the running work; then the sonata in B minor, the latter the best I have ever heard it—beautifully, full of expression and sympathy, and with a wonderful technique. The piano was a Mason & Hamlin and a fine instrument it was. I think this artist will be heard of, if he does not kill himself with his nine hours a day practice. He teaches only four.

W. S. B. M.

ONLY AN INTERPRETER.

THE great world will go the very same
When the last feeble echo of my name
Has died from out men's listless hearts and ears,
These many years.

Its tides will roll, its sun will rise and set,
When mine through twilight portals of regret
Has passed, to quench its pallid parting light
In rayless night.

While o'er my place oblivion's tide will sweep,
To whelm my deeds in silence dark and deep,
The triumphs and the failures, ill and good,
Beneath its flood.

Then other, abler men will serve the art
I strove to serve with singleness of heart,
Will wear her thornèd laurals on the brow,
As I do now.

I shall not care to ask whose fame is first,
Or feel the fever of that burning thirst
To win her warmest smile, nor count the cost
Whate'er be lost.

As I have striven, they will strive to rise
To hopeless heights where that elusive prize,
The unattainable ideal, gleams
Through waking dreams

But I shall sleep, a sleep secure, profound,
Beyond the reach of blame, or plaudit's sound,
And who stands high, who low, I shall not know.
'Tis better so.

For what the gain of all my toilsome years,
Of all my ceaseless struggles, secret tears ?
My best, more brief than frailest summer flower
Dies with the hour.

My most enduring triumphs swifter pass,
Than fairy frost-breath from the window glass.
The master but of moments may not claim
A deathless name.

Mine but the task to lift a little space
The mystic veil from beauty's radiant face.
That other men may joy thereon to see,
Forgetting me.

Not mine the genius to create the forms
Which stand, serenely strong, through suns and storms,
While passing ages praise that power sublime
Defying time.

Mine but the transient service of a day,
Scant praise, too ready blame, and meagre pay,
No matter though with hunger at the heart
I did my part.

I dare not call my labor all in vain,
If I but voice anew one lofty strain.
The faithful echo of a noble thought
With good as fraught.

For, some it cheers upon life's weary road,
And some hearts lightens of their bitter load,
Which might have missed the message, in the din
Of strife and sin.

My lavished life-blood warmed and woke again
The still pale children of another's brain;
Revivified the forms, which else were cold,
Though fair of mould.

And through their lips my spirit spoke to men,
Of higher hopes, of courage under pain,
Of worthy aspirations, fearless flight
To reach the light.

Then, soul of mine, content thee with thy fate,
Though noble niche of fame and guerdon great
Be not for thee. Thy modest task was sweet
At beauty's feet.

The artist passed, like a swift-blown breeze,
Or vapors floating up from summer seas.
But art endures, as long as life and love.
For her I strove.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

LETTER FROM MR. CLARENCE EDDY.

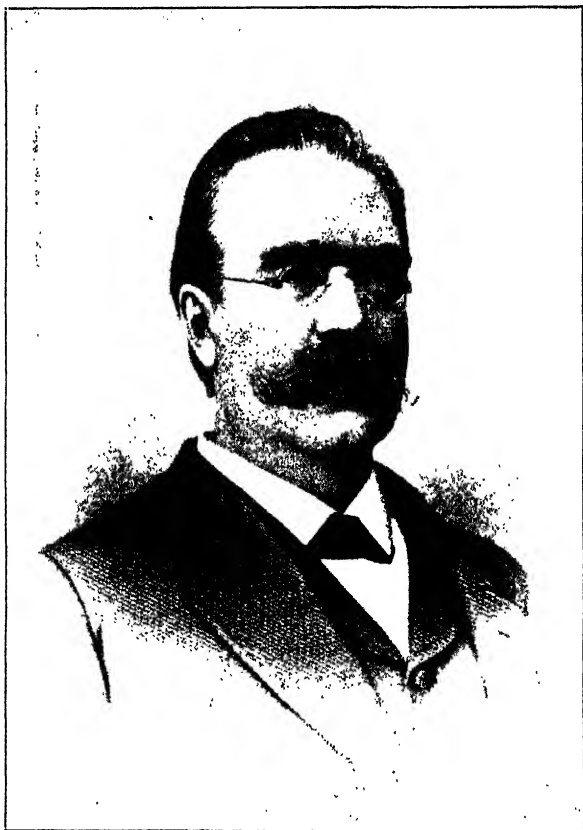
I wish I might tell you about the funeral of Ambroise Thomas, which was a State affair held at *La Trinite*. Mr. Guilmant sent me a ticket admitting to the organ gallery, but he was detained at home on account of a sprained ankle, and Widor took his place. Salome was at the Chancel organ. There was a full orchestra, and double chorus besides two of the best male singers from the opera, one of them being Alvarez. The church was packed, and very elaborately draped. The musical program lasted just an hour and a half. Massenet and Dubois walked side by side as pallbearers. The former will probably succeed Thomas as director of the Conservatory. In about ten days, Mrs. Eddy and I will leave for various points in Southern France and Italy, returning here in time for my concert at the Trocadero on the 12th of May. Miss Rose Ettinger will assist me. She has made wonderful progress, at which we are very much gratified. I enclose a program given by Madame Marchesi's Concert class at her residence this week in which Miss Ettinger sang with quite remarkable success. She carried off the highest honors, and her voice is acknowledged to be the finest in Marchesi's school at the present time. Marchesi and Mrs. Eddy are great friends, which is quite natural, as they have many things in common. Such as strong personality, marked individuality, success in training singers—and genuine artistic nature.

At our last Musicale, Madame Marchesi and her husband, the Marquis Rajata de Castrone, were among our guests. They complimented my playing very highly upon the *Mus-tel Harmomium Celesta*. Perhaps you know that the Mus-tels are making one of their finest instruments expressly for me. If you are not acquainted with this wonderful organ it will be a revolution to you. Please look out for me sometime next September, I want to arrive in time to map out a busy season of organ recital and concerts, and shall probably come back here for the summer of 1897.

CLARENCE EDDY.

WILLIAM STEINWAY.

UPON public and personal grounds, few names are so deserving of general recognition, or in fact are so well known as that of the genial gentleman whose portrait appears below. Born a practical piano maker (to follow the old German custom of the son going in the steps of his



WILLIAM STEINWAY.

father) Mr. William Steinway was the youngest of the original members of the world-celebrated house of Steinway and Sons, founded by his fathers and brothers in 1853. At first working at the bench, he soon became the recognized head of its financial affairs and an active force in gaining for

the instrument the pre-eminent position which it now holds throughout the world. Fortunate in affairs he soon became a prominent figure in local politics and social circles. As a large employer of labor his career has been very honorable and public-spirited. For three years he devoted much time to the late Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York, whose problem was to devise a practical method of relieving the congestion upon the elevated and surface railways. The Commission recommended tunnelling Broadway for its whole length, at fabulous cost.

Some years ago Mr. Steinway went abroad as president of the New York Liederkrantz, a male chorus which attained the highest honors all over Germany. Mr. Steinway had a private interview with the Emperor, and was the recipient of many marks of honor. Latterly his name has appeared in connection with literary efforts of value, one of the latest being his defense to the Heine monument, which it was proposed to erect in Central Park, but which was voted against by some of the newspapers, upon various foolish grounds. His discussion of this affair appeared in the *Forum* for February, 1896. Following are some of his points:

“I fully appreciate the inexactitude with which phrasings are sometimes turned in the hurry of newspaper offices; and perhaps the one I have cited touching Heine’s deplorable lack of overwhelming genius does not do complete justice to the editor. This seems the more possible because of some other erroneous statements in the same connection,—notably that the “Heine fountain was sent to New York out of determination to erect somewhere;” which I describe as an erroneous statement because it might be discourteous to name it a deliberate misrepresentation.

“The main objection to the Heine memorial—that it is time to quit giving away monument sites to foreigners—is based on the observation that there are innumerable generations of statue-deserving men in the United States still to come, for whom places must be reserved. A proper reply to this is that there are innumerable generations still to come which, whether they produce statue-deserving men or not, will give the world none who can excel the dramas of

Shakespeare, the tales of Boccaccio, the sustained poems of Shelley, or the lyrics of Heine.

The Heine fountain which the New York critic—for unexplained reasons—do not desire, has for its distinguishing characteristic a representation of the charm and splendor of Heine's song. (Of course, with humble apologies to the National Sculpture Society, I mean by this an *attempted representation*). On that account it has been criticised thus:—

“The main subject, Heine, is pretty deeply buried in the spirit of fairy lore which flourishes so delightfully in the Teutonic mind, but which shrivels too much when exposed to the sun of this hemisphere.”

Having already pointed out certain seeming deficiencies of the editorial discretions I make bold to question whether the foregoing fairly represents the editorial wit at its best. We are accustomed to hear so much smarter things observed about the vagaries of the dreamy German mind. For example, there is the familiar saying that these Germans are the most curious people in the world: whenever they feel merriest they begin to sing Heinrich Heine's “Lorelei” song—“I know not what it meaneth that I am so sad.” It is somewhat in the same contradictory spirit that the Heine fountain is conceived,—to bring back to the beholder who knows his Heine well a throng of recollections of the fascinating yet mournful Heine imagery:—

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland.

Und Liebesweisen tönen,
Wie du sie nie gehört,
Bis wundersüsses Sehnem
Dich wundersüss bethört.

This expresses the real fairy lore in Professor Herter's Heine fountain; and if it has a tendency to shrivel when exposed to the sun of this hemisphere, so much the worse for tender sentiment and delicate refinement among us!

WILLIAM STEINWAY.”

THE ORCHESTRA IN 1800 AND IN 1900.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS IN EDINBURGH, JANUARY 3, 1896.

TO commence, let us glance back at the condition of things musical, as regards the orchestra, in the year 1800. The modern school of instrumentation had not long been founded. It was not more than thirty years that the harpsichord, which played so extremely important a part in the orchestras of the last century, had been dispensed with; for we find it once used by Mozart in his early opera *Mitridate*, written in 1770—so far as I have been able to ascertain, its last appearance. Haydn, with whom modern instrumentation really began, had practically completed his life's work with the *Creation* and the *Seasons*. Mozart, cut off in the flower of his age, had been in his grave scarcely nine years. Beethoven had only written the first of his immortal nine symphonies, and was at work on his one oratorio, his pianoforte concerto in C minor, and his *Prometheus* music. (I am, of course, speaking only of works for or with orchestra.) Schubert was a tiny boy, not quite three years old; Weber and Spohr were two clever lads of fourteen and sixteen respectively; Mendelssohn and Schumann were still unborn. In France, Cherubini had lately produced his *Lodoiska*, *Médée* and *Les Deux Journées*; Méhul was at the height of his fame; Boieldieu had just made his first great success with *Le Calife de Bagdad*, which, like *Les Deux Journées*; appeared in the opening year of the century; Auber had not begun his career; and Spontini had not yet arrived in Paris, where seven years later he established his reputation with *La Vestale*. Of the condition of music in Italy at this time it is needless to speak now, because of the very secondary position taken by the orchestra in most Italian music antecedent to that of Rossini.

If we compare the orchestra of 1800 with that of the present day, we shall find that the difference consists far less in the instruments employed than in the manner of their treatment. Excepting the bass clarinet and the tuba, every instrument found in the scores of *Lohengrin* or *Tristan and Isolde* is to be met with in the works of Haydn and Mozart. But in the latter they are comparatively seldom all used at the same time. In the whole of Haydn's works which I have had the opportunity of examining, I have nowhere found four horn parts; though Pohl, in the catalogue at the end of the second volume of his life of the composer, mentions a few symphonies—the scores of which, I believe, are still unpublished—which have four horns. It is true that four horns are indicated in the Hunting Chorus of the *Seasons*; but there are only two horn parts, each being played by two instruments, to bring out the fanfares and hunting calls more prominently. With Mozart also the employment of four horns is rare. We see them in the scores of a few of his earlier

symphonies and operas, but in none of the later and best-known operas subsequent to *Idomeneo*. Trombones, again, were but sparingly employed—at least, in the modern manner, though Mozart frequently used them in his masses and other church music to double the voices in the choruses. With regard to the wood-wind, not only were its functions less important, but the tone combinations were mostly different. If we listen to an orchestral work by Haydn or Mozart we can hardly fail to be struck with the frequent prominence of the oboe in places where modern composers would almost certainly have used the clarinet. This, no doubt, arose from the fact that, the latter being an instrument of comparatively recent introduction into the orchestra, its capabilities were not fully realized, to say nothing of the imperfection of the early instruments. On this point it is worth notice, in passing, that in his great symphony in G minor, which, as first written, had no clarinets, Mozart subsequently introduced these instruments, at the same time rewriting the oboe parts to make room for them. Both versions are published, and a comparison of the two shows how fully the composer had come to realize the importance of the clarinet, not only for solo passages, but in combination with the other wood-wind. In the later version the oboes are relegated to quite a secondary position.

In general terms, it may be said that the difference between the orchestration of the last century and that of the present day is that in the latter the instruments are treated more in large groups and masses, and proportionately less as solo instruments than was the case with the older composers. This must, of course, be taken as only a generalization, to which there are numerous exceptions. I shall now endeavor as concisely as I can to trace this gradual development, and to show what the great masters severally contributed to the progress of modern instrumentation.

The first great impulse to the development of the art in this direction was undoubtedly given by Beethoven, the greatest composer, with the single exception of Bach, that the world has yet seen. This mighty genius in every department of music was less an innovator than an extender and enlarger of the resources of the art. Of him it may truly be said that he came not to destroy, but to fulfil. Basing his system of instrumentation on Mozart's models, he seemed, by a kind of miraculous instinct, to divine the higher possibilities that lay within the reach of every instrument in the orchestra; and there is scarcely one from which he did not obtain effects which nobody before him had dreamed of. He was the first to write a violin part (in the overture to *Egmont*) up to *Cin altissimo*—a note never previously employed except in solos. Again, one may hunt through all the scores of Haydn and Mozart without finding such a solo passage for the violoncellos as that which opens the slow movement of the symphony in C minor. The well known rapid passage for the double basses in the scherzo of the same work, which Berlioz compared to the gambols of the elephant, was so great an innovation that when the symphony was first produced at Paris, the conductor, Habeneck, thinking the passage impossible, suppressed

the double basses, and had it played by the violoncellos alone. This excited the wrath of Berlioz, a great Beethoven enthusiast, who, one day meeting Habeneck, said to him: "My dear Habeneck, when are you going to let us hear the double basses in the scherzo of the C minor symphony?" "Never, as long as I live!" replied Habeneck, emphatically. "Well, then, we'll wait," rejoined Berlioz. "Try not to let it be too long!" This anecdote, which I had from a friend who heard the conversation, shows how far Beethoven's treatment of the orchestra was in advance of the practice of his time. At the present day, thanks to the enormous progress in execution, the passage presents no real difficulty to any good players.

It would take up all the time that I have at my disposal to go fully into the question of Beethoven's treatment of the wind instruments. They are individualized, so to speak, by him in a manner that had been hardly attempted before, though in this matter he was perhaps even surpassed by Schubert, of whose orchestration I shall have something to say presently. Take the oboe, for example. Many solos for this instrument are to be found in the scores of Haydn and Mozart; but such passages as the solos in the scherzos of the Pastoral and Choral symphonies, or in the Entr'acte in C of the *Egmont* music, were absolutely new. Similar examples could be cited with reference to other instruments, but I must content myself with the mention of one, in which the greatest innovation of all is to be met with. It never seems to have occurred to any one before Beethoven to tune the kettle-drums otherwise than in perfect fourths or fifths. But in the finale of the eighth symphony and the scherzo of the ninth, they are tuned in octaves, and in the introduction to the second act of *Fidelio* in the interval of the diminished fifth. Even when the ordinary tuning was adopted, the instruments had a far more important part to play than had ever been allotted them before. Think of the solos for the drums in the adagio of the B flat symphony, in the introduction to the *Mount of Olives*, and at the beginning of the violin concerto—this last, by the way, having been suggested to the composer, it is said, as he lay in bed one night by hearing a neighbor, who was returning home late, hammering at his door for admission.

The example of Beethoven naturally acted powerfully upon his younger contemporaries and successors; but the orchestra has not remained where he left it. Weber's instrumentation, though founded on Beethoven's, has special features of its own. With Beethoven the employment of a second pair of horns and of trombones was the exception; with Weber it became the rule, and has continued so to the present day, though of course many works are still written for a smaller instrumental force. But this is not Weber's only claim to notice in connection with the subject of this paper. He was the first to appreciate fully the resources of the clarinet, especially in its lower register. We occasionally find the low notes of the instrument employed by Mozart and Beethoven, but mostly in arpeggios, as in the trio of Masks in the first finale of *Don Giovanni*, and in the finale of Eroica symphony. But Weber was the first inventor of what Berlioz calls "coldly threatening effects"—holding notes in the

lowest part of the instrument. The "Leitmotiv," to use the modern term, accompanying the entries of Zamiel in *Der Freischütz* is an example of what I mean. Wagner has imitated and improved on this effect, in the fourth scene of *Das Rheingold*, by giving the chord of the diminished seventh in four parts to the lower notes of three clarinets and a bass clarinet. Another very fine example of the use of the clarinet by Weber throughout its whole compass may be familiar to some of my hearers in the opening symphony of Adolar's air in the second act of *Euryanthe*.

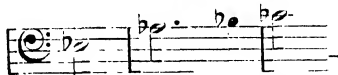
Another instrument of Weber's particular predilection was the horn. Think for a moment of the wonderfully romantic passages for the horns in the introduction of the *Freischütz* overture, of the horn accompaniment of the Mermaid's Song in *Oberon*, of the horn solo which opens the finale of the third act of the same opera, or of the lovely trio for three horns in the romance in *Preciosa*. All these passages (and others might be cited) show Weber's intimate knowledge of the resources of the instrument, and may be mentioned as specialties of his orchestration. Yet it is hardly in such details as these that the essential peculiarities of Weber's instrumentation are to be seen. His orchestra is, above and before all, *dramatic*. His two symphonies are among the weakest of his instrumental works, and to find him at his best we must examine the scores of his three great operas, *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*. And in these, what wealth of detail, what diversity of characterization do we not meet with! Look at the opening choruses of the three operas—a chorus of peasants in *Der Freischütz*, of gallant knights and courtly dames in *Euryanthe*, and of fairies in *Oberon*. The student cannot fail to be struck with the difference of the instrumental coloring in the three movements. And the same thing prevails, to a greater or less extent, throughout the whole operas. In this respect the orchestras of Meyerbeer and Wagner show distinct traces of the influence of Weber.

I next come to Franz Schubert, whom Liszt finely described as "the most poetic musician that ever was." I know no more delightful scores than the best of Schubert's, none in which every instrument appears to greater advantage, whether in solo or in combination. The influence of the composer has nevertheless been comparatively small, simply because until within the last few years the greater number of his orchestral works, and all the scores of his operas, were unpublished. Except the great symphony in C, which was engraved about 1840, not a single orchestral score of Schubert's was in print till the Mass in E flat was published in 1865, thirty-seven years after the composer's death. Now, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, Schubert's complete works are accessible to the student, and it is possible to see what advances he made in the treatment of the orchestra. His early training as a chorister familiarized him, while still a child, with the tone-qualities of the various instruments, while the practice of orchestral music by the pupils of the convict school gave him early opportunity of experimenting in the combination of instruments; his natural genius did the rest.

One of the first things that strikes the student of Schubert's scores is how very early he obtained freedom and certainty in his orchestral writing. Even in his first symphony and his first opera (*Des Teufel's Lustschloss*), both of which were written when he was sixteen years of age, one can hardly find a miscalculated effect; while many of the most characteristic combinations to be found in his later works are clearly foreshadowed, and even anticipated, in those I have just named.

Schubert's special contributions to the progress of orchestration are two. He contrasts the wood-wind in a way in which no one before him, not even Beethoven, had done. To refer to a familiar example—the music to *Rosamunde*—most of you will probably remember the delightful way in which the flute, oboe, and clarinet converse with one another, so to speak, in the two Ballet Airs and the Entr'act in B flat. An almost equally fine, though less generally known, passage of the same kind will be found in the Andante of the Tragic Symphony; and the operas are full of similar effects. I do not for a moment assert that contrasts between the wind instruments are not to be found in the works of Schubert's predecessors, but I think I may claim for him the invention of that kind of dialogue between them; at all events I have found nothing quite like it in any earlier scores.

The other special feature of Schubert's instrumentation is the employment of the trombones *piano*. In this, again, he had been in a certain sense anticipated, especially by Mozart, in the Priests' music in *Die Zauberflöte*; none the less, Schubert treated these instruments in a manner that was absolutely new. As instances of what I mean, think of that wonderful passage in the first movement of the great symphony in C, where the three trombones, *pianissimo* and in unison, intone the melody beginning



in the middle of the quaver passages for strings. A similar passage is to be seen in the "Credo" of his Mass in F, written at the age of seventeen. Even earlier in his career we find the trombones treated as solo instruments. A fine example is to be seen in the overture of *Des Teufel's Lustschloss*, composed when he was sixteen, which contains a remarkable trio for these instruments, without any accompaniment. Whoever has heard the great Mass in E flat will doubtless remember the striking effect of the three trombones with one oboe in the opening of the "Credo," and the somewhat similar combination at the commencement of the "Kyrie."

Two modern composers seem to have been more particularly influenced by Schubert's orchestration—Brahms and Dvorák. In the scores of both these masters we find passages recalling Schubert's use of the wind. On the other hand, Schumann, whose music is in many respects so akin to Schubert's, orchestrated on a different plan, as I shall show presently.

Mendelssohn, one of the most finished artists of the present century, though of a lower order of genius than Schubert, also made

important contributions to the development of orchestral effect. His are the earliest scores in which I have found parts for the serpent (*St. Paul* and Overture to the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage") and ophicleide (*Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Elijah*). His orchestration is always exquisitely balanced and euphonious, and very rarely noisy. In his reserve in the treatment of the brass he forms a most excellent model for the student. Among his innovations the most important is the frequent employment of rapid *staccato* passages for the wind instruments, as in the scherzos of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the Scotch symphony. Another noteworthy point of his scoring is the importance given to the violas. In the air "Lord God of Abraham" in *Elijah* the upper part of the string quartet is given to them almost throughout the movement, and many of you will remember the effect in the first movement of the *Lobgesang* symphony, where the second subject is given to divided violas doubled by clarinets—a combination which had seldom been previously employed, the only earlier instance I can recall being in the first act of Spontini's *La Vestale*. Frequently also Mendelssohn obtains a peculiar tone-color in his vocal works by accompanying the voice by divided violas and violoncellos, as in the opening of the chorus "O be gracious, ye immortals," in *St. Paul*, and the duet "My song shall be always thy mercy" in the *Lobgesang*. The combination was probably suggested by the beginning of the quartet in *Fidelio*.

Spohr's orchestration has some points of affinity with Mendelssohn's; it resembles it in the perfect balance of the instruments, but the coloring is often somewhat richer in consequence of the composer's free employment of soft harmony for the brass. His writing for the violin is also exceptionally brilliant and effective; it will be remembered that Spohr was one of the greatest violinists of his day. Of absolutely novel combinations there are very few; but I believe he was the very first to introduce a roll on two kettle-drums at the same time. In the earthquake chorus in *Calvary* there are six drums in the orchestra, with two players, each having three; and rolls in seconds, thirds and fifths for two drums together are to be found in the course of the movement.

Of all the great masters Schumann was by far the least successful as a writer for the orchestra. It is not improbable that this may have arisen from the fact that he began his career as a writer for the piano, all his earlier works, as far as Op. 23, being for that instrument. Schumann's orchestral works often suggest the idea that they were conceived for or at the piano, and afterwards instrumented. The same is true, to a great extent, of many of the vocal works with orchestral accompaniment; indeed, we know that this was the case in one instance. *The Pilgrimage of the Rose* was at first written with pianoforte accompaniment, and subsequently scored. It may be taken as an indisputable axiom that to write effectively for orchestra one must *think* for orchestra. That Schumann could at times score effectively, and had a true artistic feeling for tone-color, is shown by many passages in *Paradise and the Peri* and *Faust*; but too often his scoring is thick and heavy, and from his fondness for doubling his instruments in unison the colors

requently become turbid. As a true tone-poet and a great harmonist, Schumann deservedly stands in the very first ranks of composers, but not as a great master of instrumentation. His name, however, could not be omitted from this paper; for to him we owe one of the most important innovations of this century—the introduction into the orchestra of valve-horns and valve-trumpets, which has revolutionized the manner of writing for brass instruments. Where in his scores we find four horns—there are usually two natural horns and two valve-horns—modern composers for the most part employ the latter exclusively.

Brahms, who may be in many respects considered as the direct successor of Schumann, is far superior to him as a writer for the orchestra. As a composer, Brahms shows an interesting combination of the classical and romantic schools. His method of harmonization and his complex rhythms, with their frequent syncopation and cross-accents, are distinctly romantic; his treatment of form, and still more his instrumentation, are classical, and in a measure even conservative. I said just now that his orchestration showed the influence of Schubert. I do not imply by this any direct imitation; but Brahms shares with his great predecessor that exquisite feeling for tone-color, that insight into the *genius* of each separate instrument, that make Schubert's scores so delightful to read or to hear. By some of his combinations Brahms gets entirely new tints from the orchestra. Listen to the opening chorus of the *Deutsches Requiem*, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," and notice the effect obtained by the suppression of the violins throughout the movement, and the division of the violas and violoncellos, with the addition of a few sustained notes of the horns—a tone-color subdued without being too gloomy, and admirably in keeping with the sentiment of the music. Or look again at the funeral march which begins the following chorus, "For all flesh is as grass." Here the muted violins and violas are divided into six parts, and doubled by the wood-wind, while the kettle-drums *pianissimo* have a strongly marked rhythmic figure. These are but two examples out of many I could give from Brahms's scores. His symphonies, especially the second (in D) are full of delightful effects, which time does not allow me to dwell upon. In one of his works, the Serenade in A (Op. 16), Brahms has shown that, like most of the great masters, he does not need a very large orchestra to obtain charming effects. The Serenade is scored only for two each of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns, with violas, violoncellos and double-basses, no violins being employed; but there are few works which contain more charming coloring than this.

The late Joachim Raff, though a less original genius than Brahms, was also a great colorist. His symphonies abound in well calculated orchestral effects; his scoring is in general fuller, and perhaps richer in color, than that of Brahms, partially owing to the very free use that he makes of the horns. It is worth noticing that he not only writes exclusively for valve-horns and trumpets, but that he generally uses them only in the key of F. The result in

such a case as his *Lenore* symphony, which it will be remembered, is in E major, is to render his scores more than ordinarily difficult to read.

I do not know how far my hearers will agree with me, but I am inclined to rank Dvorák first among all living writers for the orchestra. His symphonies are very richly scored, without being overloaded, and his great vocal works (the *Stabat Mater*, the *Spectre's Bride*, and the *Requiem*) abound in beautiful combinations. More particularly, the treatment of the supernatural in the *Spectre's Bride* is worthy of Weber.

Hitherto I have said nothing about the French school of orchestration. I must now retrace my steps a little, to touch briefly on this part of the subject. In France we find comparatively little purely orchestral music, and studies in French instrumentation must for the most part be made from the scores of operas. Of the works of this class produced during the first half of this century, it may be said that the chief characteristics, from an orchestral point of view, are lightness of touch and piquancy. The two masterpieces of Boieldieu both belong to the present century, *Jean de Paris* dating from 1812 and *La Dame Blanche* from 1825. In neither of these works, nor in any other by Boieldieu which I have had the opportunity of examining, is a modern full orchestra employed. There are no trombones in *Jean de Paris* and only one in *La Dame Blanche*. Indeed, so far does he carry his moderation, that one of his best operas, *Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, contains throughout neither trumpets nor drums.

The chief characteristics of Boieldieu's scores are the varied and delicate coloring and the tasteful contrasts of tone. It is but seldom, except in his overtures and finals, that he employs his whole instrumental force at once. Schumann, in one of his reviews, refers to the charming way in which the wind instruments are treated in *Jean de Paris*, and the same remark applies to his other works. Of absolutely new combinations I have found but few; but in the Ballad in the first act of *La Dame Blanche* will be seen probably the earliest instance of the introduction into the orchestra of the harmonic sounds of the harp.

Though Italian by birth, Cherubini produced all his most important works, except his opera *Funiska*, in Paris, and may therefore be classed among the French composers, though his works show rather a fusion of the Italian and German styles than the genuine French style as we find it in Boieldieu or Auber. But as models of tasteful instrumentation his works, whether written for the stage or the church, can hardly be too highly recommended to students. Unfortunately, with the exception of *Les Deux Journées* and the two *Requiems* (which have been published by Peters), his scores are not easy to obtain, being mostly out of print; but those of my hearers who live in London can study several of them in the library of the British Museum. Cherubini's style of orchestration, though quite individual, is very difficult to describe in words. Its predominant features are contrapuntal treatment of the instruments combined with the most perfect clearness, and great variety of color. Cheru-

bini is hardly ever noisy, though I have somewhere read that his last opera, *Ali Baba*, the score of which is unpublished, and which I have never seen, is open to this charge. But for the most part he treats his orchestra with great reserve. In his operas *Eliza* and *Médée*, he has no trumpets, the only brass employed being four horns, excepting in one chorus in the second act of *Médée*, where the male voices in unison are supported by trombones. Throughout the whole first act of *Les Deux Journées* neither trumpets nor drums are heard; neither, let me add, is their want felt. That Cherubini knew well enough how to treat the resources of the full orchestra is shown clearly by his Mass in A written for the coronation of Charles X, the score of which contains parts of a piccolo flute, four horns, three trombones and ophicleide; but he reserves such large masses of tone for special effects, and in general prefers to use only a few instruments at once. In this respect the great Mass in D minor, given from time to time at our festivals, is a particularly good model. Many of you will doubtless have heard this Mass, and many perhaps remember the delightful scoring of such solo numbers as the "Gratias agimus," the "Et incarnatus," and the "Benedictus." The scoring of the Requiem in C minor, again, is masterly in its appropriateness. The opening chorus, especially, scored for divided violas and violoncellos, with double-basses, two horns, two bassoons and muffled drums, is a splendid piece of sombre tone-painting, which may have suggested to Brahms the scoring of the first number of his *Deutsches Requiem*, of which I spoke just now, though in all other respects the two movements are utterly unlike. In his "*Chant sur la Mort de Joseph Haydn*" he gives a combination which anticipates the well known opening of Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*. In the opening symphony of the work of which I am speaking is an important passage twenty-four bars long, for the violoncellos *con sordini*, divided into four parts, and unaccompanied by any other instruments.

Of Méhul, one of the most prominent French composers of the early part of this century, I can only speak from incomplete personal knowledge, for the only score of his which I have in my library is that of *Joseph*. Beyond this I know only the few extracts from his operas quoted in the treatises of Berlioz and Gevaert. I therefore prefer to give the estimate of M. Lavoix in his "History of Instrumentation." He says: "Méhul sought with ardour new combinations of sonority, and was very careful about instrumental expression. His orchestra is in truth not free from heaviness, and the same formulæ frequently recur in his instrumentation. A pupil and admirer of Gluck, the author of *Joseph* had not learned to give lightness to his instrumentation, and this fault, moreover, he shares with the French musicians of the school which we are now studying; but nobody knew better than he the secret of expressing by the orchestra the feeling of the characters on the stage: nobody, even among the Germans, knew better how to manage skillfully the qualities of tone and make them contribute to the dramatic effect." I will only add to this that in his opera *Uthal*, the subject of which is taken from Ossian, Méhul uses no violins, the only strings being

violas, violoncellos and double-basses—his object being to obtain an appropriately sombre coloring, and that he was the first, according to Berlioz, to write chords for the closed notes of the horns.

With Spontini, whose two most important operas were produced in Paris early in the present century—*La Vestale* in 1807 and *Fernand Cortez* in 1809—a new style of instrumentation was inaugurated. M. Lavoix, in the work from which I have just quoted, speaks of him as the first to introduce the plan of orchestrating by great masses—that is, of doubling the strings by the different groups of wind, instead of giving the latter independent parts. To a certain extent this is doubtless correct, but not entirely. Spontini makes very effective use of his wind in solo passages, but in the *tutti*s we often find the harmony reduced to four parts, doubled in different octaves. The orchestration is in general very full and rich, and while reading Spontini's scores one can hardly fail to observe the influence of his instrumental style upon Meyerbeer. Many pages of *La Vestale* or *Cortez* might be transferred to the scores of *Robert le Diable* or *Les Huguenots* without producing too strong a feeling of incongruity. The modern French style of scoring, with its rich and sonorous *tutti* effects, is undoubtedly largely founded upon Spontini.

I now come to perhaps the most characteristically French of all French composers—Auber. Of the charm of his melodies, the grace and piquancy which distinguish his best works, I have not now to speak, but only of his method of treating the orchestra. In his scores is found the rare combination of delicacy with sparkling brilliancy. Seldom, if ever, noisy, his orchestration is always rich and full in the *tutti*s, and as clear as crystal. In his treatment of the wind instruments in solo passages he is invariably happy. He was one of the first, if not absolutely the first, to make much use of the piccolo in *piano* passages. Often he doubles the flute, oboe or clarinet with the piccolo in the octave; sometimes the piccolo doubles the clarinet in the fifteenth, with very charming effect. A specialty of his scoring is the accompanying of a melody by *pizzicato* passages for the lower strings, while the harmony is sustained by horns and bassoons. Let me remind you of an excellent and familiar example of this in the *allegretto* in B flat of the overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*. Here the melody is given to the first violins, with the first clarinet in unison and the flute an octave above, while the second violins, violas and violoncellos give the harmony in broken chords *pizzicato*, the four horns, bassoons and double-basses having long holding notes. The rhythm is further marked by the triangle, an instrument for which Auber shows special preference, but which in his hands never becomes vulgar. Another feature of his instrumentation is his employment of the soft chords of the horns and trombones, sometimes treated as solo instruments, as in the introduction of the overture to *La Sirène*; at other times, as in the chorus in the second act of *Le Domino Noir*, accompanying the melodies given above them by the wood wind. It is almost impossible by mere verbal description to give any adequate idea of such points as these; what is said may perhaps induce students of orchestration to

examine the works for themselves. For balance of tone contrasts and piquant coloring, there are few scores more instructive than those of Auber; and in these respects his influence on more recent French composers can hardly be overrated.

Meyerbeer's orchestration, as I have already incidentally mentioned, is largely modelled upon Spontini's, though the colors are in general brighter in *Les Huguenots* than in *Les Vestale*. Meyerbeer was also considerably influenced by Weber, especially in the dramatic treatment of the orchestra. Just as in *Der Freischütz* the entries of Zamiel are, so to speak, labelled with a musical motto, so Bertram in *Robert le Diable* and Marcel in *Les Huguenots* are mostly accompanied with special tone-colors. Time will not allow many details; it must suffice to specify one or two of the innovations introduced by the composer. One of his most curious and original, and at the same time effective, combinations is to be seen in Marcel's air, "Piff, paff," in the first act of *Les Huguenots*. The fierce song of the old soldier is accompanied by piccolo, two bassoons in octaves and double-basses *pizzicato*, while the grosse caisse and cymbals *pianissimo* strike single notes on the last quaver of each bar. In the air "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," in the fourth act of *Robert le Diable*, the voice is accompanied by the novel combination of cor anglais and harp. In the fifth act of *Les Huguenots* the bass clarinet was introduced, I believe, for the first time; while in *Le Prophète* and his later operas Meyerbeer has a complete brass band of saxhorns on the stage. In all his later works he writes for an exceptionally large orchestra. Thus, the overture to *Dinorah* contains parts for two piccolos, two flutes, two oboes, cor anglais, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, two horns, two valve-horns, two trumpets, three trombones, kettle-drums, side-drums, gross caisse and cymbals, a small bell in F sharp, harp and harmonium, besides the usual strings. It is only just to add that thanks to the composer's judicious disposition of his harmonies, the effects never become confused. He seldom writes in more than four real parts; and, instead of a number of independent counterpoints, these parts are mostly doubled in the unison and octave, thus preserving perfect clearness of *ensemble*.

The scores of modern French composers, such as Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, and David, are full of interest in their details, but present few features on which it is necessary now to enlarge. Every composer of eminence has his own distinctive style of instrumentation, just as each painter has his own special style of coloring; but they mostly follow the path indicated by Auber and Meyerbeer, and can hardly be said to have materially increased the resources of the orchestra.

Of Italian composers I have as yet said nothing; nor need they detain us long. It is in the vocal rather than in the instrumental part of Italian music that the chief interest is mostly to be found. Nevertheless, the later works of Rossini must not pass without a word of mention. These—*Guillaume Tell*, *Moise*, *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Le Comte Ory*—were written for Paris, and show a happy fusion of the French and Italian styles. In its instrumentation the score of *Guillaume Tell* is a masterpiece, though it contains little which

can be called absolutely novel. Hardly less interesting is the orchestration of the "Stabat Mater," which is too well known to render it needful for me to dwell upon it. Verdi also, whose first works are not free from the reproach of coarseness in their scoring, has furnished us with exquisite examples of orchestral treatment in his "Requiem" and his later operas.

I have purposely left till the last two of the greatest masters of instrumentation. I need hardly say that I refer to Berlioz and Wagner. I am not going to enter into any discussion now as to the position of these masters in the history of music; but it is impossible to overlook the great influence they have had on the development of orchestral writing.

The general impression concerning Berlioz is that he was an eccentric genius who delighted in enormous combinations of noise and all kinds of extravagance; and his "Requiem," with its four separate orchestras of brass instruments and its sixteen kettle-drums, is the work most often quoted in support of this view. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth in this judgment, but it is incomplete and one-sided, and ignores entirely one phase of Berlioz's style. That his ideas were at times grandiose even to extravagance, as in the "Requiem," may be admitted; but that work written for a special occasion, stands by itself, and in most of Berlioz's compositions only the ordinary modern full orchestra is employed, with perhaps one or two extra instruments, such as the two ophicleides and two pairs of kettle-drums in the "Symphonie Fantastique" and the pianoforte in the finale of *Lelio*. But, even in such cases, the whole force is rarely employed. No one knew better than Berlioz how to make a tremendous noise where the situation required it, as in the March to Execution, and the Witches' Revel in the "Symphonie Fantastique," or the "Ride to Hell" in *Faust*. On the other hand, what can be more dainty and delicate than the "Ball"—the second movement of the former work, or the Dance of Sylphs in the latter? To my mind the most striking feature of Berlioz's orchestration is not so much his treatment of large masses as his insight into the character of each separate instrument, and his wonderful genius for the invention of new combinations. In this respect the scores of his sacred trilogy, *The Childhood of Christ*, and of the six songs with small orchestra, entitled *Les Nuits d'Été*, are little short of marvellous. In the whole of *The Childhood of Christ* there is not one single movement in which the whole orchestra is called into requisition at once; in the majority of them the brass instruments are not employed at all; yet nothing can be richer or more varied than the scoring. It would require a whole paper to go into the details of Berlioz's innovations. Let me simply mention a few. In the "Queen Mab" scherzo of the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, he employs the harmonics of the violin in chords; while in the song "Au Cimetière" (No. 5 of *Les Nuits d'Été*) he uses them to accompany the voice. In the third part of *The Childhood of Christ* is a whole movement scored for the very novel combination of two flutes and a harp. In the adagio of "Symphonie Fantastique" a peal of thunder is imitated in a

most realistic manner by rolls on four kettle-drums. One more feature of Berlioz's style remains to be noticed--its excessive polyphony. He often writes in so many different parts, frequently also with so many different rhythms at the same time, that the voices of the orchestra cross and intertwine in a manner that renders it far from easy to follow the train of the composer's thought. For this reason the scores of Berlioz are among the most difficult to read of any in the whole range of musical literature.

The last composer of whom it is needful to speak this morning is Richard Wagner. His works, from the point of view of their orchestration, may be divided into three groups. The first comprises *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Tannhäuser*. In these the composition of the orchestra is the same as in many of the scores already spoken of--for example, those of *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*, though even here we see Wagner experimenting with large masses of extra instruments--as, for instance, the twelve horns on the stage at the end of the first act of *Tannhäuser*, or the twelve additional trumpets in the march of the second act of the same work. In the main, however, excepting in the greater polyphony of the instrumental writing, the scoring of these works presents little on which it is needful to dwell--little, that is to say, which may not be paralleled in the works of Wagner's contemporaries, though, like every other great master, he has his own individual style of coloring. But in the second group of his works, which includes *Lohengrin* and *Tristan und Isolde*, we find an entire reconstruction of the orchestra. Up to this time the full orchestra in ordinary use contained two of each of the wood-wind--flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons; though we sometimes find a piccolo in addition to the two flutes, and, much more rarely, a contrafagotto added to the two bassoons. If a cor anglais or a bass clarinet were required, the part would be taken by one of the oboe or clarinet players. But in the scores to which I am now referring there are three wind-instruments of each class--two flutes and a piccolo (sometimes three flutes), two oboes and cor anglais (or three oboes), two clarinets and bass clarinet (or three clarinets) and three bassoons. The three trumpets which are also employed in these works cannot be regarded as one of Wagner's innovations, for they are already to be seen in the scores of Mendelssohn and Schumann.

It will be obvious to everyone that the addition made to the wood-wind largely increases the resources of the orchestra, for it allows the use of complete chords for the wind of a uniform tone-color, while the cor anglais and the bass clarinet furnish new shades for the artist's palette. Of the variety and richness of Wagner's orchestra in these two works it is difficult to give any adequate idea in words; but probably most of my audience will either have heard a performance of *Lohengrin*, or attended one of the "Wagner Concerts" now so common all over the country. Let me remind you, as beautiful example of novel effects of coloring, of Elsa's first entry in *Lohengrin*, of the music in the second act of that work which accompanies the bridal procession, or of the splendid introduction and final scene of *Tristan*. Had Wagner no other claim to the notice of

musician's, he would be, at least, entitled to rank as one of the first masters of instrumentation in the present century. In *Die Meistersinger* the composer employs only the ordinary full orchestra; but I did not include this work in the first group, because the polyphonic treatment of the instruments and the chromatic harmonies are much more in the style of *Tristan* than in that of *Tannhäuser* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*.

The third group of Wagner's works consists of the four parts of the *Ring des Niebelungen*. The work, written for a special object and for a special theater, is altogether exceptional in its orchestration. Not content with the three wind instruments of each group that we have already seen, Wagner here has four, and he completes his families of brass instruments in the same way, adding a bass trumpet to the three ordinary trumpets, a contrabass trombone to the three tenor trombones; he also introduces a group of four tubas (sometimes replaced by four additional horns) and a contrabass tuba. Besides this he has six harps, which in the final scene of *Das Rheingold* have independent parts, and a very large force of strings and instruments of percussion. It would require an entire paper to treat of the scoring of the *Ring des Niebelungen*; I must content myself now with one remark. Those who have heard the work, whether as a whole on the stage, or in excerpts in the concert room, have frequently complained of its being noisy, and in many cases, it must be admitted with justice. But it should not be forgotten that Wagner calculated his effects for an invisible orchestra, placed under the stage, which had the effect of subduing the power without rendering it dull. I heard the work under these conditions at Bayreuth, in 1876, and even where the full orchestra was employed the voices were never overpowered. When the same work was performed at Her Majesty's Theater in London, in 1882, with an orchestra of less than two-thirds the size of that at Bayreuth, the singers could at times scarcely be heard, because the orchestra was placed between them and the audience. It is not to be supposed, however, that the whole of the *Ring* is heavily scored; the fact is quite the reverse. The scene of the Rhine maidens in *Das Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung*, the forest music in the second act of *Siegfried*, and the greater part of the first act of *Die Walküre*, shows that Wagner could, when he thought it expedient, be most reserved in his treatment of the orchestra. That he considered the large force employed in the *Ring des Niebelungen* exceptional is proved by the fact that in his last work, *Parsifal*, he reverted to the orchestra of *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*.

I have now traced—necessarily in a most incomplete and cursory manner—the progress of orchestral music during the last hundred years. I have endeavored briefly to show what were the chief additions made by the several great composers to the resources of our art; and it has been seen that these have consisted far less in the introduction of new instruments than in new methods of treating and combining those already in use. We have seen that the tendency has been continually in the direction of increased richness and fullness, and the question suggests itself, is this an unmixed advantage?

If I may express my individual opinion, I venture to doubt it. Let me not be misunderstood. I enjoy listening to the orchestration of Wagner, Brahms or Dvorák as heartily as anyone in this room can do; and I am truly thankful to be able to add that, nevertheless, I can listen to the simpler scoring of Haydn and Mozart with the same keen relish as I could thirty years ago. But I fear that the younger generation of musicians are fed so largely on the highly seasoned diet provided by modern composers that they have little or no taste for the simpler fare offered by the old masters. I was perfectly horrified some little time ago to read in one of our London daily papers a notice of a performance of *Fra Diavolo*, in which Auber's scoring was spoken of disparingly as "old-fashioned." I can only suppose that it was not noisy enough to satisfy the critic. So far from being old-fashioned, I fearlessly maintain that the orchestration in Auber's best works, such as *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, or *Le Domino Noir*, is as fresh as when those works were first produced, more than half a century ago. But I fear that the criticism to which I have just referred is a sign of the times. Let us by all means welcome everything new which is good, but let us not at the same time reject what is good simply because it is old. Which is the greater painter—he who requires the whole contents of the color-man's shop to obtain his effects, or he who can produce a masterpiece with a few simple touches? To the student who is beginning to score for the orchestra, I would say: "By all means make yourself acquainted with modern scores, but take for your own models rather those masters who, like Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, or Mendelssohn, were content with moderate resources. Do not waste your colors; but try how much effect you can obtain from a few instruments at a time.

In concluding, let me apologize for the necessarily technical character of the paper. I fear that some of it must have been rather tedious to those of you who are not acquainted with the scores to which I have had occasion to refer, but this was inevitable from the nature of my subject. If I have succeeded in inducing any of you to take a deeper interest in the truly fascinating branch of our art with which I have been dealing, I shall feel that the time spent in the preparation of this paper has not been wasted.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you for the fairness which characterizes your review of *Practical Harmony on a French Basis*, appearing in the February issue of *MUSIC*. No reader but must receive the impression that your desire was to deal fairly by the author and at the same time to set forth what you feel to be important truth with reference to text-books and the teaching of harmony. This same fair-mindedness, will, I am certain, obtain space in which to call attention to matters concerning my book, a knowledge of which I hold to be necessary to a full understanding of the scope and value of the work.

The special claim made for this book, is that it is a practical treatise, and specifically that it is based upon the French system which is but little known in this country, and has for its distinguishing characteristics:

I. A figuring for dissonant harmony which makes it necessary for the student to determine for himself the key he is in, i. e. without the aid of chromatic signs placed beside figures under a bass note.

II. A treatment of the altered chords, which reduces them to dominant harmony with the same rules for their introduction and progression that govern any dissonant harmony on a dominant.

This treatment of altered chords seems to me the most simple and logical I have yet seen. If these chords, which are usually so puzzling to the student, can be reduced to dissonant dominant harmony, it seems to me we have something less complex than the systems more in vogue, and a gain to that extent. I consider the chapter on altered chords by far the most important in "*Practical Harmony*." It seems to me that this treatment does away with the mystification the average student experiences when he undertakes to realize the relation these chords have to a given tone, i. e. their place in key.

I beg to assure you of my vital interest in the subject of systems of harmony and counterpoint teaching. I devote all my teaching to these branches, and if these are better ways than mine, I want them. For this reason I welcome criticism, provided it be like your own, given in a spirit of fairness, and with only a desire to get at better methods.

May I write a word with reference to a point or two in your review? As to definitions. It may be that I do not fully understand your objection to my treatment of intervals; I infer your attitude to be this: The pupil should be taught that an interval is what it *sounds* rather than what it *looks*; that the appeal should be made to the musical feeling through the ear and not by the eye. You would say—

if I understand you rightly—that the pupil should be taught to realize the difference between, say C, F sharp, and C, G flat, or the difference between C, D sharp, and C, E flat. In either case the notation of the second note would depend upon its musical environment, and largely upon what succeeded this second note. In the majority of cases such progressions would imply a modulation and would necessitate a knowledge of tonality, modulation and cadence. Interval study must precede such knowledge. I agree with you most fully that the appeal to musical feeling should be constant, but I can see no better way *in the beginning*, than to teach that “intervals are measured by the number of degrees they occupy.” I could wish you had given your readers in your own clear language your definition of intervals and also the difference you suggest between “scale and key.”

And a word in regard to analysis: At the beginning of Chapter VII, Pt. II, you may find: “After concluding a course outlined in a modern text-book on harmony, the student may fairly ask: Does this system enable me to analyze modern harmonies with security? If it does not, then the theories exploited are manifestly inadequate; that is to say, the student’s ability to analyze should be one of the final tests of the adequacy of a treatise on harmony.” After this I have analyzed the Prelude to “Lohengrin” and portions of the Introduction to “Tristan and Isolde.” It is not claimed that another analysis may not be as good; there may be better ways, but it proves the assertion that the theories brought forward are sufficient to enable one to analyze modern harmonies.

Very sincerely yours,

HOMER A. NORRIS.

Boston, February 21. 1896.

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Mr. Norris makes his point admirably, and a later examination of his chapter upon altered chords leads me to agree with his claims concerning it. I still think, however, that intervals ought first to be taught and defined from the ear standpoint.

An interval is the difference in pitch between two tones, measured in degrees of the scale. The names are numeral, denoting the total number of scale degrees concerned in the interval. A fifth, for instance, is the interval between any tone and the next but three above or below (in the scale). All intervals are reckoned upwards except where otherwise stated.

Intervals are *written* according to their nature, i. e., upon staff degrees corresponding to their nature. (I suppose that the pupil has been taught previously, in his elementary notation, that the lines and spaces of the staff correspond to degrees of the scale.)

The ear is able to measure any interval possible between the diatonic tones of the scale; with the simple practice of repeating the tones with the voice and humming over the scale tones between.

There is a class of intervals which, although different, sound alike; these are chromatic intervals, where a minor third sounds

like an augmented second, and so on. These cases do not belong to elementary ear training; but to later stages. They are to be distinguished from each other by their manner of use—their connection.

I do not feel quite sure where I would try to make the pupil realize these by ear. Meanwhile the direction to name them from their manner of writing is quite sufficient so long as we have to do with written intervals. But if we are dealing with something heard, whether in the performance of another or in the inner fantasy of the student himself, how are we to get at the notation except by first mastering the essential difference between these enharmonic intervals? I for one, do not see. M.

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Among the young pianists now appearing in Europe may be mentioned Mlle. Scriabine, a Russian, who has lately given a recital of her own works in the Erard salon, in Paris.

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They are not above performing novelties in Belgium, as the following program of the Ysaye concert at Brussels shows: For orchestra, Beethoven's fifth symphony, and three works by M. Gustave Huberti, Funeral March for the Prince of Orange, Dream, and The Chase. The soloist of the occasion was Mlle. Kleeberg, who played with orchestra the Schumann pianoforte concerto in A minor, and for solo numbers a Schubert Impromptu and Saint-Saens, variations upon a theme from Gluck's "Alceste."

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In *Guide Musicale* (M. Kufferath) says that M. Eugene Ysaye showed admirable qualities as orchestral director. "Everywhere he affirmed his personality; whether he held the bow or the baton, from the sole of his feet to the ends of his long locks, he was virtuoso. Orchestral director by instinct, he was a truly artistic soul."

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The recent repertoire at the Theater Royal De La Monnaie included Lalo's "Rold Ys," "Jean-Marie," an opera in one act by Mlle. Ragghianti and Gilson, "Fille du Regiment," "Tannhäuser" "Thafs."

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At the second concert of the Liszt-Verein at Leipzig, the young Russian violinist Alexander Petschnikow, produced a very favorable impression in the Tschaikowski Concerto and the Bach Chaconne. The famous Municipal Orchestra of Chemnitz appeared for the first time at this concert, under the direction of M. Capellmeister Pohle. The reputation of the orchestra was fully sustained by a performance of the Liszt Symphonic Poem, Orpheus, and by a sympathetic reading of the Tragic Symphony (Op. 40) of Felix Draeseke. M. Rorhlich writes in regard to this work: "M Draeseke possesses in a high degree the particular gift of symphonic writing. This beautifully inspired work is remarkable for the nobility of its ideas, the boldness of its new form and for its pathetic character."

